CARICATURE

THE WIT & HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG & STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY AMERICA'S GREATEST ARTISTS

SPECIAL EDITION

CARICATURE

(*THIRTEENTH EDITION.*)

WIT AND HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG AND STORY

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LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

Unanswerable.

"Du hast mich hintergangen. Nun werde ich meinen Mann veranlassen, dass er dir das Bild nicht abkauft."

"Aber Kind, wie soll ich dann deine Pelzgarnitur bezahlen?"

"You have deceived me! Now I shall persuade my husband not to buy the picture."

"But, child, how shall I then pay for your fur set?"—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin.)

The Blessed Women!

"Benedette donne! Bisogna sempre che ne abbiano in capo una nuova per tormentare il prossimo! Prima cogli spilloni da cappello minacciavano di acciecarci: ora ci fanno il solletico con questi spazzettoni!"

"The blessed women! They must always have in their hats something new to torment their neighbors! First with the hatpin they threatened to blind us, and now they tickle us with these brushes."—*Il Fischietto* (Turin).

The Fortune Teller.

"Ja, liebes Fräulein. wenn nichts dazwischen kommt, steht Ihnen ein grosses Glück befor!"

"Yes, miss, if nothing comes between, a great fortune awaits you."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Happy Accident.

Besuch (erstaunt)—"Wie, Sie zerbrechen eine Tasse und sagen noch, 'Gott sei Dank'?"

Hausfrau—"Ach, ja, die gehört zu dem unvollständig gewordenen Kaffeeservice für zwölf Personen, über das ich mich jedesmal ärgern muss! Jetzt brauche ich nur noch zwei Tellerchen zu zerschlagen, dann ist's wieder vollständig—für sechs Personen!"

Visitor (surprised)—"What! You say 'Thank goodness!' when you break a saucer?"

Housewife—"This is one of the broken coffee set for twelve persons which makes me mad every time I look at it. There are now only two more saucers to be broken, and then it's complete again—for six persons!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

A Desperate Remedy.

She—"Does my feather spoil your view?"

He—"Oh, no, madam! I've cut it off!"—*London Opinion.*

A Sailor's Jest.

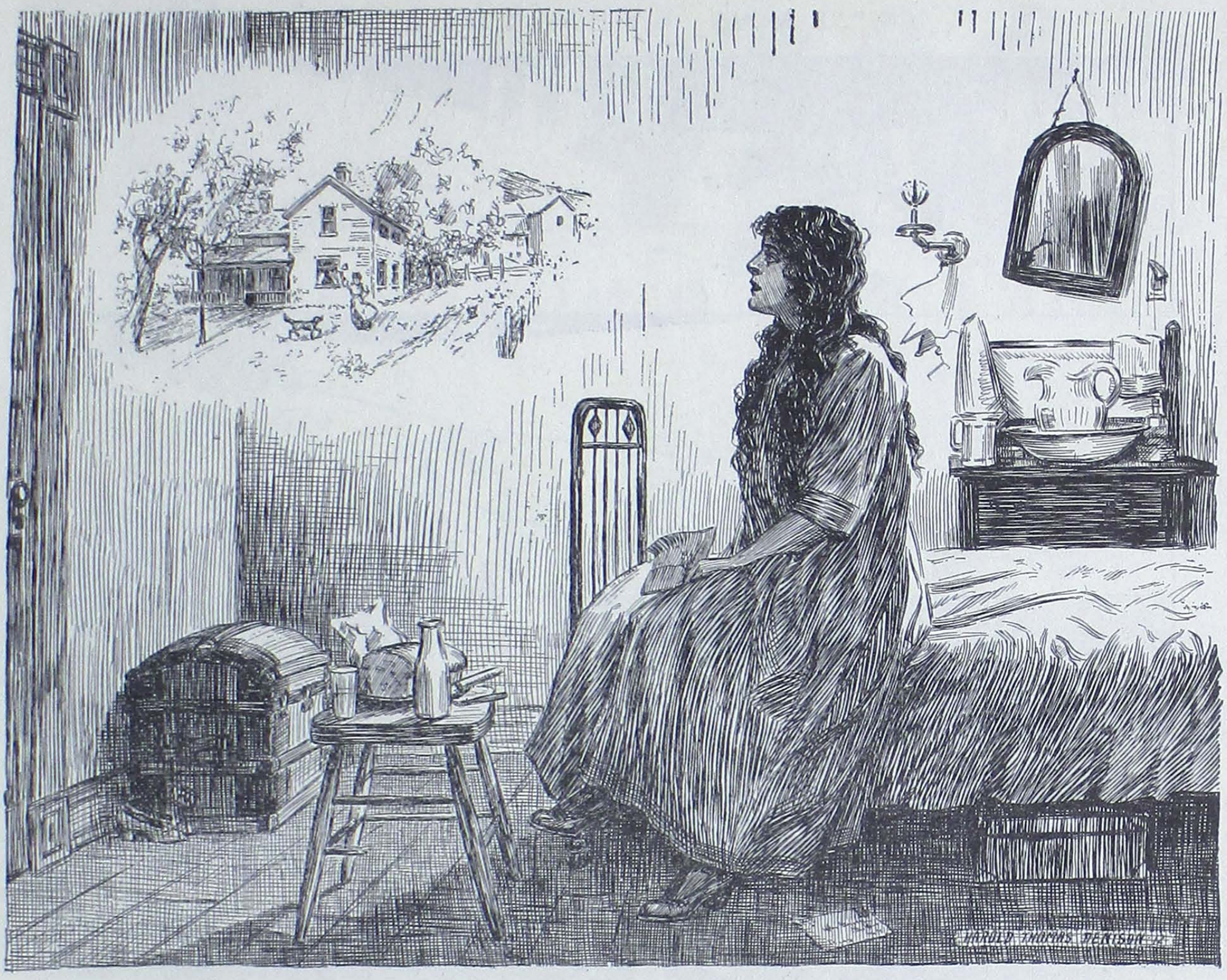
Sea captain—"Waiter. what do you call this?"

Waiter—"Bouillon, sir."

Sea captain—"Well, well, I must have sailed on bouillon all my life and did not know it!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

So in Every Land.

Foreman plumber—"I'll try and get one of my lads to come along this afternoon and put them tiles right; but you needn't worry yourself, guvnor, a-watching them there baths and pans—why, they won't be full for hours and hours!"—*Punch* (London).



WHY?

Too Long by Half.

PROFESSOR METCHNIKOFF (sneezy name to pronounce, but we are never sure about the spelling), in his latest book, asserts that with sour milk and its by-products as the chief articles of diet, one may defy time and the undertaker and easily live to two hundred years of age or thereabouts.

A friend of ours, who has given the Mitchnikoff bill of fare a month's trial, says that, while two hundred years of life on earth may sound like an attractive proposition, if he has got to stick to the sour-milk dietary as a steady thing, he would be perfectly willing to die at the end of the first hundred

He certainly is no swine: one century of eating from a trough is enough. —*Will S. Gidley.*

There's a heap of difference between coming back and going back, as lots of people have found out.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Mamma, I thought the elephant liked buns?"
"So he does, dear."
"He turned up his nose at this one."

Appreciation.

"SO YOU were deeply touched by the poem young Mr. Guffson wrote to you?" said Maude.

"Yes," answered Mamie.

"But it was not a good poem."

"I don't care. It was just as much trouble for him to write it as if he had been Shakespeare."

The Higher Criticism.

Hokus—"That's a great chorus they have in the new show at the Hoity Toighty Theater!"

Pokus—"Yes; I knew the piece would be a success before the curtain had gone up two feet."

"'TWAS EVER THUS."

1
"Ah! well, things will different be when the faithful brothers build the town church."
2
"Zounds! All this jostling will be a thing unheard of when they get the horse cars."
3
"Let's not complain. It will be a pleasure to travel when they install the trolley system."
4
"Don't let your angry passions rise! There'll be no jam when we get the elevated."
STATION
5
BERT IGOE
6

"The subway is the thing! When they build that this crush will be eliminated."

"Let 'em off! Let 'er on! Watch yer step!"

The lone chance left for individual comfort.

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

Facetious Youth.

"Aber Michel, was tust du denn in den grossen Schuhen?"

"Hineinwachsen, Herr Lehrer."

"But, Michael, what are you doing in those large shoes?"

"Growing into them, teacher."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Gallant, Indeed!

Le Jeune homme poli qui s'efface pour laisser passer les dames.

The polite young man who effaces himself to let the ladies go by.—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

The Optimist.

"Nur nich flennen, Karlinchen! Je mehr se versteigern, desto weniger haste abzustauben!"

"Don't you cry, Karlinchen! The more sold at auction, the less you'll have to dust!"—*Jugend* (Munich).

One Thing After Another.

"Ihr Antrag ehrt mich sehr, mein Herr—aber ich musz mir einige Tage Bedenkzeit ausbitten."

"Wann dürfte ich mir denn Ihren Bescheid holen?"

"Warten Sie 'mal. Morgen haben wir Wäsche, übermorgen musz ich Gardinen aufhängen, Donnerstag Gurken einlegen—kommen Sie Freitag!"

"Your proposal honors me, sir, but I must ask for a few days' time to think it over."

"When may I come for your answer?"

"Let's see. To-morrow we have washing; day after to-morrow I must hang curtains; Thursday I have to put up pickles. You may come Friday."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Kind Lady!

"Guarda, Tonino, quanto è buona la signora! Non le basta di aiutarci con cibi e denari; oggi essa viene anche a ripulirci il soffitto dalle ragnatele."

"Look, Tonino, how good the lady is! She is not satisfied with helping us with victuals and money; to-day she comes also to clean the cobwebs off our ceiling!"—*Il Fischietto* (Turin).

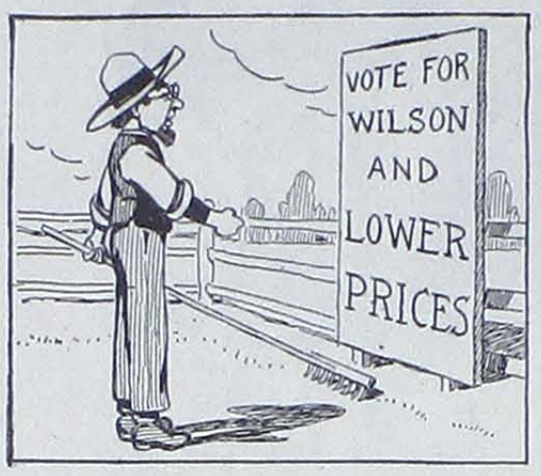
The Stupid Tradesman.

"Will you send two pounds of dog biscuits, please?"

"Whom for?"

"Why, the dog, of course!"—*Punch* (London).

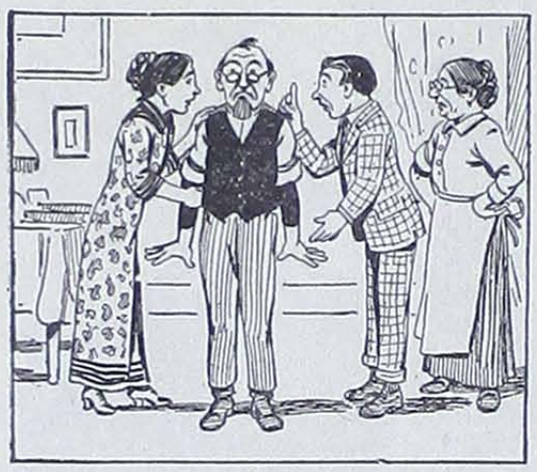
IN DREAMLAND



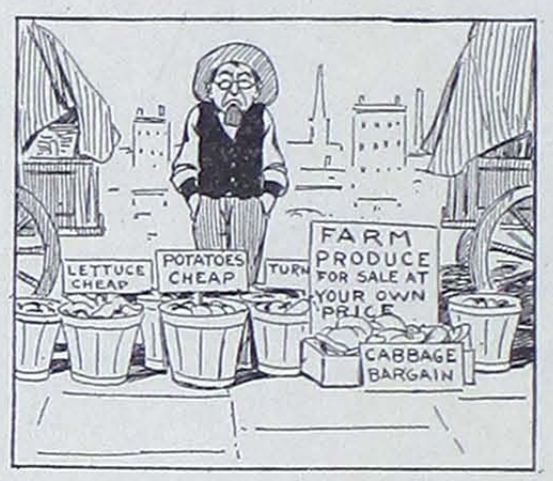
1. Before election Smith, the farmer, reads a campaign poster and determines to vote for Wilson "and lower prices."

2. Going to the polls, he is satisfied that his big ballot for Wilson will change things for the better.

3. Returning home, he tells his wife what he has done, and argues to justify his ballot.



4. "You foolish man," says Mrs. Smith, "who will pay your bills if your produce brings less? Who will support Jim in college, and pay for Mary's music lessons?"



5. This argument comes back to Smith as he goes to market with his produce and finds difficulty in selling at any reasonable price.

6 Finally he is forced to put a "For Sale" on the old place, and ruefully studying it he doesn't know what is going to happen next. Smith wakes up!

A Liberal Tip.

THE GENIAL Stranger entered the hotel dining-room, and, his face beaming with cordial good-will for everybody, sat down at a table near the door.

"Well, Henri," he said pleasantly to the waiter, "how's business? Booming, I hope!"

"Pretty good, sare, pretty good," said Henri, whose name happened to be Pierre; but that did not matter.

"Tips good and fat, I hope?" the Stranger continued amiably.

"Only so-so, sare," said Henri, with a deep-drawn sigh. "Zare is so much talk against ze tipping system"——

"Rotten talk, say I!" said the Stranger. "Now, I believe the laborer is worthy of his hire, and when I say hire I mean h-i-g-h-e-r, and not h-i-r-e—a little higher than his hire, eh? See?" he added, with a chuckle, in which Henri, being a diplomat as all good waiters must be, joined. "When a man's had a good dinner, well served, he isn't human if he grudges a dollar to the man that serves it. There ought to be a law to make him shell out, if he's the kind that plays too close to his pocket."

"Zat is very liberal!" said Henri, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

And then the two together ordered a fine dinner. There was Russian caviare to begin with, and a dozen luscious oysters, followed by a chicken gumbo that would have brought tears of joy to the eyes of Lucullus himself. Then a dash of terrapin a la Maryland, and a fat-breasted ruddy duck, with currant jelly, and souffle potatoes done to a crisp. After this the Stranger encircled an alligator-pear salade, a camembert cheese, with a juicy taste of bar-le-duc on the side to sweeten things up. A demi-tasse, liqueur and cigar followed, and then the check—$9.85.

"Fine!" said the genial Stranger, taking out his lead pencil and signing the voucher on the back, "James Vanderberg Watkins, Room 1018."

Then, slipping a good, round coin into the waiter's hand, he rose up.

"I hope I shall have ze plaisir of waiting on you again, Mistaire Vatkeens," said Henri.

"Sure thing, Henri!" said the genial Stranger, making a graceful exit through the door. "I'll ask for you next time I come in. By-by!"

And he was off.

"What's this?" demanded the cashier, as Henri laid the voucher on his desk. "Room 1018? Why, there's only 975 rooms in this house!"

"Mon Dieu!" cried Henri, and then he glanced at the coin in his palm.

It was a brass hat check from the hotel cloak-room.

Like a flash the astounded waiter sped to the cloak-room.

"Gimme zat!" he cried nervously.

And the cloak-room boy handed him out a straw hat of the vintage of 1911!

—*Horace Dodd Gastit.*

A BRIDEGROOM'S SHOCK—THE FIRST OF THE FIRST MONTH.

Working by the Day.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., was talking to his Sunday-school class about industry.

"Our industry," he said, with a faint smile, "should not be of such a nature that the remark once applied to a certain Scot could ever be applied to us.

"I'll tell you what the remark I allude to was.

"Two old farmers were walking down a road near Dunfermline, when one of them pointed to a distant field and said, shading his eyes from the sun,

"'That figure over there—I wonder if it's a scarecrow.'

"He stopped and regarded the figure attentively for a space; then he concluded, in a satisfied tone,

"'Yes, it's not moving. It must be a scarecrow.'

"But the other farmer had sharper eyes and a better understanding, maybe, of certain types of human nature.

"'No,' he said dryly; 'no, it's not a scarecrow. It's a man working by the day.'"

HIGHER EDUCATION.

Gertrude—"Come on out to the house tonight after supper and play music for us."

Daisy—"Gee, I ain't got no time! I gotta do my Latin."

Located.

Ted—"If you make love to that girl, you'd better look out for her big brother."

Ned—"If there's any trouble, it's more likely to be caused by her little brother."

A Night Light.

That every dog should have his day,
We all admit is right;
But is there any reason, pray,
To give each cat her night?

Too Much Knowledge.

"I do not think people should get married until they are thoroughly acquainted with each other."

"What would you do—abolish matrimony?"

An Example.

Prof.—"Mr. Jones, will you kindly give me an example of reproductive art?"

Jones—"A hair restorer."

NATURE AND ART

Judge's Birthday Book.

Compiled by Horace Dodd Gastit, P. D. Q.

JANUARY.

5th—To be born on the fifth of January is an infallible sign that if you live to be fifty years of age and dwell in northern latitudes, you will encounter many snowstorms along the pathway of life, and the sooner you become expert in the use of the snow shovel and the ice-pick the better.

6th—Girl babies born upon this date must be very careful, indeed, in the selection of their pets taking, particular care to avoid Egyptian crocodiles, Vermont bobcats, Welsh rabbits and baby elephants, as sure harbingers of trouble.

7th—If you are a pronounced blonde and are born of rural parentage of the seventh of January in years ending in even numbers, it is almost certain that before you reach the age of seven you will find a large crop of freckles on your nose in the late summer months of your childhood days.

8th—To be born on the eighth day of January in either odd or even years in the family of a retired multi-millionaire, all of whose funds are invested in gilt-edged securities, is a sure sign of luck and indubitable evidence that as you go your way through life almost anything you want that is purchasable will come your way as long as the securities hold out.

9th—This is not considered a lucky natal day for a child fond of tropical luxury and ease who selects his parents from among the blond-haired Eskimos recently reported by the Explorer Ammsskkisskki, the Norwegian floe hunter, as dwelling along the snow-clad banks of the Uppjernnajvjvikj continent.

10th—Infants born on the tenth of January in any year, leap or otherwise, with a silver spoon in his or her mouth, should be careful not to swallow the spoon when there is nobody around to grab them by the heels and shake it out again, since carelessness of this kind invariably results in serious domestic disturbances.

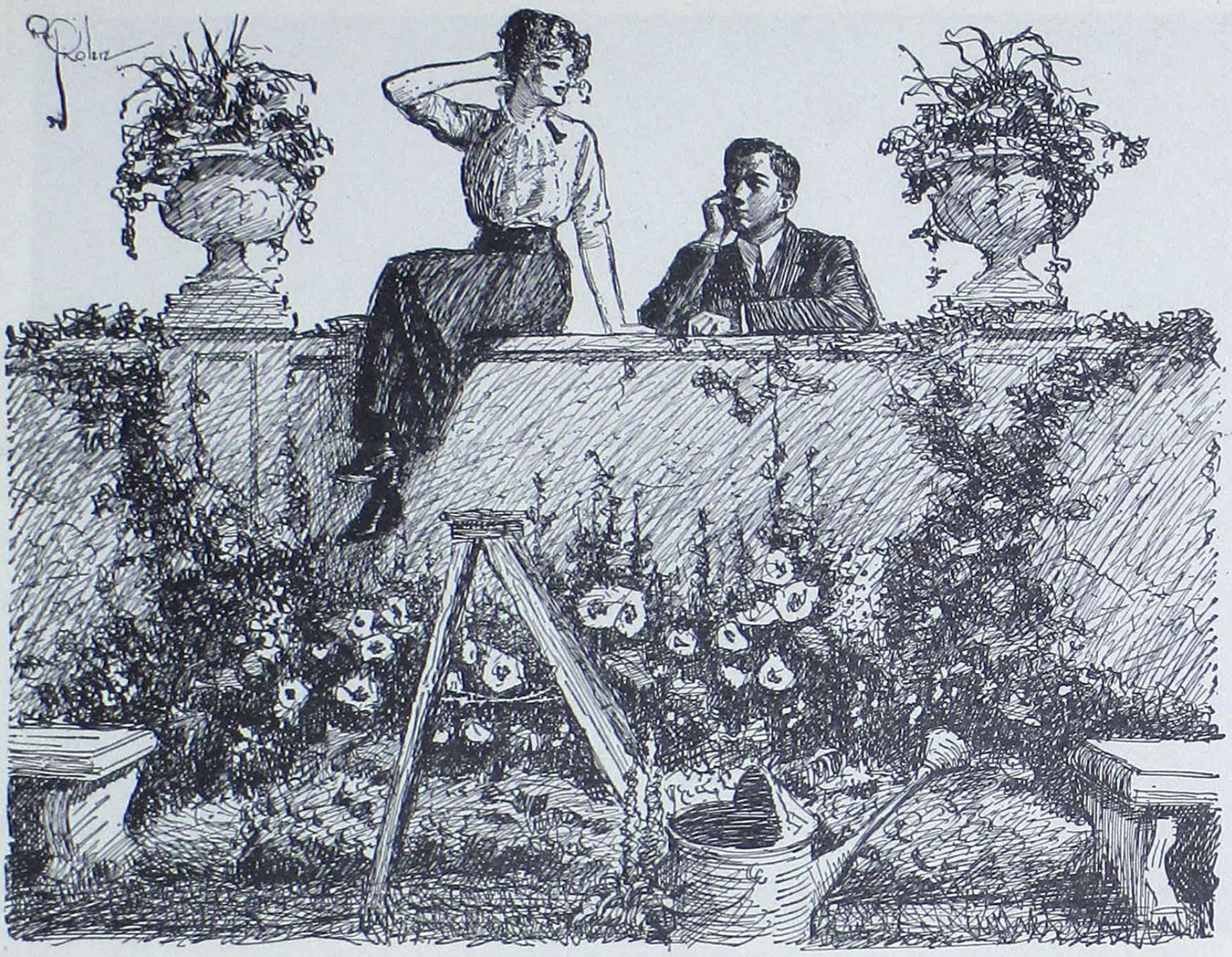
11th—A child born on this date may or may not have a taste for art, but parents should be careful none the less not to leave boxes and tubes of water-color paint and oil pigments within their reach, unless it is their desire to have the youngsters go in for interior decoration at the very outset of their career.

SOMETHING TO PONDER FIRST.

"Oh, Mr. Weekchinn, we are so glad we met you! This man has followed us for four blocks. Won't you teach him a lesson?"

A Frivolous View.

"Be good," says the proverb,
"and happy you'll be";
But fun, on the other hand,
satisfies me.



"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"

A Dreadful Possibility.

WHEN Aunt Elvira takes the train,
She always has a vision
(She's told me, time and time again,
Of being in a collision;
She doesn't seem to feel much dread
And fear of being mangled,
Of broken bones, a broken head,
Of being burned or strangled.
"I always think," she says to me,
"That 'twould be dreadful shocking
If folks should pick me up and see
A big hole in my stocking!"
So Aunt Elvira takes her yarns
When plans are made for starting,
And darns and darns and darns and darns,
Before she risks departing.

—*Grace McKinstry.*

Plenty of Room Later.

Bumble—"Why didn't you get on the water wagon?"

Rumble—"No seats left."

Bumble—"Oh, well, if you persist in the notion, you will find a seat later."

The early buyer misses the bargains.

In the Nuttery.

Visitor—"What's wrong with the man in that cell?"

Attendant—"He's a doughnut."

"You mean that is his hallucination?"

"No; he really is. He went crazy on the subject of money."

Revised by a Social Climber.

An ounce of invitation is worth a pound of introductions.

A SPEAKING COUNTENANCE.
"Looky, mamma, that naughty boy is swearing at me with his face."

An Awkward Apology.

A kindergarten teacher in Washington, with a pile of books on her arm, was about to get off a street car just as a gentleman whom she thought she recognized as the parent of a pupil in her school got on.

"Good-morning!" she said, with a cheery smile.

Instantly she saw, by the quizzical expression on the face of the man addressed, that she had made a mistake. Intending to correct it, she added quickly

"Oh, pardon me! I thought you were the father of one of my children."

Nowadays.

Little Miss Muffet
She sat in a buffet,
Partaking of Scotch highball;
Along came a wooer
And sat down next to her,
But she didn't frighten at all!

Definition.

"Pa, what is party loyalty?"

"Hope of a good job."

THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE

The Higher Education.

SHE'S an algebraic wonder; all her leisure time she spends
Solving problems in equations that are at her fingers' ends.
In the higher mathematics she has gained a college fame,
Where her geometric genius added luster to her name.
She is up on trigonometry, and figures are her forte,
For she even knows the age of Ann, according to report;
But when playing off a rubber, it's a pipe she'll never miss
Gurgling sweetly to her partner some inspired phrase like this:

"Yes, indeed! I just dote on bridge—it's such a lovely, scientific game! Let's see—what's trumps?"

She has read the leading authors and her diction is most choice;
She can rattle reams from Browning in a cultivated voice.
Never platitude she utters, she's original and bright,
And she scorns to use expressions that are commonplace or trite;
But it's safe to bet some evening she'll be gazing at the moon,
With a chap who's humming marches that are popular in June,
And he'll ask a single question as she slips her hand in his,
And she'll whisper in his waistcoat some unique reply like this:
"Oh, John, this is so sudden!"
She is versed in many languages, from Dutch to Corsican;
She can quote a dozen poets in the tongue of quaint Japan.
She excels in French and Spanish, and it even has been said
She knows all the rules of grammar in a language that is dead;
But the day is some time coming when she'll prattle quite offhand
In a tongue so weird and complex that no man can understand.
She'll be talking to a bundle—'twixt a rapturous squeeze and kiss—
And her line of conversation will most likely run like this:
"Dodbessum's itty-bitsy heartums! Didum naughty tolic hurtum's itty tummy? Zere, zere, don't oo cwy, muvver's itty-bitsy pwecious heartums!"

—*Ella Bentley Arthur*

'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY.

"Micah, did we look like that when we were young?" "Clarence, will we look like that when we grow old?"

YOUTH AND AGE.

Her Just Cause.

"NEVER again will I marry a dreamer!" said the Reno visitor, after securing her final decree.

"You might do worse, my dear," remarked the latest arrival. "I married a snorer."

A Resolution.

Nineteen Thirteen!
Here's my hand!
Twice, thrice welcome!
Goodness land!
Will I straightway
mend my ways
And be diff'rent all
your days?
Listen!
Never more will I
With my precious
banknotes buy
Studded lockets,
Brooches, rings,
Box-seat tickets,
Other things!
Never more!
You bet your life!
Exit courtship!
Enter wife!

—*Leslie Van Every.*

Auspicious.

Ted—"How are you getting along with that new girl of yours?"

Ned—"Fine! When I call now, she doesn't light half the gas jets she used to."

Thoughtful.

I want to be real just, you know,
And grant you ev'ry right;
So let me hint that leap year ends
At twelve o'clock to-night!

THE ACTOR'S AWAKENING.

Junius Brutus Ham—"Ye gods, the spotlight! At last the spotlight!"

A Political Boss.

A young lady reporter on a country paper was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see the gentleman of the house?" she asked of a large woman who opened the door at one residence.

"No, you can't!" answered the woman decisively.

"But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl.

"Well, take a good look at me," she said sternly. "I'm the party he belongs to."

A Close Figurer.

Shimmerpate—"Roxmore is the thriftiest man I ever saw. He can make money go farther than anybody I know."

Hemmandhaw—"Right you are! I believe that man could lead a double life on twelve dollars a week!"

AT THE OPERA—A BACK NUMBER.

The Cost: A Tragedy.

OUTWARDLY Society said, "How sweet of her!"

Inwardly they mumped and muttered.

But there was no cure for it. When Mrs. de Fashion de Family, the first woman in America, did a thing, there was nothing left but to follow suit.

The news was told with bated breath. At first the ten millon women who followed her would not believe it, but photographs confirmed the news stories. It was true.

Mrs. de Fashion de Family had actually pinned up her skirts and scrubbed the floor.

Consequently all the ten million went down on their hands and knees and scrubbed floors.

Then Mrs. de Fashion de Family cleaned out a cellar.

LOVE IS BLIND.

Presto! the ten million cleaned out cellars.

She washed clothes.

They washed clothes.

She dressed her baby.

They dressed their babies.

She cooked a meal for her husband.

They cooked for their husbands.

She said she hated fashion and family and all that rot.

The ten million promptly declared themselves in the same vein.

Then the court decided that Mrs. de Fashion de Family was insane.

At once the ten million brushed the dust from their knees and wiped the dish water from their elbows and said, "Thank God! at last we can live rationally!" —*Horatio Winslow.*

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

He Remembered.

She—"You brute! When I consented to marry you, I can't think where my head was!"

He—"On my shoulder, dear!"—*London Opinion.*

The Ugly Face.

Kundin: Diese Hutform gefält mir nicht,—da sieht man ja gar nichts von meinem Gesicht!
Purzmacherin: Aber gnädige Frau, das kleidet Sie am besten!

Customer—"This shape of hat I don't like. Nothing can be seen of my face!"

Milliner—"But, madam, that fits you the best!"—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

With Such a Servant.

"Caray! Y pensar que yo pago treinta pesos al mes por mi masaje!"

"My! to think that I am paying thirty dollars a month for my massage!"—*Sucesos* (Santiago, Chili).

Not an Unselfish Interest.

"Det muss ich Ihnen nur sagen, wenn Sie Ihrer Frau Gemahlin wieder keen neues Kleid nich koofen, dann kündige ich zum ersten."

"I only tell you that, if you don't soon buy your wife a new dress, I shall give notice."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Absence of Mind.

Dog on the brain; hat on the chain.—*The Sketch* (London).

A Device For Acquaintance.

Herr (zur soeben eingestiegenen Dame:) "Gnädiges Fräulein—darf ich Ihnen meinem Platz anbieten?"

Gentleman (to lady entering otherwise empty car)—"May I offer you my seat, miss?"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Excess Baggage for Her.

"Haben Sie meines Mannes Sachen auch schon eingepackt?"
"Jawohl."
"Wo sind sie denn?"
"Hier in der Handtasche."

"Have you also packed my husband's things?"
"Yes."
"Why, where are they?"
"Here in the handbag."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

MAM-MA!
The KIDDIE FEARS The DARK
The SALARIED MAN, The WOLF AT HIS DOOR
TIC-TIC!
The RICH MAN FEARS The AN. 2CHIST
We ALL PLAY The COWARD WITH This FELLOW
T.S. ALLEN
AND SOME OF US FEAR MRS. GRUNDY
But Who GIVES A "HOOT" FOR The DEVIL?

F E A R

Boys Who Should Be Suppressed.

THOSE who persist in asking, "Whose spoons are them?" when their mothers are entertaining the minister and other friends at tea.

Those who seem to think it a matter of family pride because their mothers can take out all of their teeth and who insist on boasting of this accomplishment in the presence of company.

Those who make unfeeling and jeering references in regard to the efforts of their older brothers to raise a mustache. This crime is doubled when this reference is made in the presence of the big brother's "girl."

Those who have no more family pride than to blab all over the neighborhood that the new parlor set is being purchased "on payments."

Those who have the indecency to tell big sister's waiting beau that she will be down as soon as she "gits her complexion all put on."

Those who burst into the parlor, in the presence of callers, and announce that the butcher is at the back door, "kicking about his bill."

The boy with tendencies of this kind, like others equally unlovable, is a blot on the family escutcheon, a discordant note in the symphony of family life, a rankling thorn in the family side, and he belongs to the class of boys Carlyle had in mind when he said that a boy should be incased in a barrel and fed through the bunghole until he had reached the age of twenty-one.

—Max Merryman.

Nothing To Brag About.

A young man was strolling along the beach at Venice, Cal., with his sweetheart, when the young lady introduced the subject of bathing suits, as follows:

"Men are always jesting about the women's bathing suits; but, for my part, I don't see anything to brag about in the men's suits here."

The young man glanced at a scrawny man who was sunning himself on the sand and replied,

"I don't, either."

A Rare Bird.

"Pop, what is a skeptic?"

"A skeptic, my son, is a person who can read a patent-medicine ad without feeling that he has any of the symptoms described."

A GOURMET'S OPINION.

"Gee! that 's a tantalizing smell o' cooking, Billy. Ye 're lucky ye got a cold."

The Great Majority.

DURING the period when everybody was talking about the election of Woodrow Wilson by a plurality unheard of before in Democratic annals, a Kentucky mountaineer came into the office of a lawyer in Winchester.

The lawyer asked about a number of his acquaintances in the hills, and particularly about an old squire who was a judicial wonder in his way.

"He's dead," said the visitor solemnly.

"Ah! joined the great majority, has he?" sighed the lawyer.

"Well, hardly that, I reckon, jedge," replied the visitor, in perfect good faith, "seein' ez how he never wuz a Democrat."

A Social Condition.

"Is she married?"

"Temporarily."

TO WHOM IS HE TELEPHONING?

LOVE'S DEVICE.

" Wait a minute, Jack, till I get mother her knitting. She won't go to sleep without it."

For Her Friends.

Printer—"What do you wish on your election card besides 'Candidate for Penitentiary Warden'?"

Suffragette—"You might put 'At home on Tuesdays and Thursdays.'"

Out of Reach.

"Every cloud has a silver lining for some one," remarked the optimist.

"That may be so," replied the literal pessimist; "but the silver stays there."

The Modern Medium.

Modern girl—"If you really loved me all the time, why didn't you let me know?"

Modern youth—"I couldn't find a post-card with the right words on it."

Suggestions for Winter Travelers.

By CARLYLE SMITH.

BERMUDA promises to be as popular as ever this season, and, thanks to a more rapid steamship service between its ports and the New York markets, visitors to its shores will enjoy to the full the delights of fresh importations of Bermuda potatoes and onions direct from the city.

A pleasant and inexpensive cruise for a New Yorker of limited means and not much time to devote to travel is the famous New York to Staten Island and return trip, via the palatial steamers of the Interborough Navigation Company, taking in en route fine views of Governor's Island, the Statue of Liberty, and on fair days the garbage fleet on its way out to sea. The round trip, including all expenses, can be made for fifteen cents, and need not take an alert traveler more than an hour and a half.

Alpine climbing at this season of the year is of so perilous a nature that none but the most hardy mountaineers should attempt it. Those who desire to keep themselves in condition, however, by scaling less dangerous heights are recommended to essay the lofty reaches of the Metropolitan and Singer towers or the snowy peaks of the Woolworth Building, taking care to take them inside. A more strenuous species of lofty climbing available at all seasons is the attempt to surmount the high cost of living. This, however, is a rather expensive diversion and should be taken slowly by persons of weak financial circulation.

A TOUCH OF THE GRIP.

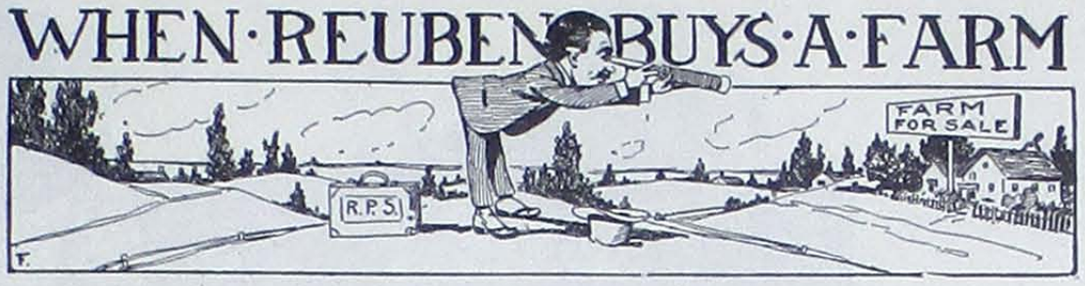
Travelers seeking the human touch will find it at Palm Beach as usual this season. Large numbers of new palms will be in evidence, owing to the various waiters' strikes during the past six months, whose outstretching long green fronds will do much to make the visitor feel welcome, and cast a grateful shade even on the sunny smile of Fortune herself.

An interesting winter trip for a man and his wife who find themselves more or less incompatible is known as the reversible round the world tour, involving a complete circuit of the globe by both, one traveling east via the Suez Canal and India, and the other west by way of the Sandwich Islands, Fiji and Australia, a sporting interest being added to the other delights of the trip by the guarantee of a fresh divorce to the one that reaches Reno, Nev., first.

While quite a number of notable New Yorkers have recently left town for a winter at Sing Sing on the Hudson, at the famous State hostelry for retired sportsmen, the rigors of the climate there are such as to militate against its popularity as a permanent resort. We suggest it, however, as a good place for hunters suffering from overwrought nerves to spend the closed season in. Applications for rooms will receive attention at the booking office of the district attorney. The rush is great; early reservations should be made.

Motor tours in midwinter should be sought in southern latitudes, where climatic conditions are more favorable than they are in northern territory at this season. The roads of New York City, however, within the urban limits, will compare favorably with those in the mountains of Kentucky or Virginia, and persons who cannot find time to make the ideal tour in Maine will find a pleasant substitute in a ride from the Plaza down to Forty-second Street in a taxi. By careful management this can be done under fourteen dollars and ninety cents.

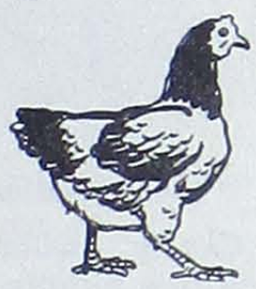
WHEN·REUBEN·BUYS·A·FARM



By MINNA IRVING.

The day was bright and sunny,
And business going well,
But Reuben in his office
A prey to dreaming fell.
He thought of woods and meadows
With all their sylvan charm,
"Good bye, old town," he murmured,
"For Reuben buys a farm."

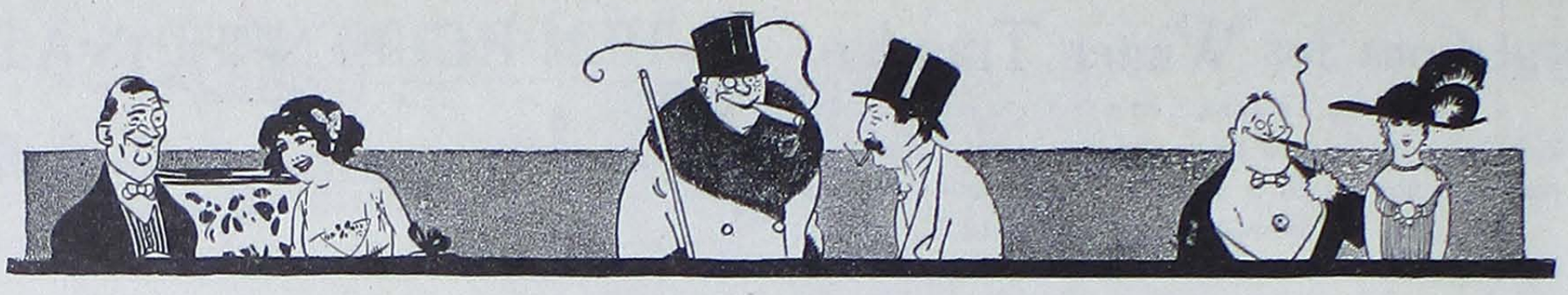
He found a roomy dwelling
With roses round the door,
A covered well behind it,
A picket fence before,
And ancient apple-orchards
Where sang, secure from harm,
An orchestra of robins,
So Reuben bought the farm.



But getting up so early
To milk by lantern-light,
And feed the pigs and chickens,
Was not unmixed delight.
A pain was in his shoulder,
A cramp was in his arm,
And life was full of trouble
For Reuben on the farm

He loved his growing garden
And pleasant pasture lands,
But not his aching muscles
And badly blistered hands.
The household gathered round him
And viewed him with alarm.
"We all," they said, "should hustle
When Reuben buys a farm."

Now Paul attends the horses,
The cows are Mary's care,
The pigs and geese and chickens
Jeannette's attention share,
And George in ducks discovers
A never-failing charm.
So everybody 's happy
While Reuben runs the farm.



WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

The Unromantic Age.

"Wollen wir in diesen Baum unsere Namen einschneiden, Lieb?"

"Jetzt schon? Papa wollte sich noch erst über dich erkundigen, Robert!"

"Shall we cut our names in this tree, love?"

"What! Already? Papa wanted first to inquire about you, Robert." *Lustige Blatter* (*Berlin*).

Enough for the Money.

Client—"But you tell me of nothing but misfortunes."

Fortune teller—"Well, what do you expect for two francs? That you will win the big prize in the lottery and marry a millionaire?"—*Pele Mele*.

Between Surgeons.

"Vous trouvez ca malin, un chirurgien qui s'opère lui meme? Le voilà bien avancé: qui est-ce qui va lui payer ses honoraires?"

"You think it is clever for a surgeon to operate on himself? Who is going to pay him his fee?"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Conversation Discouraged.

Chatty waiter—"The rain'll be 'ere in a minute or two now, sir."

Customer—"Well, *I* didn't order it; I'm waiting for a chop!"—*Punch* (London).

A Sure Sign.

"Glaubst Du wirtlich, dass Deine Schwester mit dem Baron eine so gute Partie macht?"

"Nach der grossen Anzahl der an sie adressierten anonymen Briefe zu urteilen—allereings!"

"Do you really think that your sister is making such a match with the baron?"

"Judging by the great number of anonymous letters addressed to her, I should say so!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Either Charmer Will Do.

Dépechez-vous, monsieur Taupin, votre ami Boireau a pris les devants!

Ca m'est égal, je me contenterai de ce qui restera.

"Hurry up, Mr. Taupin! Your friend Boireau has gotten ahead of you."

"I don't care. I shall be satisfied with what remains."—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

Verifying the Ancients.

First coster (outside picture-dealer's window)—"Who was this 'ere Nero, Bill? Wasn't he a chep that was always cold?"

Second coster—'No; that was Zero, anuver bloke altogether."—*Tit-Bits* (London).

Soliloquy of the Spinister.

"Die Frauen werden doch immer ungerecht behandelt. Steuern für alte Junggefellen wollen sie nicht einführen, aber Katzensteuer gibt's!"

"Women are always treated unjustly! Here we have taxes on cats, but no taxes on old bachelors!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

In the beginning no clothes at all.

512 B. C. The Greeks wore a garment or two.

1730 A. D. The limit was reached, No more clothes could be added, so they started

1912, A. D., Back to

!!!!!!

THE TREND OF FASHION.

Real News.

By BYRON WILLIAMS.

A CIRCUIT rider, whose horse had gone lame, dismounted and proceeded across a Missouri pasture on foot. An angry bull, sighting the pedestrian, took after him, whereat the preacher fled for his life to the protecting branches of a sturdy oak. For an hour the bull pawed and snorted under the tree. Finally the man of cloth lifted his voice in prayer, but this seemed to irritate the animal. Finally, in despair, the unfortunate minister began his next Sunday's sermon, whereat the bull lay quietly down under the tree and went to sleep. The circuit rider then slid cautiously down the trunk and escaped, convinced of the efficacy of his sermon.

□

Rotary trouble is reported from Kalamazoo, Mich., where the husband snores and awakens the dog. The dog howls and awakens the baby. The baby squawls and awakens the mother. The mother scolds and awakens the man, who snorts, turns over, goes to sleep and starts the trouble all over again.

The fates seem to discourage domesticity in married men. An Iowa husband beat a carpet so hard in his earnest desire to help that a tack flew from it and put out his right eye.

□

Andreas Brown, a Milwaukee man who frequently gets lost at night in the great cocktail desert, wears a string around his neck, from which is suspended a tag bearing the name of his hired girl. All the policemen in his territory, he says, know the hired-girl directory, from Annie down to Xophia.

ON THE JOB.

Caddie—"Hey, Tommy! Stop in an' tell ma I won't be home fer lunch or dinner; but ask her to leave me a bite to eat before bed-time."

Henry Jones has opened a bakery and barber shop in Crownsdale, Wis., where he is prepared to do all kinds of clock and watch repairing, mend guns and pay cash for mink skins. Those having houses to rent will do well to see him. Leave your laundry with him and get your umbrella fixed while you wait.

What Adam Missed.

After each wigging I receive,
Somehow or other,
I wish my Jane were more like Eve.
Eve had no mother.

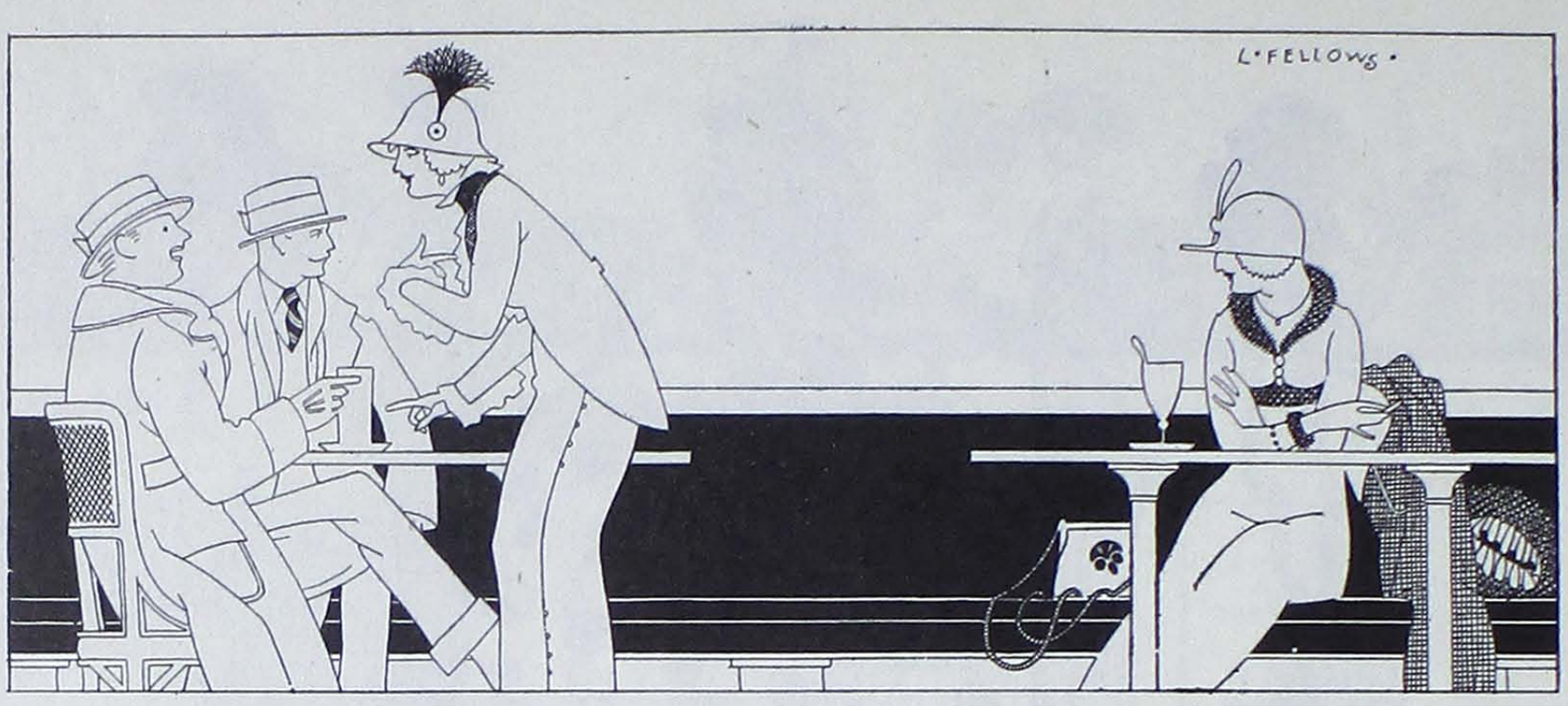
Eve was as simple as a child.
My Jane's not clever;
She now and then may be beguiled.
Her mother—never!

—*George B. Morewood.*

Literary Luck.

Sappho had just completed one of her great poems.

"Of course," she said, in response to her stenographer, "of course, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope. You don't suppose I want it to go into the waste basket, do you?"



A FLIRTATION IN PARIS

Wearers of Cork Helmets.

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING.

SCARS of travel, like scars of war, are generally looked upon as badges of honor. We would be ashamed to appear in public wearing scuffed-up and down-at-the-heel shoes; but a battered old suit case, with as many stickers on it as a billboard, is a source of great satisfaction. We even enjoy calling attention to more serious scars of travel; they prove the proud boasts of persons who "have been around some" and "have seen the world." (And in a metaphoric sense, at least, we all, at one time or another, crown ourselves with globe-trotters' cork helmets!) The runaway boy, who has begged his meals at back doors, slept beside camp fires with tramps and drunk beer from a tomato can, will brag with more authority if he flaps an empty coat sleeve. She who has climbed to the top round of the social ladder will be held in higher esteem as a traveler if she concludes her story with a sigh for what she has missed of home life. A scholar may be believed to know more about the world than the rest of us, if it is evident that his eyes and lungs are particularly weak. In another set, to have "been around some" is to have uncovered a great many cherries in the bottoms of cocktail glasses; and here a crimson nose or a bleary eye is proof of how traveled—literally, how "worldly"—is its possessor.

We're a funny lot, but the notion that it is possible for any human being to see enough of the face of this earth to form a decent conception of the plan is in the vein of "genuine humor" recognized by professors of English literature—that is, the mirth that walks arm in arm with pathos.

Abner's Preparations.

Abner, who worked for the summer residents, told Mr. Burns one morning that he was soon to be married.

"Well, really, Abner," said Mr. Burns, "I'm glad to hear it! I suppose you've made all the preparations and got your wedding finery ready?"

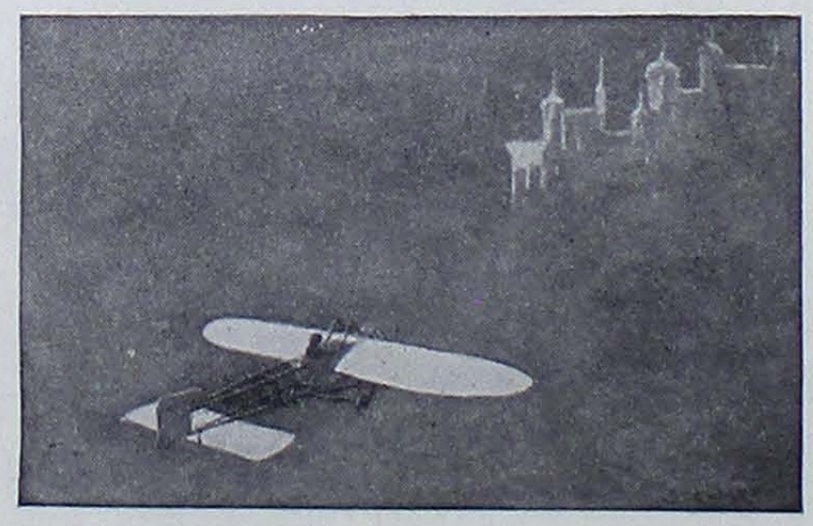
Abner did not balk at the question, but he grinned sheepishly.

"Yep," he replied. "Maw, she bound my Sunday coat and put a new collar on't, and I've had my shoes tapped."

Unprofessional.

Paragrapher—"The sporting editor stole my paste pot and scissors."

City editor—"I'll speak to him. This plagiarizing must stop!"



THANKS TO AIR CRAFT,
Our air castles should now be accessible.

Winter Travel.

'TWAS twenty miles from Hayville
To Slabtown, and we used
To think the road was something
That ought to be abused
In language that the viler
We got it seemed the stuff
To best describe the going,
And that was enough.

But, say, now, when the winter
Got there and froze the ground,
And sleighing was the travel
That always took us round,
By heck! that road to Slabtown
Was heaven's shining way,
With robes and warmers plenty
And Susie in the sleigh.

—*W. J. Lampton.*

The New Bribery.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed the daughter of the candidate, "I just saw papa kissing the cook-lady!"

"That's all right, dear. He is acting as my manager, and I want her vote for to-day's election."

Prevailing Malady.

Madge—"I didn't think that going south for the winter was good for any kind of fever."

Marjorie—"It was in her case. She had the golf fever."

All Is Vanity.

Mrs. Gramercy—"You'll find the weather lovely and warm in the Mediterranean."

Mrs. Park—"I hope, my dear, it won't be too warm to wear my new set of furs."

Judge's Birthday Book.

Compiled by Horace Dodd Gastit, P. D. Q.

JANUARY.

19th—To be born on January 19th and to have a promissory note for $500 fall due on the same day, with only an overdraft for $337.98 to your credit at the bank to meet it, is a juxtaposition of time, place and financial complication not conducive to a pleasant future.

20th—No child was ever born on the twentieth day of January with a cent in his pocket; but this is no harbinger of poverty. It is merely due to the fact that under no civilization, from the Adamite pippin eaters down to the age of Moosevelt, have infants ever been provided with pockets at that stage of their existence.

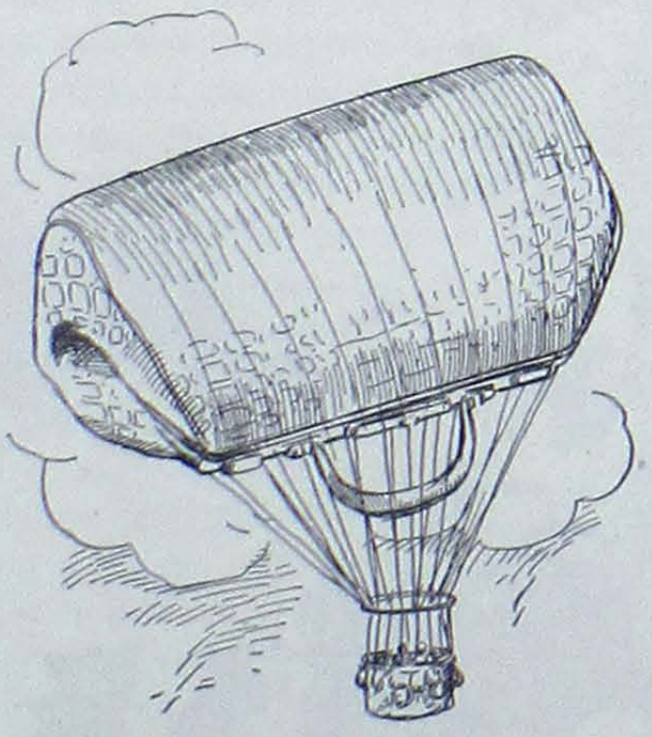
21st—By adding together the numerals of this date, 21, and multiplying the sum by the number of days in the month, 31, or 3 multiplied by 31, you will get the exact age you will reach on your ninety-third birthday; but the figures are also an intimation that it is two to one that you will not live that long, unless you give up eating lobster salads, Welsh rabbits and plum puddings three times a day.

22d—It is very bad luck for a man or a woman whose birthday falls on January 22d to drop a pocketbook containing $297 in cash and two handfuls ofsa mples, over the left-hand side of a ferryboat in transit either from New York to Staten Island or from Seattle to Honolulu.

23d—Persons born on the twenty-third of January should not attempt to travel from Jersey City to the Azores by aeroplane, especially during the equinoctial season, the relations between the planets Mars and Saturn being such at that time of year as almost positively to forebode a ruinous drop in the aeroplane market.

24th—A child born on this date with a full set of teeth already cut, from eye back to wisdom, will be sure to bite off more than he can chew at some time before he reaches the age of fifty, and should not, therefore, be unduly proud over his unusual dental equipment.

25th—Should it so transpire that this is your natal day, be happy over the good fortune that will be yours when your rich Uncle George—if you have one—dies—if he dies—and leaves you a cool million dollars—if he has it to leave.



A TRAVELING BAG.

"Old Bill."

TIME was when you and I first met;
'Twas many months ago.
I didn't make you welcome, yet
You still came round, you know.

But—say—it's got to be good-bye;
I like you far less still.
I know you'll never call again,
For now you're paid, old bill!

By T. Manning Wordsworth.

The collector of the port is not interested in the wine business.

THE RESCUE

Practical Piety.

The goodly minister saw one of his parishioners running rapidly down the road, trying to keep in sight of a retreating form ahead.

"Ah," called the minister, "whither away, my brother?"

Seeing the race was lost, anyway, the chaser stopped and pantingly replied,

"That confounded thief stole my coat!"

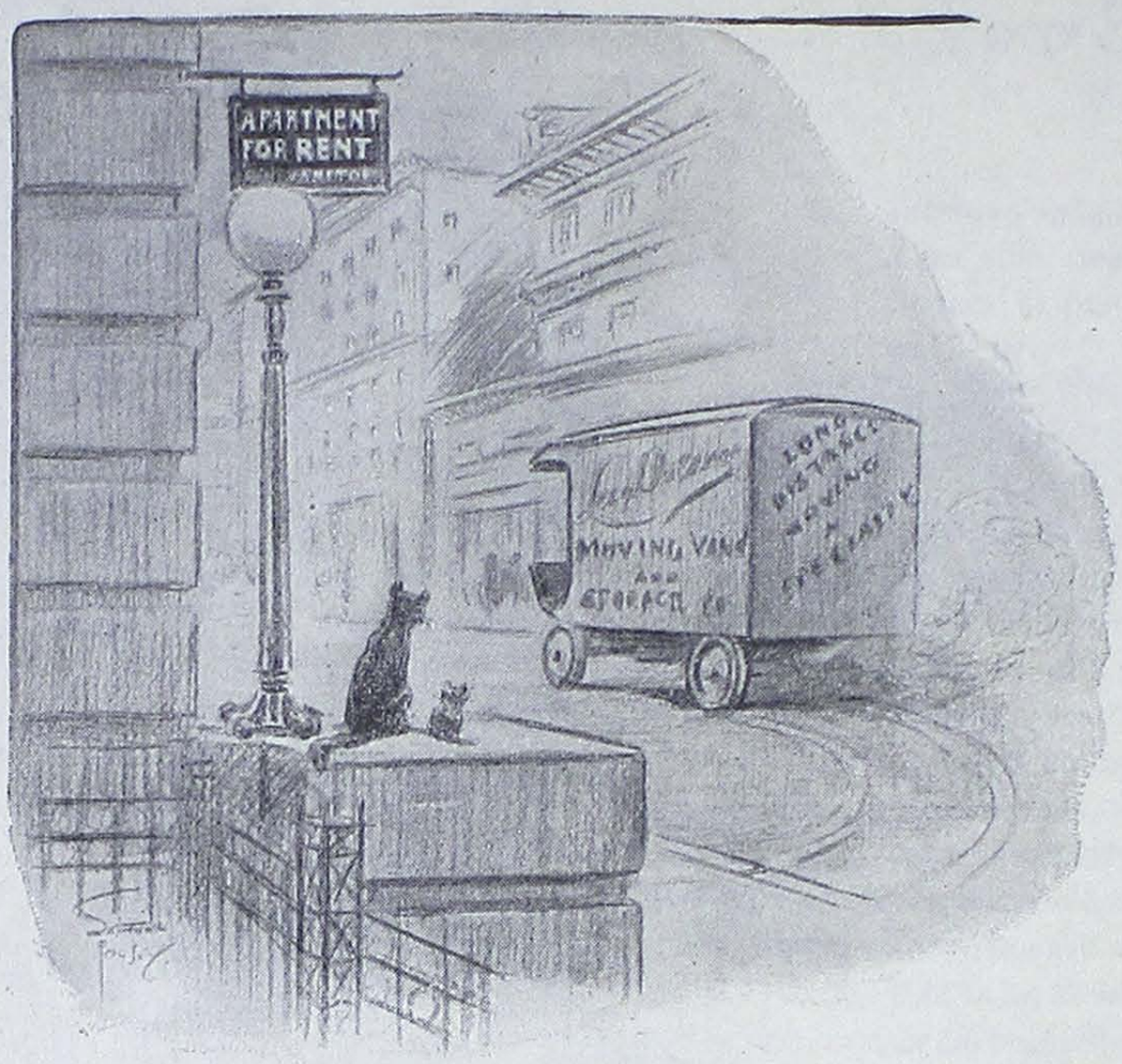
"Ah! And you were following the Scriptural admonition to give him your cloak also, were you?"

"No," said the parishioner frankly; "but I intended, if I caught him, to give him a belt!"

Rather Ambiguous.

Mother (admonishing)—"Don't let the men come too near you when courting."

Daughter—"Charles and I have a chair between us."



LEFT BEHIND.

Her Executive Ability.

A WELL-KNOWN Arkansas bachelor, Mr. Hod Durnitt, upon being interrogated by a friend while awaiting the arrival of the west-bound train at the railway station in Polkville, confessed. "Well, no," said he, "I'm not going to marry the Widder McCorkendade, after all, in spite of the prevailing impression to the contrary. Instead, I am going to hang my harp on a willer tree, as it were, and light out for Arizona; that is, if the widder don't get here before the train does. Not that I'm hurting, presizely, to go to Arizona; but Arizona's a good ways from here, and—er—ah— No, there ain't nothing the matter with Pearlie—Pearl's her first name, you know—except that she's a little too—er—able, so to express it. She has run the farm mighty well since her husband died, and nobody ever really blamed her for flinging scalding water on the constable the time you prob'ly recollect, and she can trade horses as good as the average man, and—but, still, she's a little too accomplished, sorter, it 'pears to me. I was out there a couple of hours ago—it's a good place, too, and she's a fine cook and all that; but—well, while we was setting there on the porch, talking of our future happiness and the like of that, a couple of the dogs got to fighting. A man's way, you know, when dogs fight, is to yank 'em apart and kick 'em in opposite directions and let it go at that. But Pearlie done different. She just grabbed 'em by the tails, snatched 'em loose from each other, swung 'em up and went to wringing 'em around in the air like you'd wring a chicken's head off, with the poor varmints yelling bloody murder at every revolution, and then flung 'em this way and that without even looking, and came and set down close to me and took up the talk right where she'd left off. Nacher'l enough, the question riz in my mind, if she'd treat a couple of good dogs that-a-way, what in this world of sin would she do to a husband? And so—well, if you chance to see Pearlie after I've left, tell her I've gone to Greenland or Patagonia, or any place you happen to think of but Arizona. She might take a notion to come there."

—*Tom P. Morgan.*

"A man of large caliber, isn't he?"
"Yes; he is a big bore."

He Was Justly Suspicious.

A BIG mass meeting was being held in Blimville.

The well-groomed and slick-looking individual who was trying to separate the town from its money arose to make a few remarks.

"Fellow-citizens," he opened up, "apropos"——

"Jist a minute, mister," said a smallish, sandy-whiskered man.

A look of annoyance crossed the speaker's face.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

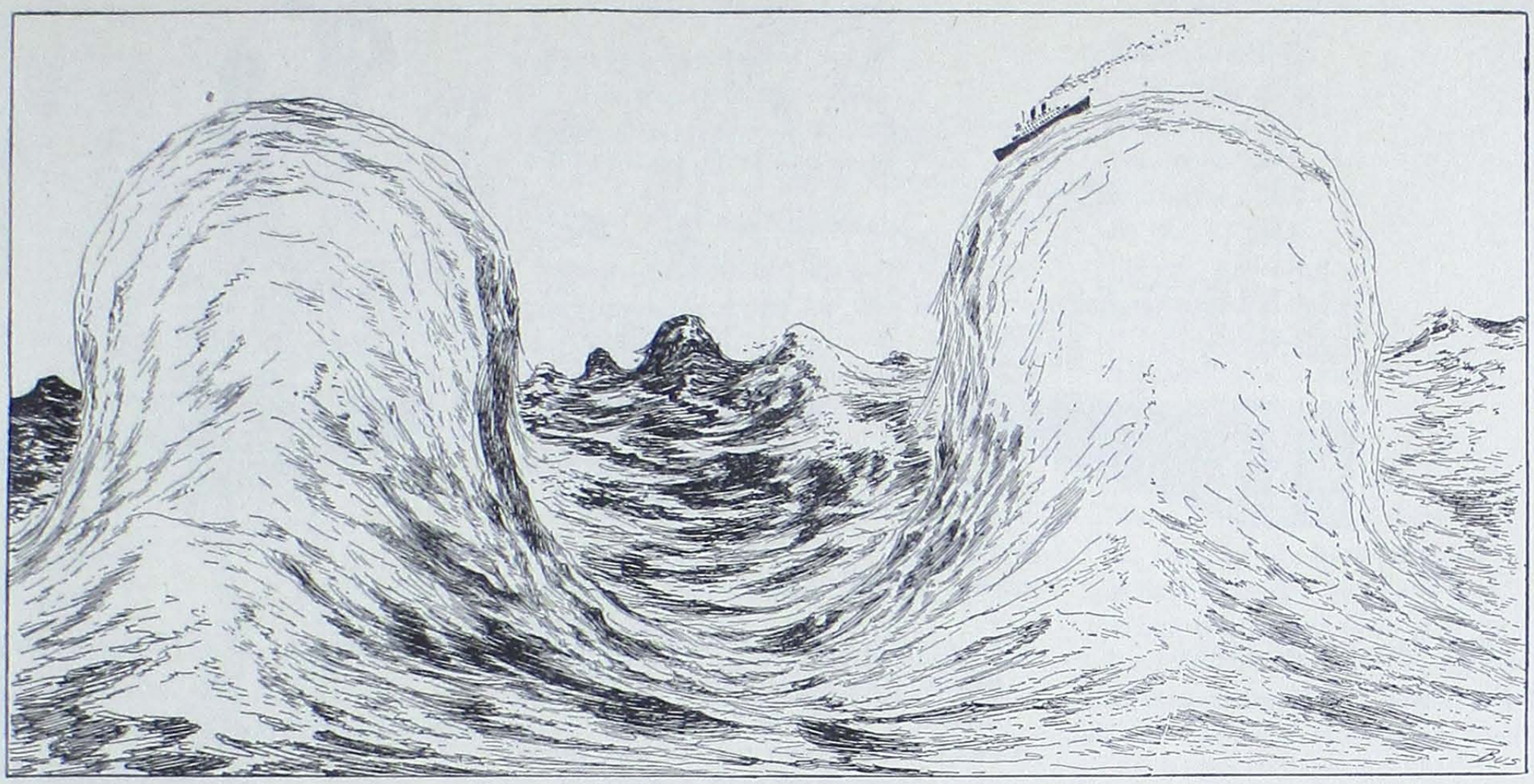
"I have here a pocket edition of Webster's Dictionary, and I want to look up that word 'apropos.' I don't intend to sit here and let some oily-tongued stranger slip one over on us," replied the sandy-whiskered man.

"You are a little suspicious, I see," said the speaker. "Now, that word to which you refer means"——

"Never mind what it means," enjoined the little man. "I'm looking it up. I let a smooth talker sell me a unicycle one time. He said it was the last word in conveyances, and when I paid the freight on it from Chicago, I found I had purchased a wheelbarrow."

HIS VACATION.

Mr. Winnipeg swears he prefers this to an outing in Florida or the Bermudas.



THE IMPRESSION OF A SEASICK PASSENGER.

A New Correspondence Course.

THE DAY was cold. Mr. Slimkins leaned back in one chair, and putting his feet wearily upon the cheap desk in front of him, sighed a sigh of real ennui. Gazing around the bare room, his glance paused to invert the black letters on the outside of the frosted glass in the office door. "Professor Slimkins!" he read to himself. "Professor of what, if any one should happen to ask me? Why, of the melodious art of whistling, plain or fancy, as taught by a guaranteed course in his new correspondence school." It had sounded very fine in the advertisements, anyway, he reflected.

The postman entered and deposited a great stack of mail on the desk, and Slimkins greeted him graciously, with a comment on the fine brand of weather, to which the genial postman responded with a remark about heavy mails and good business conditions and the discomfort of getting settled in a new office, as he departed.

Professor Slimkins no longer sighed at the bareness of the room, for he knew that he had no time to tarry, though his cunning precaution in advertising only in remote places gave him a temporary sense of security. It was not such a long way to Canada, after all.

When the wary agent called the next day to investigate the stillness of the new tenant, he found the room vacant, except for the lone chair and desk and an unsealed letter, which his lurking suspicions seized upon at once.

"To Those Whom It May Concern," it said inclusively, "Professor Slimkins wishes to express his pleasure and thanks for the great interest manifested in his new guaranteed course in the art of whistling, and for the many first payments of five dollars received. I have the money. Now you whistle. If you do not do some fancy whistling now, you may as well give up trying."

—*Fairmont Snyder.*

THE PYRAMIDS MADE A BIG IMPRESSION ON BROWN.

See Europe First.

Friend (at bookstore)—"Hello, old man! Buying a book?"

Other one—"Yes; my wife's going to Europe and she wanted me to get her a volume about the famous historical places in the United States, so that she will be able to describe them to the foreigners she will meet."

The parting of the ways has come to many a good resolution and its maker.

GREECE

The Stranger at Home.

HE HAD been to Mombazzazza, and he'd visited old Lhassa. He had been to ancient Cairo and the Cape.

He was never known to bungle on the subject of the jungle, or the habits of the mongoose and the ape.

He had traveled with the Switzer and the Polak and the Fritzer. He had freckles from the burning midnight sun.

He had dallied in Sienna and delighted in Vienna, where the life of song and dance is never done.

He had chased the festive scarab with a donkey and an Arab, in the land of Cleopatra and the Sphinx.

He had skirted the Canaries and the coast of Buenos Ayres. He had scaled the Mongol summits of the Chinks.

Like a fellow with a pass-key, he familiar was with Glasgie. He had idled many days at Singapore.

He had flitted down to Rio and jinrikkied round Tokio. Like a book he knew the Adriatic's shore.

No, there never was a hotter, more persistent old globe-trotter to be found at any time on any map.

From Columbus down to Peary, in their travels wide and weary, you could never find the equal of the chap.

But the funny thing about him, though no one could ever flout him when he talked of Hong-Kong, Petersburg or Rome,

He could never say the first thing—not a double-dee-dashed curst thing—on the subject of the scenery at home!

Though he'd seen the haunts of Borgia, he had never been to Georgia. Cincinnati, he opined, was in the South;

And he had a hazy notion Idaho was on the ocean, just above the raging Mississippi's mouth.

And his fate? Ah, what a pity! On his way to Jersey City from New York he lost his way one winter's morn,

And a frozen corpse they found him, with his Baedekers around him, in the shadow of the house where he was born! —*Horace Dodd Gastit.*

RELIEF BY PROXY.

Henry—"Here 's your dinner, dearie."

Henriete—"Throw it overboard for me this time, won't you, Henry?"

The Change.

"What has become of Miss Snooks? She was going in for theosophy when I saw her last."

"She married a restaurant man and is studying dishpantheism."

You May Lead a Horse to Water.

By WILLIAM J. BURTSCHER.

YOU MAY lead a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink;
You may send a boy to college,
But you cannot make him think.

You may preach some men a sermon,
But you'll never change their way;
They will go right on to-morrow
As they've started out to-day.
You may tell them to be banking,
But they'll never save a cent;
You may urge them to be building,
But they'll keep on paying rent.

You may write a lot of verses
That you'll never see in print;
You may tell a bore you're busy,
But he'll never take the hint.

You may lead some men to business,
But they'll never make a start;
You may show some men their duty,
But they'll never do their part.
You may dress some folks in satin,
But you'll never change their looks;
You may give some folks a bookstore,
But they'll never read the books.

You may lead a horse to water,
But you'll find this true, I think,
That unless the horse is thirsty,
There's no way to make him drink.

Zip! Bang! Squash!

"Pop, what does tempting fate mean?"

"Tempting fate, my son, means wearing a high hat in snow-balling time."

When the World Is Cold.

Some natures seek softness and warmth,
Some save as their store may afford,
For ever the bird will fly south,
And ever the squirrel will hoard.

—*McLandburgh Wilson.*

ON THE PRECIPICE.

He—"Darling, here, away from the rush and turmoil of the rest of the world, I want to bring my wooing to a climax. Don't throw me over."

How He Liked It.

ELDER SMITH had moved from Louisiana up to Duluth. Two years later he made a visit to his old home. His friends, of course, asked him how he liked living in Duluth.

"Well," said he, "it's winter nine months of the year there, and all-fired early in the spring the other three months."

Of Course.

Billy, while being reprimanded by his teacher for some misdemeanor, sat down, leaving her standing.

She reminded him that no gentleman should seat himself while the lady with whom he is conversing remains standing.

"But this is a lecture," replied Billy, with a grin, "and I am the audience."

Just as Good.

Ninnycus—"When smoking becomes universal among women, they'll be apt to wear trousers."

Cynicus—"Oh, skirts, as tight as they are worn now, afford just as good a place to strike a match."

The Merry Game.

This is a rapid age, you bet!
And we, as sure as fate,
Will soon evolve some scheme to get
Divorces while you wait.

One on Solomon.

Perry—"Solomon himself admitted that he was puzzled by 'the way of a man with a maid.'"

Mrs. Perry—"Well, he'd have been more excited over the way of a maid with a ne set of dishes."

Tired of Waiting.

Brown—"Come, wife, don't you think you are a bit inclined to be always behindhand?"

Mrs. Brown—"Well, I'll have to admit I wasn't much ahead when I took you."

The Calamity Howler.

Remember, before you give way to your woe,
In your struggle for fame and pelf,
That the fellow who says, "I told you so!"
Doesn't always succeed himself.

Her Politics.

Knicker—"Is your wife a Democrat?"

Henpekt—"Yes; she always wants an extra session."

Pioneer Uplift Movements.

SEASICKNESS.
Straphanging.
Raising Cain.
The loose tack.
Tilting the lid.
H. C. of living.
Chorus' pedaling.
Loan sharks' rates.
"I'll raise you $5."
Supporting a husband.
"Muscling" a schooner.
Powder-mill explosions.
Shifting the waist line.
Her furious father's foot.
As seen by the highwayman.
When your hair stands on end.
When your heart is in your mouth.
Poet betaking himself to attic retreat.
That operatic voice in the apartment below.
All those little ones that have a meaning all their own. —*Henry Hovious Rafferty.*

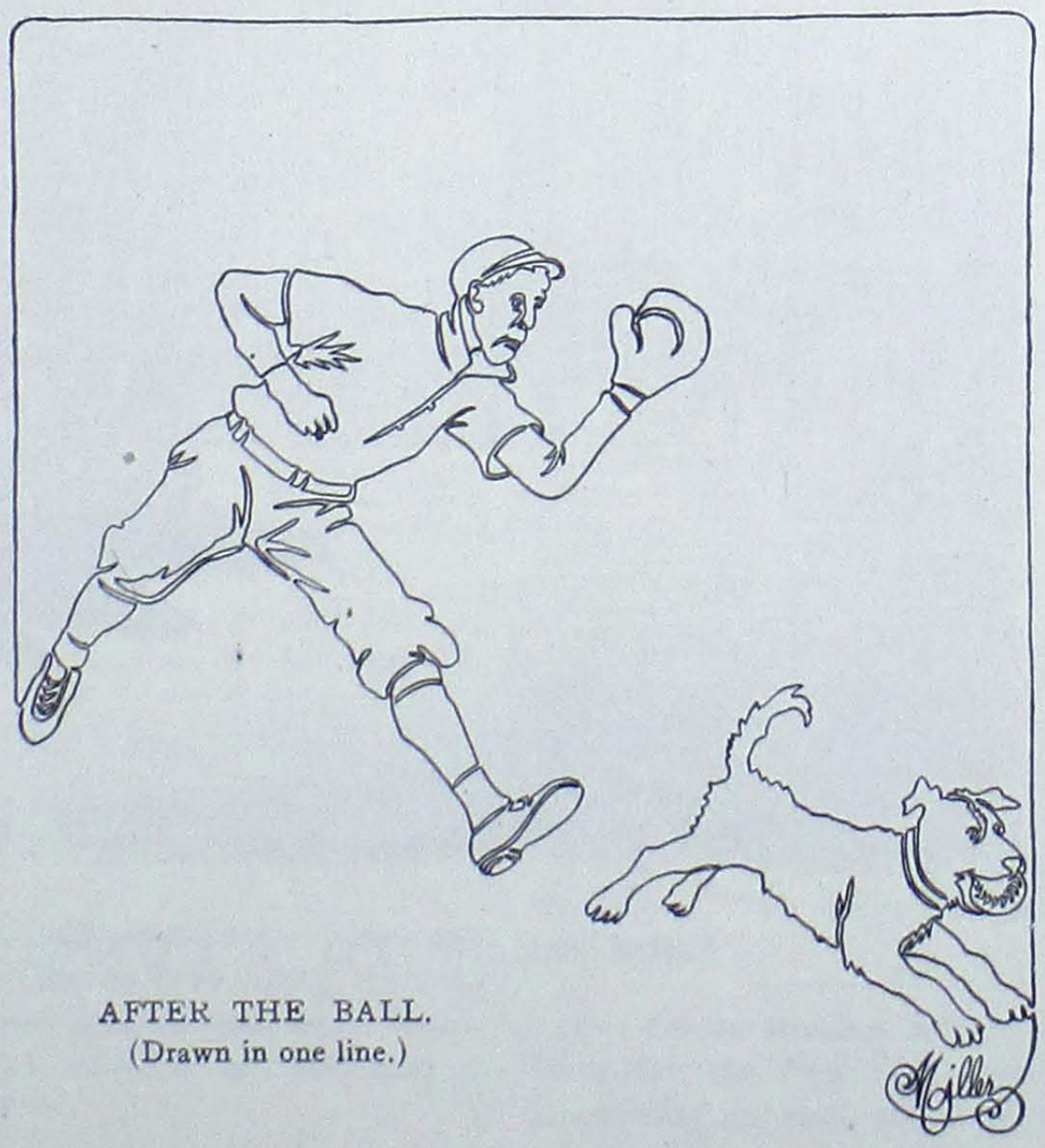
Natural Question.

"He seems to have a special talent for argument."

"Lawyer or pugilist?"

The Flirt.

She dropped her eyes just as we met.
There's no joy in my cup.
I tripped and fell, to my regret,
Trying to pick them up!



AFTER THE BALL.
(Drawn in one line.)

PREFACE TO A CONTINUED STORY

THE REPEATER.

What He Waits For.

Judge (to man arrested for vagrancy)—"You have no visible means of support, but I suppose, like many others of your sort, you have some excuse?"

Prisoner—"Sure!"

Judge—"Well, what is it? Why don't you go to work?"

Prisoner—"I'm waiting to pull off a big business enterprise."

Judge—"Why are you waiting? What are you waiting for?"

Prisoner—"I'm waiting until navigation of the air becomes general. Then I'm going to get the right to paint advertising signs on roofs."

A HOLIDAY ECHO.

Customer—"Did you see a lady here changing a man's shirt?"

Chirrup!

COLD?
Why, sure it's cold!
And windy, too.
Glad spring seems far
From me and you.
But clamp a grin
Upon your face—
This isn't quite
The coldest place.
Just let a smile
Twist up your mouth—
Alaska folks
Call this "down South"!

His Chance.

"What chance, in your opinion, squire, has Wilson of making a popular President, with all the conflicting factions and interests picking and pulling at him?"

"Fully as much, Lyman," replied the Old Codger, "as dead silence has of reigning in a rowboat with four women and a live eel in it."

Thought He Had 'Em.

Farmer Brown—"Hello, John! How you feelin'?"

Farmer Jones—"Poorly. I felt all right yesterday, but I kinder think today somethin's the matter with me. I feel some o' the symptoms of sciatica, lumbago, dyspepsia, ringworm, bronchitis an' a few other ser'us ailments."

Farmer Brown—"Du tell! What in th' name o' Tophet did ye do las' night?"

Farmer Jones—"W'y, I read the new Farmers' Almanac till near mornin'."

The Luckless Hunter.

The hunter had but little luck,
For he was out to shoot a buck;
He shot a farmer's cow instead,
Worth fifty bucks, the farmer said.

The Latest Invasion.

First suffragette hobo—"What became of Weary Millie Walk-away?"

Second suffragette hobo—"She and Dustina Rhodes were riding the rods of a Santa Fe east bound, when Weary Millie let loose to put her hat on straight."

THE PENETRATING QUALITIES OF A DROP OF ACID.

An Impossibility.

Dr. Crabbe had almost succeeded in dismissing Mrs. Gassoway, when she stopped in the doorway, exclaiming, "Why, doctor, you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated!"

"I know it isn't," said the doctor wearily. "You never find grass on a race track."

The person making two good resolutions for the New Year and keeping one is fifty per cent. ahead of the game.

THE NATIVE SATISFIED.

Traveler—"This country doesn't seem to advance much."
Native—"Oh, I don't know. When I was a boy there warn't no road through here at all."

Absent.

COME along to the "movies." Follow the crowd. We sob when it sobs, and, in turn, laugh aloud. Our hearts freely leap to the maid on the curtain, whose job is to weep when her feelin's are hurtin'. We pity the chap who has landed in prison—would gladly exchange all our pleasures for his'n. But where is the fellow with pity to feel for the soul in the coop who is turning the reel?

Popularity.

Bumble—"I see one of two actors who between them have had eight wives has again been sued for divorce."

Rumble—"One of the penalties of great popularity."

Never Gets There.

NO ONE looks for achievement to a man who always has an excuse for failure.

CAUTION.

Farmer—"Say, boy, does that thing ever go sideways?"

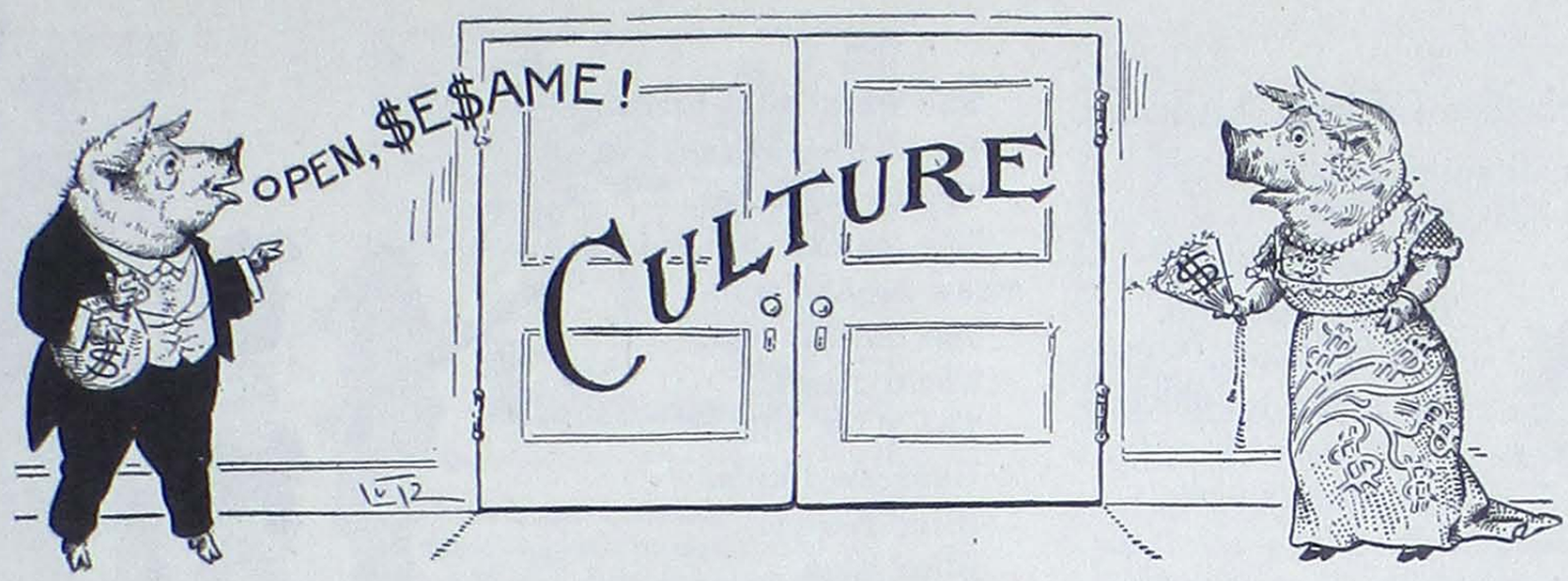
Poor, Tired Father!

FATHER'S had a busy day—
Hustled to the store at ten;
Listened to some stories gay,
Told by other busy men.
Had to rattle for the smokes,
With some members of the bunch:
Spent an hour relating jokes,
And then hustled out to lunch.

Hustled back at half-past two,
Twice as busy as before;
Then he had a lot to do,
Telephoning for the score.
Placed a bet or two, of course;
Signed a voucher for his pay;
Came home blowing like a horse—
Father's had a busy day.

—*Mrs. J. L. O'Connell.*

The man who borrows trouble is continually in debt.



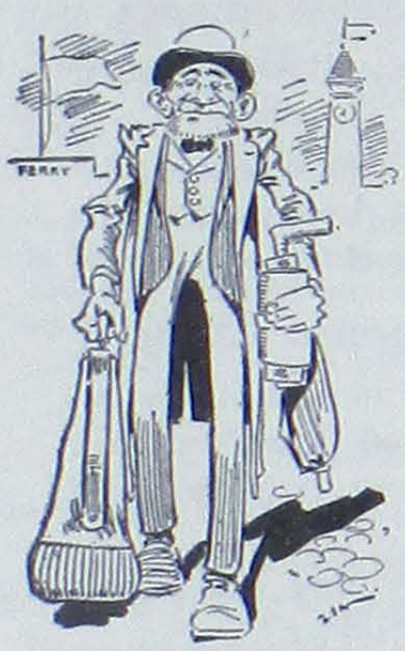
THE ONE DOOR IT WILL NOT OPEN.

Judge's Birthday Book.

Compiled by Horace Dodd Gastit, P. D. Q.

JANUARY.

12th—The juxtaposition of the planets upon this date is such that male children born upon it between noon and midnight should not be permitted to mix dill pickles, canned lobster, pate de foie gras or green apples with their pasteurized milk during the first three weeks of their existence. No amount of milk pasteurization will offset the effect of a dill-pickle upon the immature digestive apparatus of a child of that tender age.



13th—If you are born on January 13th, it is a sign of ill-luck if, in choosing the spot for your first appearance, you select a subway train, a box at the opera, a seat on the bleachers at a world-series baseball championship, either in New York or Boston, or the cabin of an ice-bound canal boat on the silvery surface of the Erie Canal.

14th—If your birthday falls upon January 14th and your income is only twelve dollars a week, beware of the tall, dark man, with a slight cast in his eye, who tries to sell you a five-thousand-dollar motor car, with a set of Kipling thrown in, if you add a glass wind shield to the outfit, on the installment plan, calling for the payment of seventy-five dollars a month.

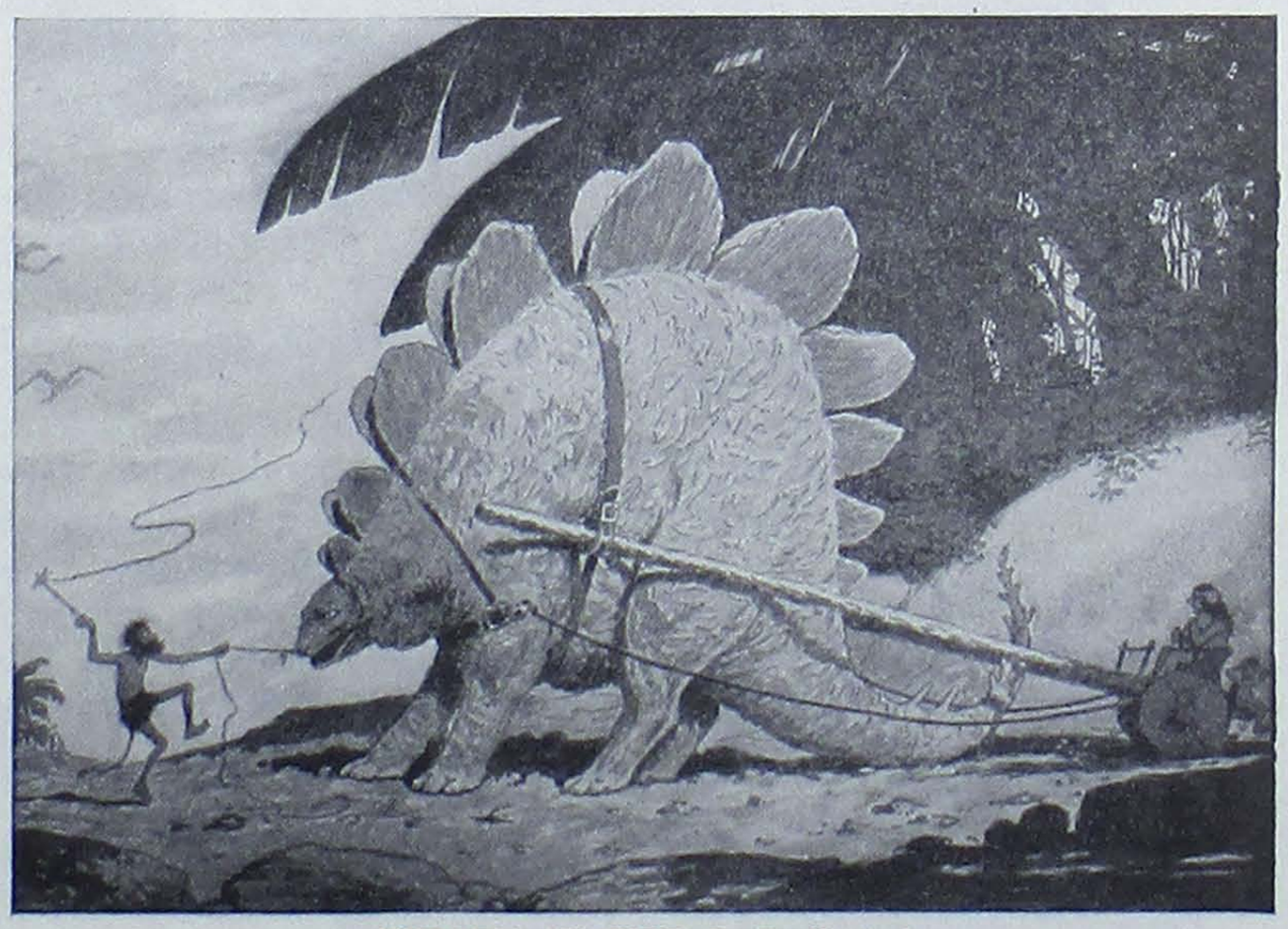
15th—All children born on the fifteenth of January, with their grandparents still living, will take after their grandfathers, especially at Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner, where the old people are served first.

16th—Street-car conductors whose birthday falls on this date should be particularly careful not to knock down fares in the presence either of the spotters or the receiver of the road, since this will be a sure forerunner of bad luck, involving an almost immediate loss of employment.

17th—A burglar born on January 17th, who has successfully pulled off a bit of second-story work on the fifteenth, will do well to avoid all heavily built men with black mustachios, wearing police uniforms, who cross their paths, as almost certain preliminaries of a sudden change of residence and occupation.

18th—The daughter of a Greenlander born on this date will experience considerable cold weather before she finally lands the man of her choice, though this does not at all imply the certainty of her becoming a wall-flower. It is rather evidence that even in matters of courtship the average male citizen of Greenland is a sufferer from cold feet.

A date-bearing tree and a calendar bearing dates are somewhat different.



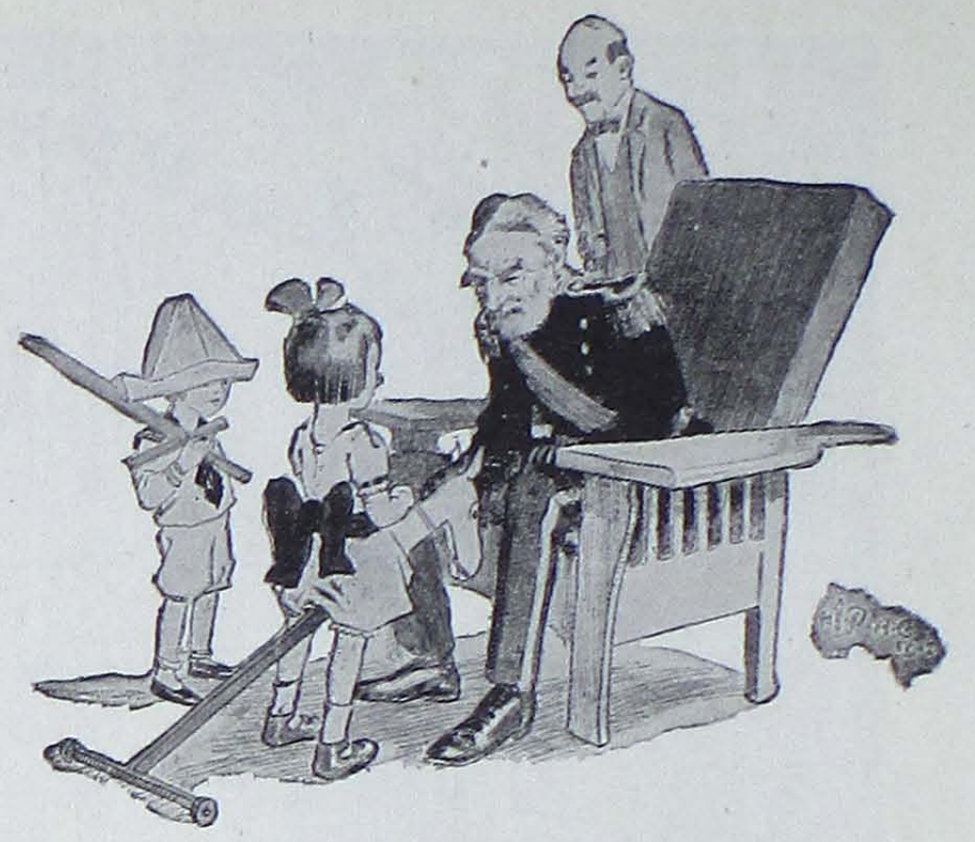
WHERE IS THE S. P. C. A.?

More Nature-faking Animals.

THE pusillanimous pup.
The bear-cat.

The hen party.
The fond gazelle.
The "chicken."
The stage broiler.
The pony of brandy.
The horse's neck.
The golden buck.
The end-seat hog.
The purple cow.
The vegetable oyster.
The goose of the golden egg.
The tailor's goose.
The mock duck.
The mock turtle.
The stool pigeon.
Our goat we're afraid some one will get.
The cat that was let out of the bag.
The worm that turns.
Butterflies of fashion.
The wrong steer.
The camel with the straw-broken spine.
The official seal.
The fly cop.
The P. O. Elk.
Undressed kids.
Blind robins.
Blind pigs.
Blind tigers.
Social lions.

—*Strickland Gillilan.*



CURIOSITY.

"Next time you come, General, won't you please bring your army? Tommy an' me want to see it."

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Lawyer—"I have here a pardon from the governor for my client, John Joy."
Warden—"All right; let Joy be unconfined."

The wrong pig we often get by the ear.
The whistling coon.
The wild horses that couldn't drag us such and such a place.
The Rocky Mountain canary.
The automobile jack.
The switch frog.
The land shark.
The momentarily born sucker.
Champ Clark's houn' dawg.
The Easter bunny.

The Idea!

Miss Miggs, the village poetess, made up a piece called "A Morning Thought." When submitting it to *The Boudoir*, she wrote, "The idea for this poem came to me one morning while dressing."

In returning the manuscript, the editor wrote Miss Miggs, "We trust the next idea for a poem will come to you fully dressed. The scant covering of this one made us violently blush."

Sound the Same.

"Sand and sense—that is the winning pair!"

"You mean sand and cents!"

A Self-made Woman.

SHE'S made for me!" cried Brother Tim,
And Mae's fair visage conned;
And he was right, because for him
She'd made herself a blonde.

Including a Vacuum Cleaner?

"You say it is impossible to get any money out of your husband. Have you gone about it in the right way?"

"I've tried everything, except send him a Black Hand letter."

A Pair of Don'ts To Draw To.

Don't doubt your beliefs. Don't believe your doubts.

AN UPPERCUT.

Little Smith, who, they say, married beneath him.

IN DREAMLAND

1. Farmer Jones comes to town and meets a stranger who tells him he can win thousands of dollars by a secret system of wire-tapping if he will learn the game.

2. The stranger introduces to Jones the chief telegraph operator, who, he says, will give them the name of the winning horse in a race before the poolroom gets it.

3 The stranger and the operator take Jones to a fake pool room and advise him to bet two dollars on a horse. He does so, and "wins" ten dollars.

4. "Easy money!" Jones rushes to the bank and cashes a draft on his home bank for a sum that represents his fortune. He sees a way to suddenly become a millionaire.

5. Jones is advised by his friends to put his money on Honey B. They tell him he can't possibly lose, because Honey B has already won, and they alone know this fact.

6. Jones plunges, and goes to the pool room only to find that "Tapper wins." Stung again!
Jones wakes up!

No Bite.

He dropped a line to let her know
That marriage was his wish.
He failed to bait with gold, and so
Went otherwhere to fish.

Settlement Work.

Post—"Thompson has gone in for settlement work."

Parker—"Helping the poor or bill collecting?"

Envoy.

The play was over, and the Fool
In sadness did repine,
While he who masked as Tragedy
Kept tryst with Columbine.

January.

JANUARY is a state of weather and other things that we are compelled to accept, but would rather do without. It is bounded on the north by Arctic blizzards, on the east by bursted water pipes, on the south by overdue Christmas bills, and on the west by a demand for more coal.

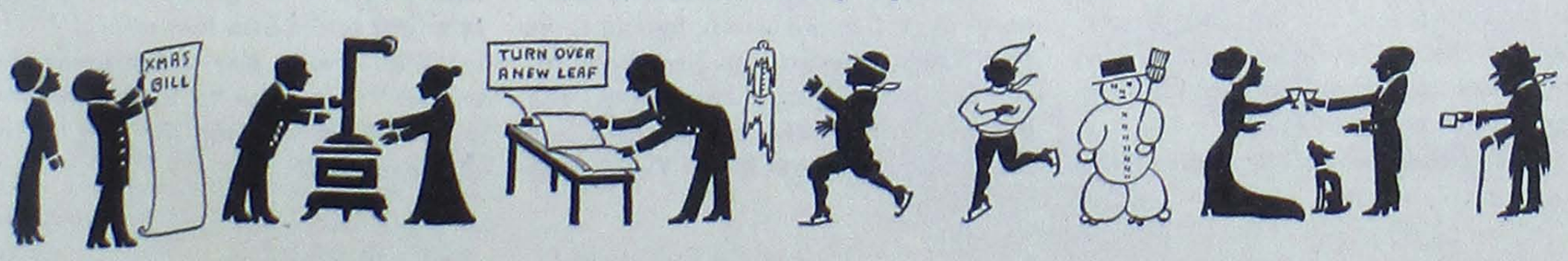
During its thirty-one trying days, its northern inhabitants are in a state of freeze, those in the central part in a state of wheeze, while those in the south are reduced to one continual sneeze.

Its calendar shows but one red-letter day—New Year's Day—and that should by all means have been printed in deepest indigo blue, for a day more closely filled with misery and remorse it would be hard to imagine. Other less doleful days in the month are mother-in-law's birthday, rent day and the day the furnace refused to work.

The month of January is productive of snow, sleet, bottomless thermometers, chilblains, neuralgia, cold feet, bargain sales, duns, calendars, revival meetings and weather predictions.

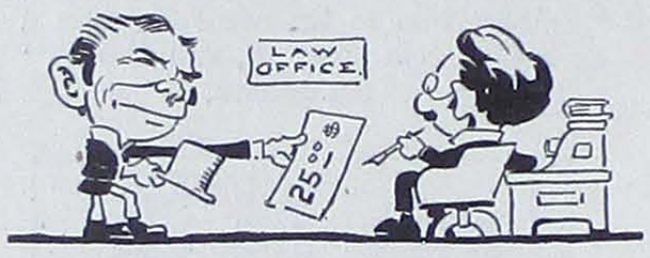
Most citizens spend the month in getting on and off the water wagon, blowing the nose, cursing and complaining, overdrawing bank accounts, taking medicine, renewing leases and insurance, paying and dodging bills and bill collectors, and knocking the weather.

—*Harvey Peake.*



Only the First Installment.

They tell a story on Governor Tom Marshall, of Indiana, which illustrates the popular view on the question of attorneys' fees. Back in the old legal days, Mr. Marshall tried and won a divorce case for a little Irishman named O'Brien. A short



time afterward O'Brien came in, with an extremely serious face, to pay his bill.

"An' how much is ut, sor?" he asked fearfully.

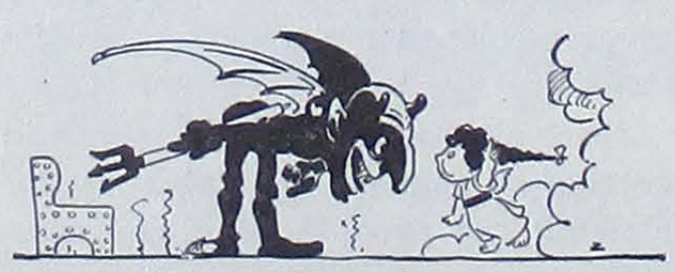
Tom hesitated, thought of the man's poverty-stricken circumstances, and decided to make it as reasonable as possible. "I'll have to charge you ten dollars, O'Brien," he said finally.

The little man gasped, and then his face blossomed like the hats at Eastertide. "Oh, Misther Marshall-l-l!" he choked. "Oh, Misther Marshall! I'm here with twinty-foive dollars to pay the first installmint!"

A Child's Dream.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst knows many good stories from real life.

"I was taking dinner at the home of a friend of mine one evening,"



says Dr. Parkhurst, "where there was a little girl of five years old. Her grandmother was her especial guardian in all matters of conduct, and toward the end of the dinner, feeling that the child had been up too long, she told the little girl to say good-night and go to bed.

"The child was well brought up and left the table without any protest. The following morning, at breakfast, the child said she had had a horrible dream. Both the mother and grandmother tried to get her to tell what it was, but she hesitated. She said she did not want to tell her dream. At last, however, she said,

"'I dreamed that I was dead.'

"Her mother was quite worried and asked the little girl to tell her the rest. With a look at her grandmother, who, sitting near by, she continued,

"'Well, I dreamed that I was dead and went to heaven and knocked at the gate. Some one came to the gate, with a big bunch of keys in his hand, and said, "What do you want, little girl?" I said, "Why, I died and I've come up to heaven."

"'Then he said to me, "I'm very sorry, little girl, but heaven's full and there isn't room for you."

"'So I went away, and then I went down to hell and knocked on the door there. A man came and opened the door, and he said, "What are you coming here for, little girl?"

"'I said, "I died and went up to heaven and couldn't get in, so I came here." The man was very nice to me, mother. He said, "We'll see what we can do for you, little girl. We've got a lot of people here, but I'll try to find room for you."

"'So I went in and there was lots of folks there. The man took me to a room where there was a big chair against the wall, and he said, "You can sit there a little while; you can't stay long, because we're saving that chair for your grandmother, who is going to live here."'"

Man Makes His Opportunity.

Side by side at the Railway Business Men's Association banquet, at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York recently, sat George F. Baker, the great financier who heads the First National Bank of New York, and James J. Hill, the master builder of the Northwest. A friend of the latter, shaking hands with Mr. Hill, complimented him on having such a worthy son and competent helper as Louis W. Hill, and said that the son must have inherited the elements of a strong character from his success-

ful father. Joining in the conversation, Mr. Baker made this comment: "A man of good parts can be a good anything. I believe that a man who makes a great banker, railroad man or business man would succeed in any line of work in which he actively and earnestly engaged. It is the man who makes his opportunity more than the opportunity that makes the man."

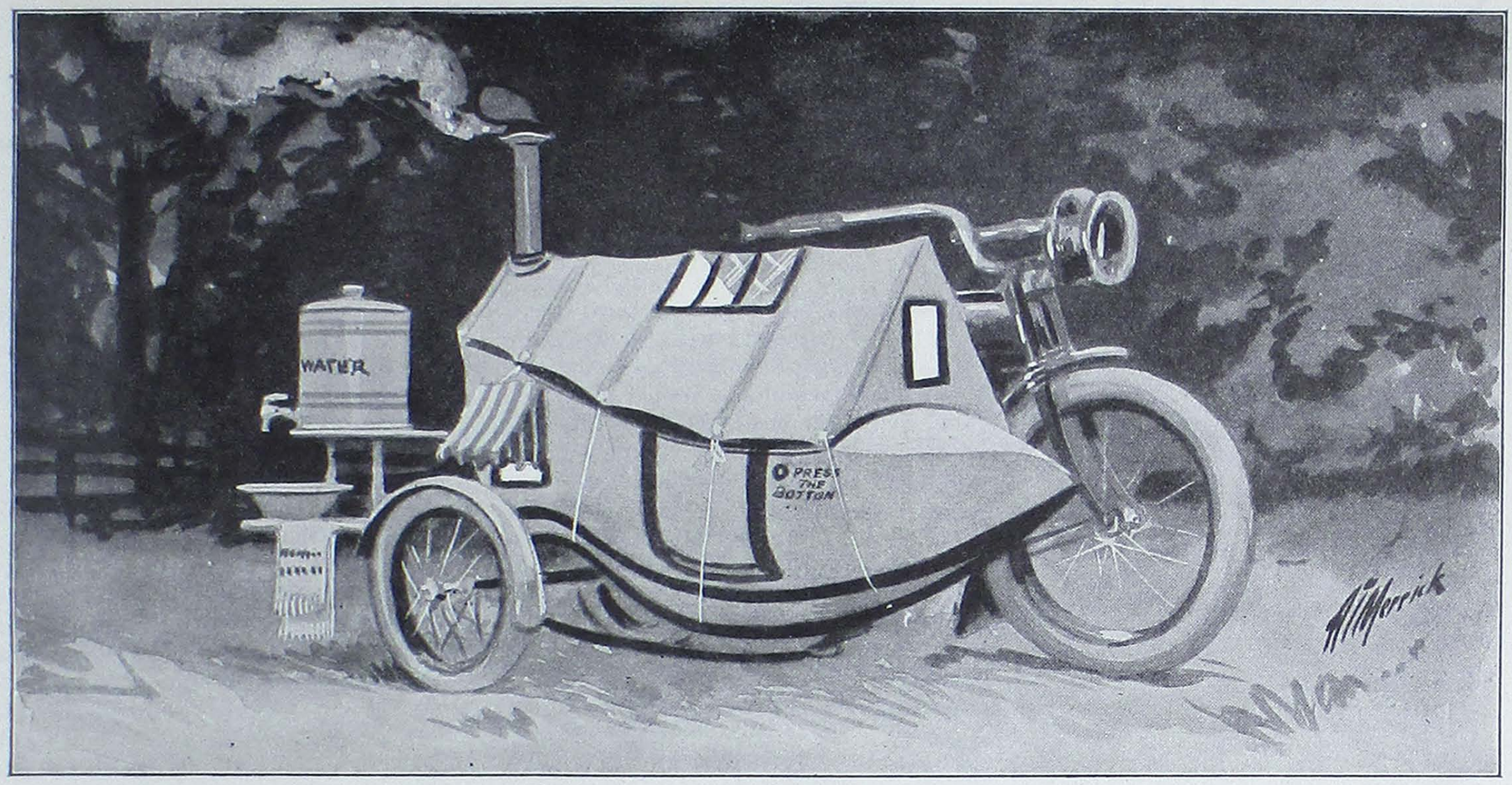
A Witty Answer.

Mary Garden, the opera singer, attended a dinner in St. Petersburg, and among the guests was a noted Russian general, who was placed next to Miss Garden. The general was very dignified and cold in manner. Miss Garden found him rather hard to converse with, which fact was noticed by the woman on her other side.

The woman, knowing the singer very well, whispered to her,

"Why don't you tell the general that you will sing for him, Mary? It might make him less chilly."

"Well," said the witty opera favorite, "every one to his trade, you know. I am waiting for him to fire off a cannon."

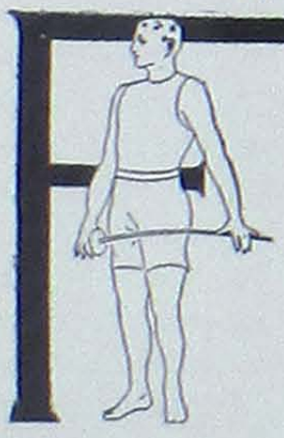


A HINT

Have you a side car? If so, fit it up with all the comforts of home, and be independent of the country hotels.

The Three Wills

By ROBSON BLACK



FIRST, the will of John Smith, sea captain, dated 1850:

I devise and bequeath to my only son, John Smith, the brig *Marie* and sloop *Jennie*, both of Boston, and whatever balance may be left in the First National Bank after the payment of all my just debts. I likewise bequeath to my son, the said John Smith, an unsullied family record, that he may perpetuate it unto his children free of offense. I bequeath him a manly physique, tested by many rigors on sea and land, and fitted to earn him the respect of his fellows and whatever recompense his ambition may desire. I bequeath him a clean mind, a courageous and kindly heart, wherewith to pilot the aforesaid physique and add to the sum of the world's happiness. John Smith, 1850.

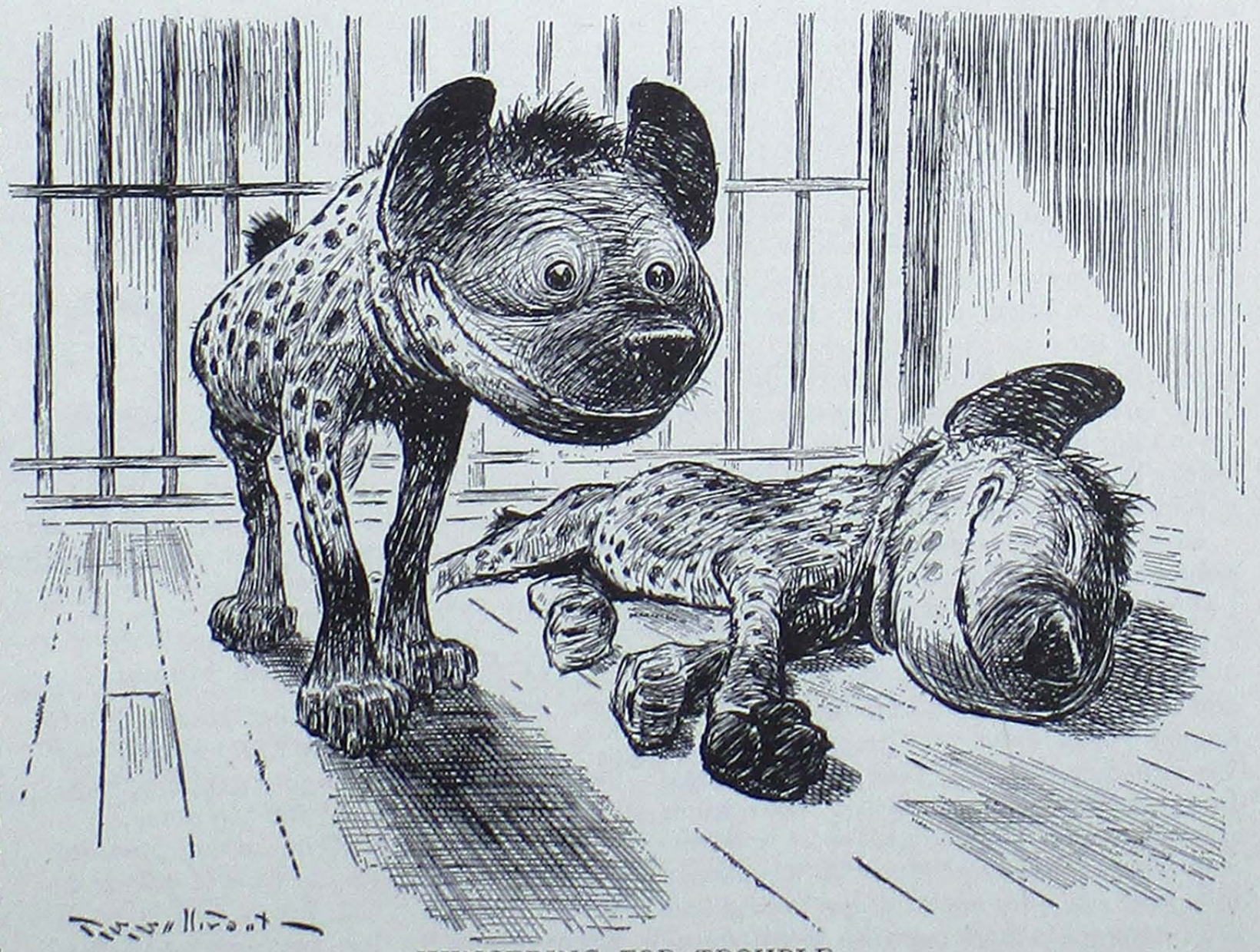
Second, will of John Smith, Jr., "the Boston steamship king," dated 1913:

I devise and bequeath to my only son, John Smith, the sum of seventeen million dollars, representing two-thirds of the capital stock of the Smith Maritime Corporation. John Smith, 1913.

Third, will of John Smith, only son of the steamship king, dated 1930:

I devise and bequeath to my son, John Smith, one hundred and seventy-two dollars, representing my remaining equity in one six-cylindered limousine, now at Blank's garage. Also the portrait of my revered grandfather, master of the brig *Marie*. May God have mercy on my soul!

John Smith, 1930.



HUNGERING FOR TROUBLE

"Say, old chap, I 'm sick of doing time. Let 's go on a hunger strike."

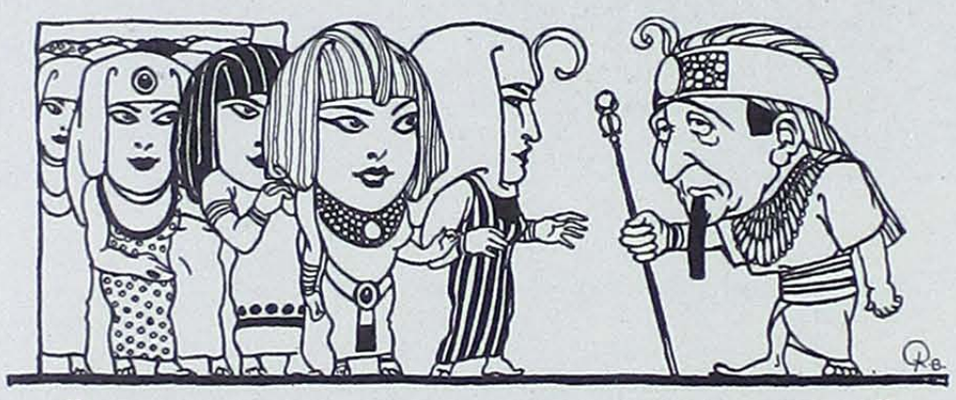
WATCHING OUR FUNNY WORLD GO BY

By HOMER CROY

The King Who Struggled Along with 800 Wives

A PROFESSOR at the University of Pennsylvania has just discovered how one of the old Egyptian kings tried to cut down the cost of living. This monarch rejoiced in the name of Ha-Em-Hab.

When Ha-Em-Hab (it sounds as though it came in bottles, doesn't it?) took up the scepter, 4,000 years ago, he found that money was tight in his kingdom.



"WE CAN IMAGINE HOW HA-EM-HAB MUST HAVE FELT."

He decided to make a supreme sacrifice by giving up the thing nearest his heart. In fact, he gave up 800 of them. He had 1,600 wives, but, in a moment of exaltation and supreme self-denial, he gave up half of them.

We can imagine how Ha-Em-Hab must have felt the first few weeks he tried to squeeze along on 800 wives. When he came home at night, tired and worn out from the day's demands on the throne, expecting a mass meeting of wives to welcome him at the front door, smooth his hair and kiss him lightly on the forehead, how the poor man must have felt when only 800 lights of his life gathered on the lawn to pat his cheek and ask him if he had had a hard day of it!

How dismal it must have felt to have only a hundred of them telling him what the iceman had said, a couple of hundred explaining how the woman across the dumb waiter had acted, the mean thing! and a hundred more waiting for some money to run down to the corner to pay the man for the veal loaf! We can see in our mind's eye the forlorn expression on the king's face when only a dozen wives came running out with his carpet slippers, and only eight or ten loving and true helpmeets held matches to his evening pipe.

When he looked down the thin, straggling line of only 800 waiting to take their turn at resting on his knee for a moment, great tears must have welled up in his eyes; and when one of his better halves questioned him as to why there was not mirth and joy in his heart, how he must have felt to look her in the eye and tell her that he was radiantly happy, when all the time grief for 800 departed wives was eating his heart out!

The poor man must have wandered from room to room, lonely as a daffodil, a yearning in his heart for the vanished hands that nothing could fill. Our heart goes out to the lonely monarch of old, as we picture him wandering, wandering, wandering from one empty room to another, sometimes stopping to shed a tear before Angeline's picture, or kissing an old letter from Irene, or touching his lips ever, ever so gently to the faded violet he had gathered in the dell with Caroline—or was it with Abigail, or Henrietta, or Carolotta, or possibly with Sophie?

Jealousy

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S wife was a poor speller. She spelled acceptable "exceptabell," as shown in some of her autograph letters just brought to light. Our experience along that line is that it doesn't make much difference how a girl spells—if she writes often enough. A girl can spell dog with two g's when she writes to us, if she will only say in her letter that she has quit letting him hang around with his new machine. It will be exceptable to us.

A College Chair of Humor

COMES the tidings that Harvard is to have a chair of wit and humor next year. Three English professors have already been mentioned for the place.

The students will be given practical instruction in humor. One of the textbooks will be "The Jokes and How To Know Them." The professor will read off a joke and call on the brightest minds in the class to tell whether or not it is funny. He will begin with some of the old standards and gradually work up to the 1913 models. He will probably begin with this old favorite:

Wilson—Who was that lady I saw you walking down the street with yesterday?

Gilson—That wasn't a lady—that was my wife.

This is probably the oldest joke in point of service of any joke in the union. It is still playing to capacity houses and was popular when the neighbors laughed at Noah for thinking it was going to rain.

The Cambridge students will be taught how to doctor this up, put on a pannier, a pair of scallops, a mousseline plisse, tunic and a liberal sprinkling of boleros, ratines and poplins, and sell it as new.

The new professor will teach the students how to take the old joke about the billygoat eating up all the tin cans, the one about the cannibal doing the same to all the missionaries, and the boarder refusing to do likewise to the hash, and make a comic opera out of them. The wife going through her husband's pockets will appear in book form, and the new design mother-in-law joke will be a scream. What the parrot said to the preacher will be sent broadcast on the phonograph records, and the darky running from the graveyard will be shown on a two-reel film with a kinetophone attachment.

"HE WILL BEGIN WITH SOME OF THE OLD STANDARDS."

When a graduate tells a funny story, you can laugh with perfect assurance, even though you don't get the point, for you will know that the joke is certified. The correspondence course is open to everybody. Pasteurized jokes with a college education are the coming humor. Have your humor Harvardized and see that the seal is unbroken—double trading stamps Mondays and Saturday mornings.

The Spur to Courage

"YOU HERE?"

"Why not?"

Thus Jones, habituated to a grouch, and Smith, of philosophical temper, greeted each other at an automobile course where powerful machines were at concert pitch and nervy drivers were on edge. Attempts were to be made to "break all records."

"This is the last place in the world I should have looked for a man of quiet habit in search of wisdom," said Jones. "But let me introduce my friend Brown."

Smith greeted Brown, a red-faced man with an air of extreme sophistication, and asked, "Is there a better place to study psychology and the ego?"

"Well," remarked Brown, "I'm here to study the possibility of making an honest dollar. Wanta bet?"

"I never take chances," said Smith. "But you, Jones, can amuse yourself here. You 'll have opportunity to air your cynicism."

"I like to see the lengths to which lunatics will go in search of notoriety," growled Jones.

"You mean the auto drivers?"

"Yes."

"Well, I consider them among modern heroes," Said Smith. "In this age the romantic has been abandoned for the practical. There are no more dragons to subdue, and no more enchanted ladies to rescue from hypnotic ogres. Men of daring now go up in the air or joust with autos for steeds. Mechanical ingenuity has developed new problems, and the auto as it relates to life is one of them. What you regard here as foolhardiness is courage entered in one phase of experimentation."

"Well, I don't think driving a motor car above a hundred miles an hour has any relation to human good in the future. I've trouble enough now dodging 'em at twenty miles an hour." And Jones uttered a guttural noise which in him passed for laughter.

"That is a narrow view. You have no perspective. I consider these men as brave as those of the past of whom the poets sang. See that self-contained fellow with a moustache sitting there placidly with his hand on his wheel? He is looking intently, though with no selfish speculation, waiting for the word to go."

"Oh, yes, I know him. That's Bill Swift," remarked the red-faced man.

"Well," asked Smith, am I not right?"

"See that skirt in the grand stand?" asked the red-faced man. "The dame dressed in a red coat with a picture hat? She's waving at Bill now. And that fellow with her gnawing the head of his cane? He hasn't nerve enough to ride a wooden horse in a merry-go-round. But he's got money."

"Yes?"

"Yet she 'll chase him for Bill if Bill wins this race."

—*J. A. Waldron.*

VERY INCONSIDERATE

Mabelle—What makes the leading lady so grouchy?

Estelle—She had counted on making a big hit with her divorce case this season, and just as she was about to bring proceedings her husband had to go and die.

Mabelle (indignantly)—Now isn't that just like a man!

The Game

I'M A LIQUID, soft-eyed cheater;
I'm a treasury depleter,
I'm a gambler, and I've learned to stack the pack.
I'm a saccharine blackmailer, a policeman and a jailer;
I'm a cultivated mental jumping jack.
I'm a parlor entertainer, I'm a very shrewd campaigner;
When it's worth my while—a monkey on a stick.
I'm a listener, pumper, talker, dancer, sitter, runner, walker—
I'm a just-this-side-the-border lunatic.
If the law could only reach me, it would grab me and impeach me;
But it can't, for I'm a licensed charlatan.
Lord! It takes some discipline, for it's a life job that I'm in for—
I'm a woman, and I'm married to a man!

—*Jane Burr.*

A Few

You can lead some girls to the ballroom, but you can't make 'em turkey trot.

Opportune Observations

OPPORTUNITY may knock once for every person, but, in this day of complex living, how is that person to know at which door?

However great the pleasure of embracing Opportunity may be, the acute individual indulges not at all; if but allowed to come close enough for an embrace, that wise person immediately and without ceremony gets her down and sets foot upon her neck, until she accedes to all demands.

As a matter of fact, the persons who really get along in the world do not wait for Opportunity to knock; they are away up the highroad, themselves knocking right and left stragglers, slowpokes and loafers, in a fierce effort to meet Opportunity more than half way—and, above all, to meet her first.

Thus we come to the conclusion that, while Opportunity may not always need to knock once, the successful person must keep knocking.

—*Charles Campbell Jones.*

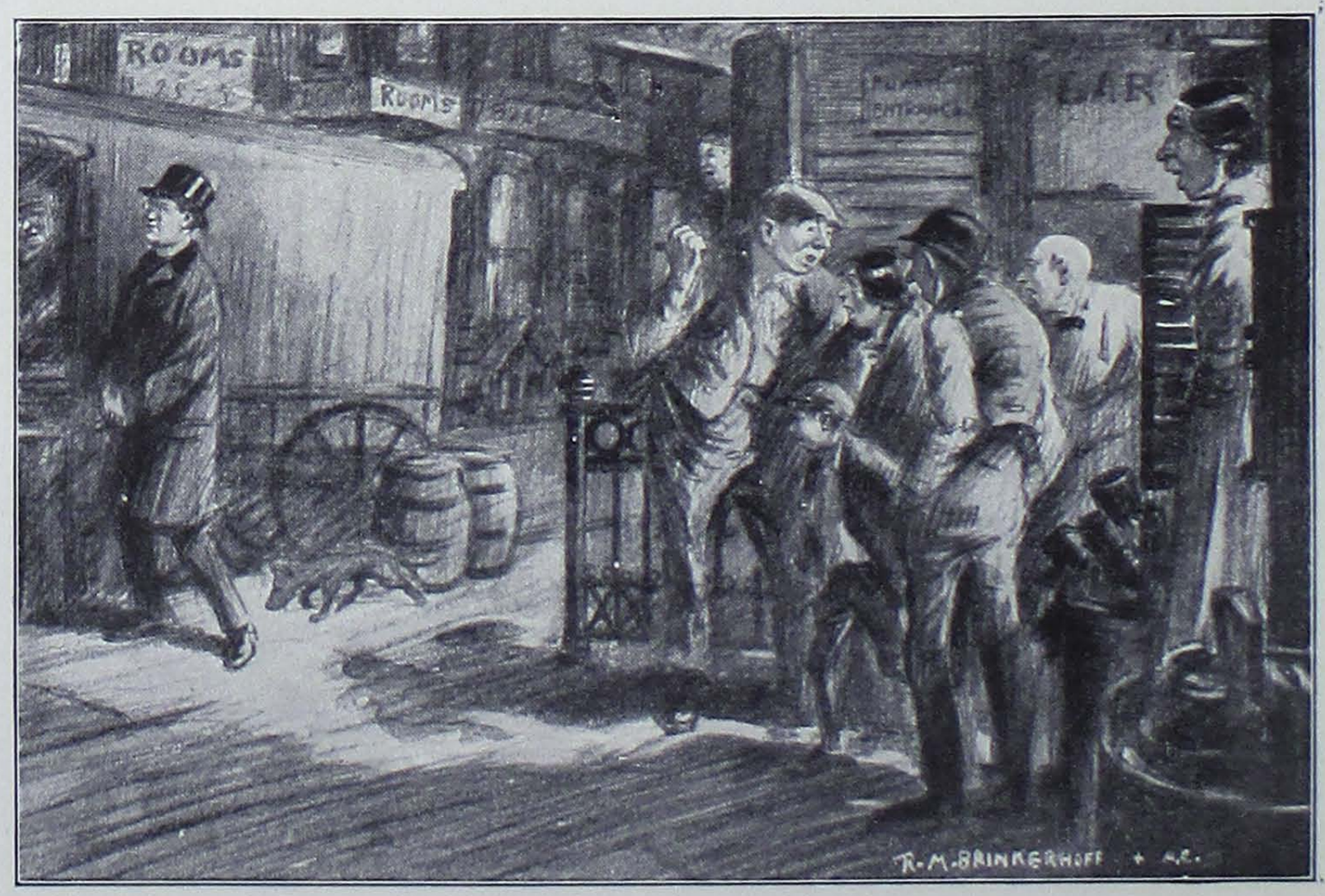
The Social Reformer

In this wicked age there are many things
He is sure should under the ban go;
And so he would cut out the sport of kings,
The turkey trot and the tango.

Dangerous Sacrifice of Profits

"Why don't you think Staffer's health-food venture will be a financial success?"

"He sells his preparation in cartons that weigh less than their contents."



A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER

THE SUMMER GIRL

A CYNIC and a Philosopher sat in the shade and watched the devices of happy youth at a summer resort. The abandon of a Summer Girl in a swing, with two young men in competitive attendance, stirred the Cynic to a censorious mood.

"That girl," said he, "must have recently come from the seashore, where physical revelation rules. What abbreviated dress and diaphanous fabrics fail to disclose of a Summer Girl, her own humor supplements. What do you think the grandfathers would say?"

"My friend," replied the Philosopher, "women and men have always been the same. To the grandfathers all attractive girls in the summer were Summer Girls. It has been said there is nothing new under the sun, but the moon might have been included. The Cave Man, in his intervals between club swinging, probably had sentimental moments in which a girl was concerned, and grunted a satisfaction which your modern youth sighs or sings. Salome had danced innocently before Herod before her fatal frenzy. Some, at least, of the Songs of Solomon had a Summer Girl—or Summer Girls—for inspiration. If Ruth of Holy Writ had not been a Summer Girl, she would not have gleaned to such purpose."

"But you can't defend the Summer Girl's habits," said the Cynic. "With Tom, Dick and Harry, and including James, Charles and Sammy, she is the same. She collects a batch of pins, rings, gilt buttons and other trophies with the ultimate cruelties that marked the assembling of human scalps by the Red Man."

"True. But that is woman nature. Back in town the Summer Girl is modesty personified, and in good time she is willing to make some young fellow permanently and solely happy."

"But will she tell this young man of her adventures?"

"No. Why should she? He will not say anything about Girls I Have Met."

—*J. A. Waldron.*

THE MODERN REPORTER

Your First Trip Over

OH, YOUR first trip abroad! How your friends all combine
To counsel you, ere you leave home!
Aunt Jane (who went over in '79)
Says, "Don't go in summer to Rome!
It's very unhealthy!" And then she explains
That, if one must travel that way,
The risk is much lessened if one quite abstains
From water, all during one's stay.
This shocks Aunt Minerva, who says, "But 'twould pain
Your friends, if you drank any wine!
I'm told that in Italy, France and in Spain
That's what people drink when they dine.
And do wear thick flannels! The sun may be hot,
But crypts and cathedrals are chilly."
"I'll give you some boarding addresses I got
When I went with Aunt Jane," offers Milly.
And some lend you satchels and guide books and stuff
For seasickness (surest thing known!).
You are loaded with knowledge and baggage enough
To need a whole steamer alone.

—*Grace McKinstry.*

Getting Down to Facts

"WHERE are you going to spend the summer?"

"Same place as last year, I think."

"Pretty good place, eh?"

"Fine!"

"Have clean rooms?"

"Yes."

"Plenty to eat?"

"All I could get away with."

"Many other boarders?"

"Not any; a decidedly exclusive place."

"Chickens or pigs or such bother you?"

"Didn't notice 'em."

"Huh! Must 'a' been swell! Any mosquitoes?"

"Well, one or two, maybe; but not many."

"Were you near the water?"

"Yes. Near water, links, tennis courts; everything handy."

"Must 'a' cost a pile."

"No more'n it cost me in town in winter."

"Get fresh fruits?"

"Every day."

"Any scraps with farmers?"

"Didn't have one."

"Charge you for things you didn't get?"

"Not when I was looking."

"Well—you didn't tell me where you spent last summer."

"Why, I stayed home."—*A. W. U.*

Cornered

Crawford—Congratulations, old man! I'm going to be married again.

Crabshaw—Why, I thought you once told me that you always profited by your mistakes.

A NEEDED INVENTION

Will umbrella makers adapt their wares to prevailing hat styles?

AN EAST MAN

WATERED STOCK

Evanescent

"Beauty's only skin deep"—
Thinner, I should say,
When some soap and water
Washes it away.—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

In Babylonia

"NEBUCHADNEZZAR," said the Queen of Babylonia at breakfast one morning, "I do wish you would chariot over to Nineveh some time and see what you can find in the way of a new breakfast food. I am getting so tired of this Popped Sesame!"

"Sure!" said Nebuchadnezzar.

And an hour later they found him on all fours, out on the front lawn, muttering to himself between champs,

"Great! Great! I'll have to tell the wife about this!"

"WHITE ROCK"

One Test

Margaret—Who is the most thoughtful person you know?

Sue—Well, Mrs. Baker calls us least often on the 'phone.

SNIDER'S CAT-SUP

Advertising Pays

Crawford—Did Newrich cut much of a swath in his trip around the world?

Crabshaw—Why, man, whenever he came to a public place, he cut his name in the woodwork!

Assessable and Non-assessable

The tax assessor of a county in northern Arkansas called at the domicile of a back-country resident, and the following conversation took place:

Assessor—Amount of stock? Critters, yuh know.

Resident—Onery passel. Two hosses, one ceow and five head o' hawgs.

A—Value?

R—Oh, 'bout a hundred dollars, I kalkerlate.

A—One hundred. O. K. By the way, them's oncommon fine purps yuh got there.

R—Yep. Ding-whislers! Fox houn's, them be.

A—What'll yuh take fer one?

R—Hundred dollars. They're wo'th two.

A Speeder

When Delia in her car appears,
Awed by a thousand prudent fears,
I'd cross the street, but dare not move—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

The Real Thing

He admires the shirt-waist girl and mannish fashions,
He respects the platform poise and broader views;
But when it comes to gloamings and roamings and homings,
It's the fluffy-ruffles person he will choose.

Settlement

Sobersides—Jones says he's got through sowing his wild oats and means to settle down.

E. Z. Mark—I had sooner hear that he means to settle up!

Some People

Some people barely get the wedding cards out before they want to shuffle for a new deal.

THE TYPEWRITER

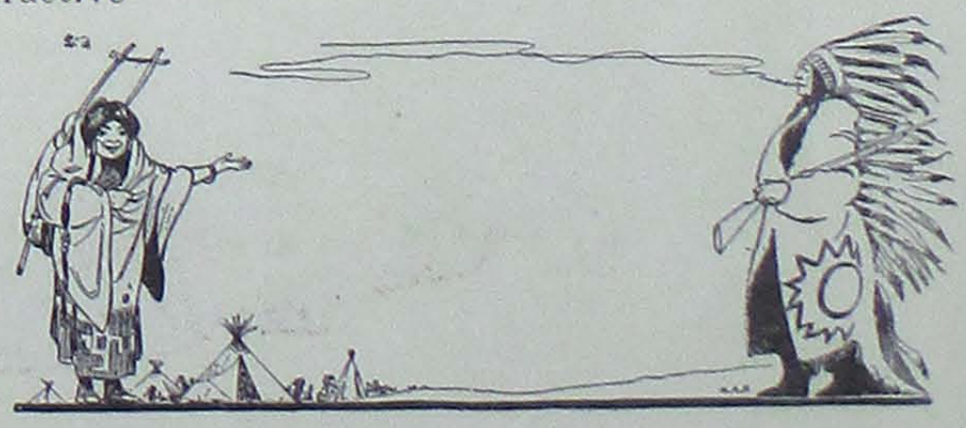
To Ambition

"You haven't many attractive young ladies here," said the ambitious young man. "Who is she, so bold and easy-going?"

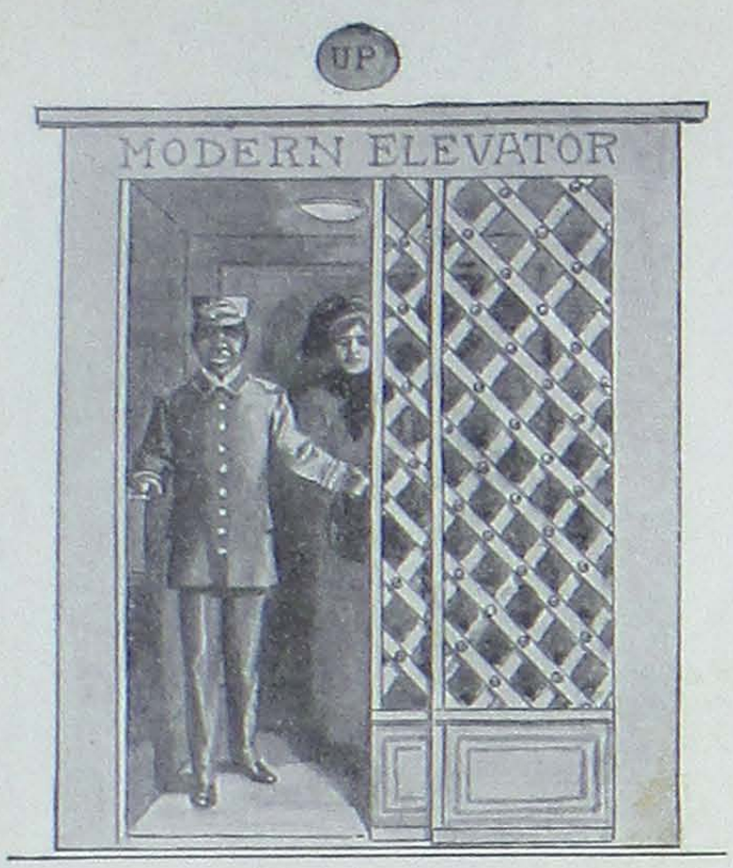
"That," replied the guide, "is Failure."

"Pray tell me, then, who is that other, so shy and difficult to meet?"

"That is Success!"



"MY-LO"



EVER-READY SAFETY RAZOR

Violent Language

A cutting reproach.
A fiery speech.
A burning word.
A red-hot debate.
A biting sarcasm.
A frenzied claim.
A crushing reply.
A striking metaphor.
A furious retort.
A thumping lie
A passionate appeal.
A smashing argument.
A savage expression.
A frantic declaration.
A ferocious utterance.
A boisterous joke.
A devastating slander.
A vehement peroration.—*G. B. M.*

REGAL BOOTS

Blank Pages

"THERE is no title for a book that it is possible for a man to suggest," said the learned professor, "on which it would not be possible for any scholar to write a volume of several hundred pages."

"Will you kindly tell me," said the meek little father of ten, "just what you would put in a volume entitled, 'Questions That Children Have Never Asked'?"

Incorrigible

Easterly—Don't you think education has a civilizing effect on the Indians?

West—Not a bit. Just as soon as they get back to the reservation, they resume those beautiful and comfortable moccasins, in place of the unshapely and torturing shoes of civilization.

Against His Principle

"My grocer won't sue me if I don't pay him."

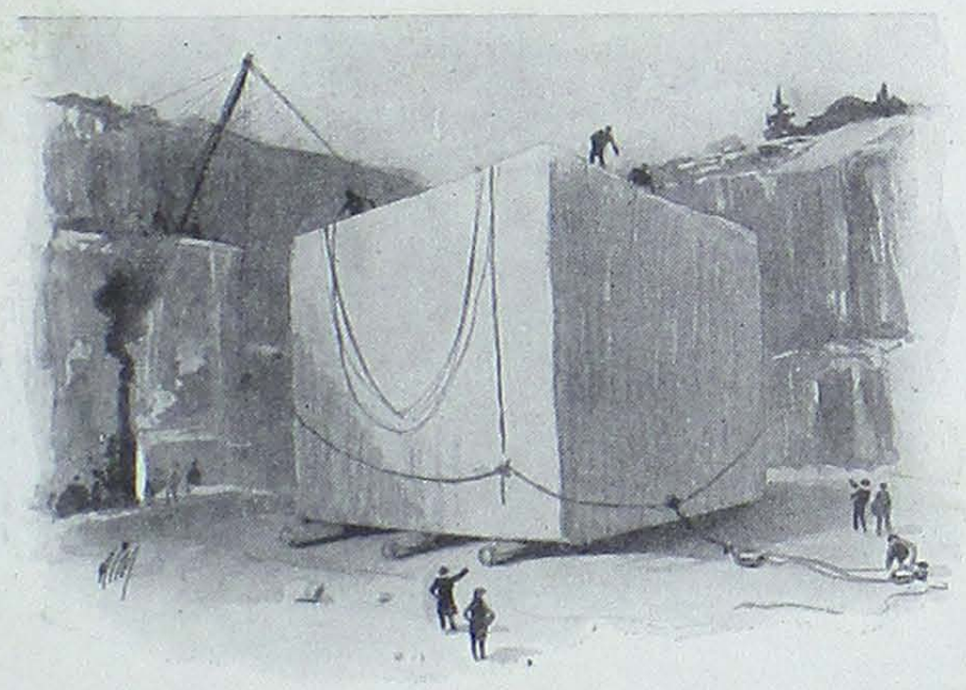
"How's that?"

"He never adopts legal measures."

"'AVE SOME H'OATMEAL, ALL 'OT

The Baseballist's Seven Ages

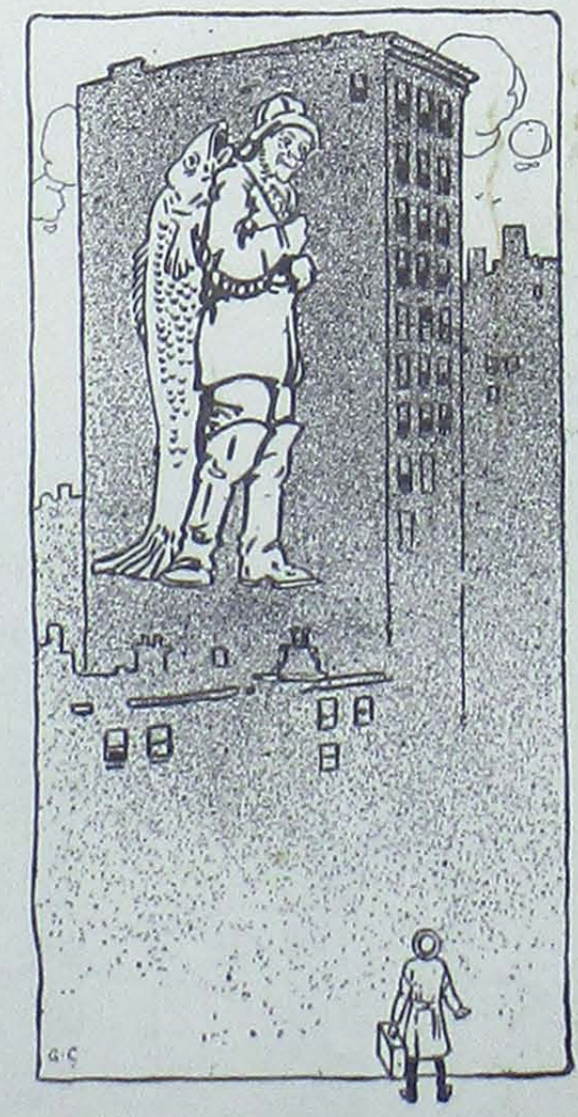
ALL THE world's a ball,
And all the men upon it merely players.
They have their innings and their field chances,



"STEIN BLOCK"

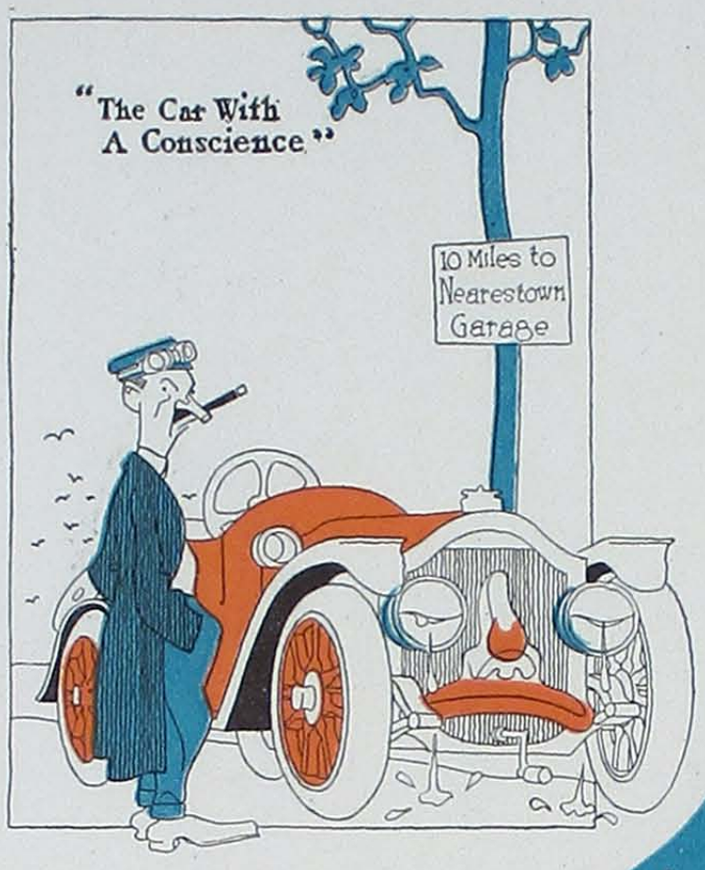
And each man in his time plays every base,
His life being seven rages.

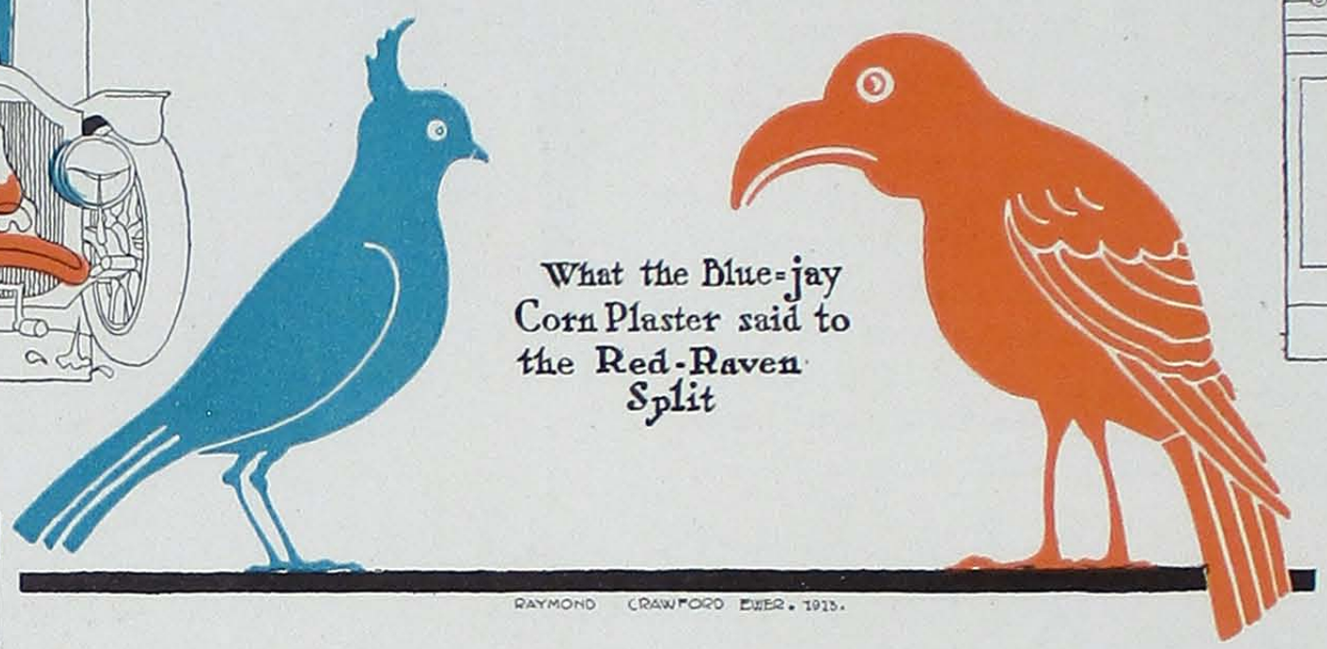
At first the infant,
Pitching and bawling in his nurse's arms.
And then the shining schoolboy, with his "Rocket"
And scornful open face, playing "old cat"
And far away from school. Then the reporter,
Roasting like a furnace, with a woeful ball-ad
Made to his master's high-brow. Then the umpire,
Full of strange sounds and wordless as the wind,
Jealous in judgment, sudden and quick in fine,
Seeking a booby reputation
Straight from the player's mouth. And then the magnate,
With wide-checked waistcoat and with checkbook lined,
Full of league laws and ancient instances
Of how he played his part. The next age shifts
Into the lean and lippy bleacher-bird,
With spectacles on nose and score in hand,
His Wheeling's Pride, well chewed, a world too wide
For his loose lips, and his big, boosting voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles as he roots. Last scene of all,
Which ends this balled and batty history,
Is second fannishness and mere oblivion,
Fan's taste, fan's talk, fan's dope, fan's everything.—*Edmund Vance Cooke*



GREAT SCOTT! ANOTHER FISH STORY

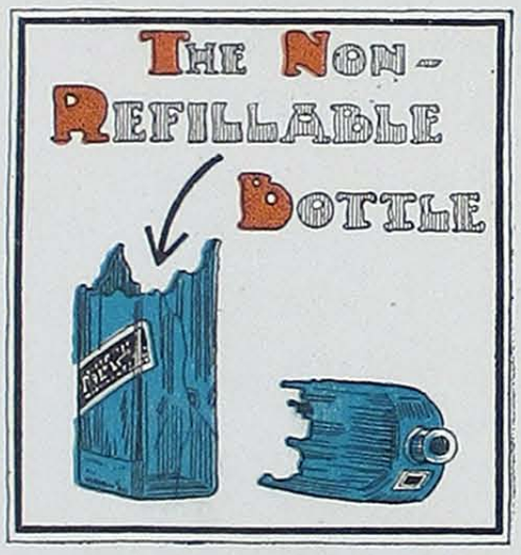
Judge's Revue of Advertising





What the Blue-jay Corn Plaster said to the Red-Raven Split

RAYMOND CRAWFORD EWER. 1913.



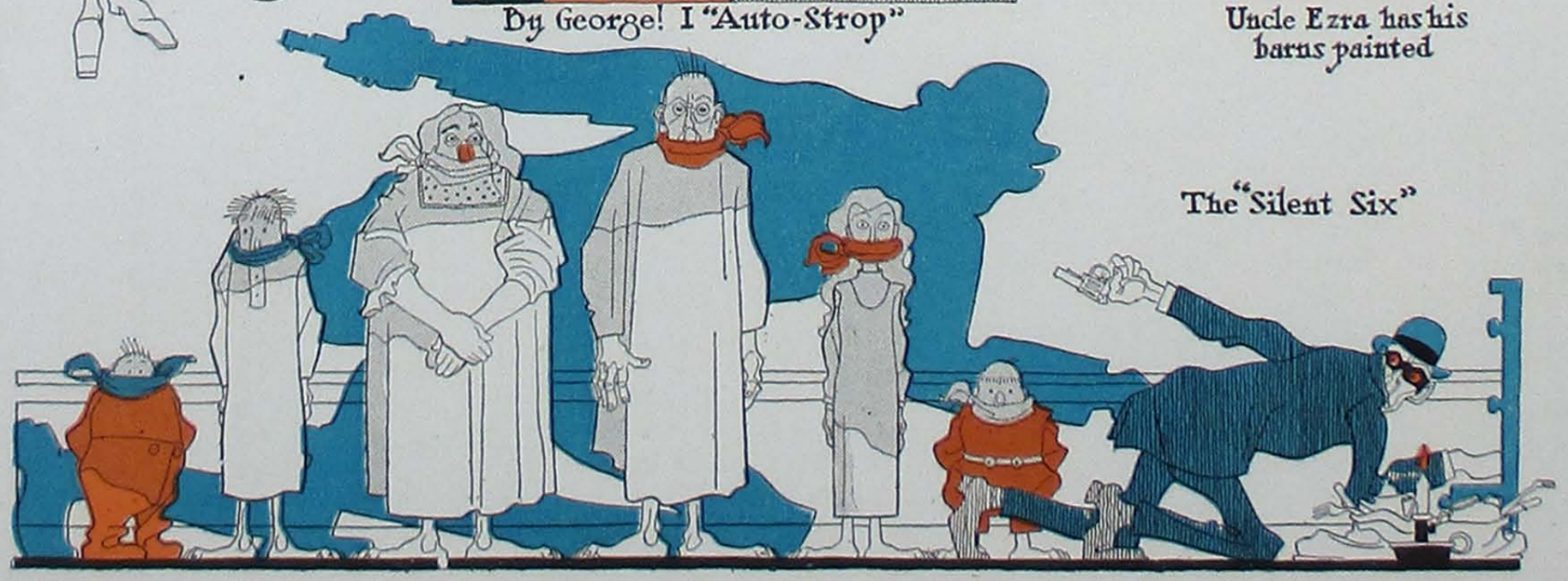
"If you 're troubled with feet," said the Blue Jay glad,
"And the friends that you meet find the walking bad"——
But the Red Raven chirped—or rather he said—
"That 's all right, Old Sport; but how 's your head?"

"The National Joy Smoke"

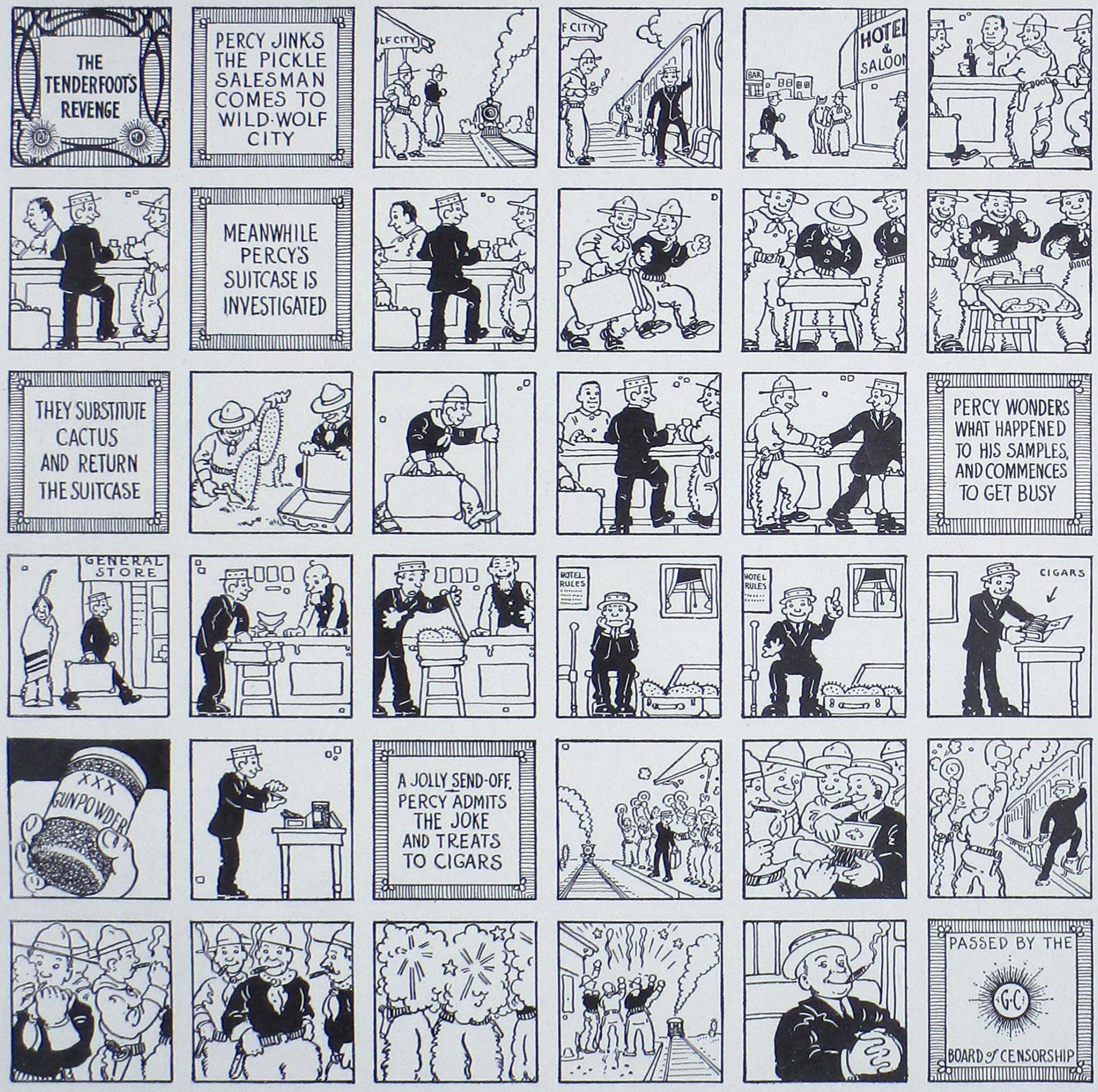
By George! I "Auto-Strop"

Uncle Ezra has his barns painted

"Aetnaized"



The "Silent Six"


THE TENDERFOOT'S REVENGE
PERCY JINKS THE PICKLE SALESMAN COMES TO WILD-WOLF CITY
HOTEL & SALOON
BAR
MEANWHILE PERCY'S SUITCASE IS INVESTIGATED
THEY SUBSTITUTE CACTUS AND RETURN THE SUITCASE
PERCY WONDERS WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS SAMPLES, AND COMMENCES TO GET BUSY
GENERAL STORE
HOTEL RULES
CIGARS
XXX GUNPOWDER
A JOLLY SEND-OFF. PERCY ADMITS THE JOKE AND TREATS TO CIGARS
PASSED BY THE G·C BOARD of CENSORSHIP

The Tenderfoot's Revenge; or, Cactus is not a Pickle.

How To Spend a Vacation

PADDLING your own canoe.
Sailing close to the wind.
Floating with the current.
Fishing for compliments.
Hunting trouble.
Chasing rainbows.
Drawing the long bow.
Practising patience.
Walking into your victuals.
Wandering from your point.
Rambling in your speech.
Collecting your thoughts.
Traveling in a circle.
Running through your cash.
Wading through books.
Dipping into a magazine.
Climbing into society.
Scaling down expenses.
Driving a hard bargain.
Riding your hobby.
Flying in the face of the public.—*Geo. B. Morrewood.*

Overheard at the Club

"MAZIE GAYWAY says she makes her husband pay her a dollar every time he kisses her. She's saving for a limousine."

"Now, if she'd only adopted a similar plan before she met Gayway, she might have had a whole garage."

As Usual!

Boss—Where's Jones? His vacation was up this morning.

Fellow-clerk—It was, sir; but he telephoned that he would have to ask for a few days to rest up before he could possibly go to work.

HER AMBITION

Mater—Well, Effie, what are you going to be when you are grown up?
Effie—If I was a boy, I'd be president; but seeing I'm a girl, I guess being a rich widow is as good as anything.

Early Notes from Queehawkett

OWING to certain changes of national importance down at Washington, Silas Wiggles, for many years postmaster at Queehawkett, has given up the cancellation hammer and opened a first-class barber shop on Main Street. He says he misses reading the postal cards like hokey.

Wilton Dubbs, manager of the Queehawkett College Inn, has been mentioned as a possible candidate for the Austrian ambassadorship. We don't know much about Wilt's qualifications as a diplomat, but the Hungarian goulash which is a specialty of his popular house ought to make him welcome to his nibs, the Austrian Emperor.

The recent legislation forbidding the use of the public drinking cup has been met by the ever-resourceful proprietors of the Amagawansett House, who have provided each room in their well-known caravansary with individual nozzles, which may be screwed upon the faucet of the water cooler in the office, so that thirsty guests may not be inconvenienced.

In view of the large number of automobile cases constantly before the justice of the peace, Squire Waggles, for the convenience of passers-through, has decided to hold court this season at Bilkins's garage, on Pitts Avenue, where both justice and gasoline may be obtained at short notice at any time of the day or night.

The Wotcheer House has had specially designed waffle griddles prepared for its use this season, so constructed that, instead of the usual commonplace designs upon their product, each waffle will bear these lines of hope—

If you're feeling cold and glummy,
Put me in your little tummy;
And, whatever woes may grieve you,
I at least will never leave you.

A most tender and touching sentiment.

The interesting news having reached Queehawkett that Miss Mayme Tarbrush's painting of Mose Higwaller's cow barn was sold recently to a New York connosher for $2,000, Mose requests us to announce that he has had the cow barn copyrighted and will hereafter permit its use for art purposes only on payment of five dollars per day, or with the distinct understanding that he is to receive twenty-five per cent. of the real price at which the picture is subsequently sold.

For the benefit of certain of our complaining fellow-townsmen, we are requested to announce that that portion of Saturday evening's band concert to which they took exception was not a half hour of mere tuning up of the instruments, as they seemed to suppose, but a selection from an opera by a German gentleman named Wagner, called "Die Goetterd—merung." Of course the public will accept the leader's explanation, but for ourselves we must say that the selection seemed to us to lack the heart appeal of pieces like "Come, Tango with Me, Sallie, through the Turkey Trot of Life," which, once heard, can never be forgotten.

Two new bathtubs for the Riverview House arrived at the railway station last night and will shortly be installed in that ever-popular hotel. An arrangement has been made by the proprietors of the Riverview and the pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church next door, by which the tubs shall not be used on Sunday mornings or prayer-meeting nights, so that there will be no interruption of the operation of the church organ during service for lack of water, as happened last year at the Baptist church every time a guest at the Broadview took a bath.

Advantage of Not Knowing

THE EXPERT said, "It can't be done,"
And gave the reasons weighty—
Conclusive reasons, every one—
Some seventy or eighty.

The novice gave the job a glance,
And saw no hindrance to it;
And, aided by his ignorance,
What did he do but do it?

—*Walter G. Doty.*

Following Orders

At eleven o'clock her father put his head within the door. "Come, young man, light out!" he said.

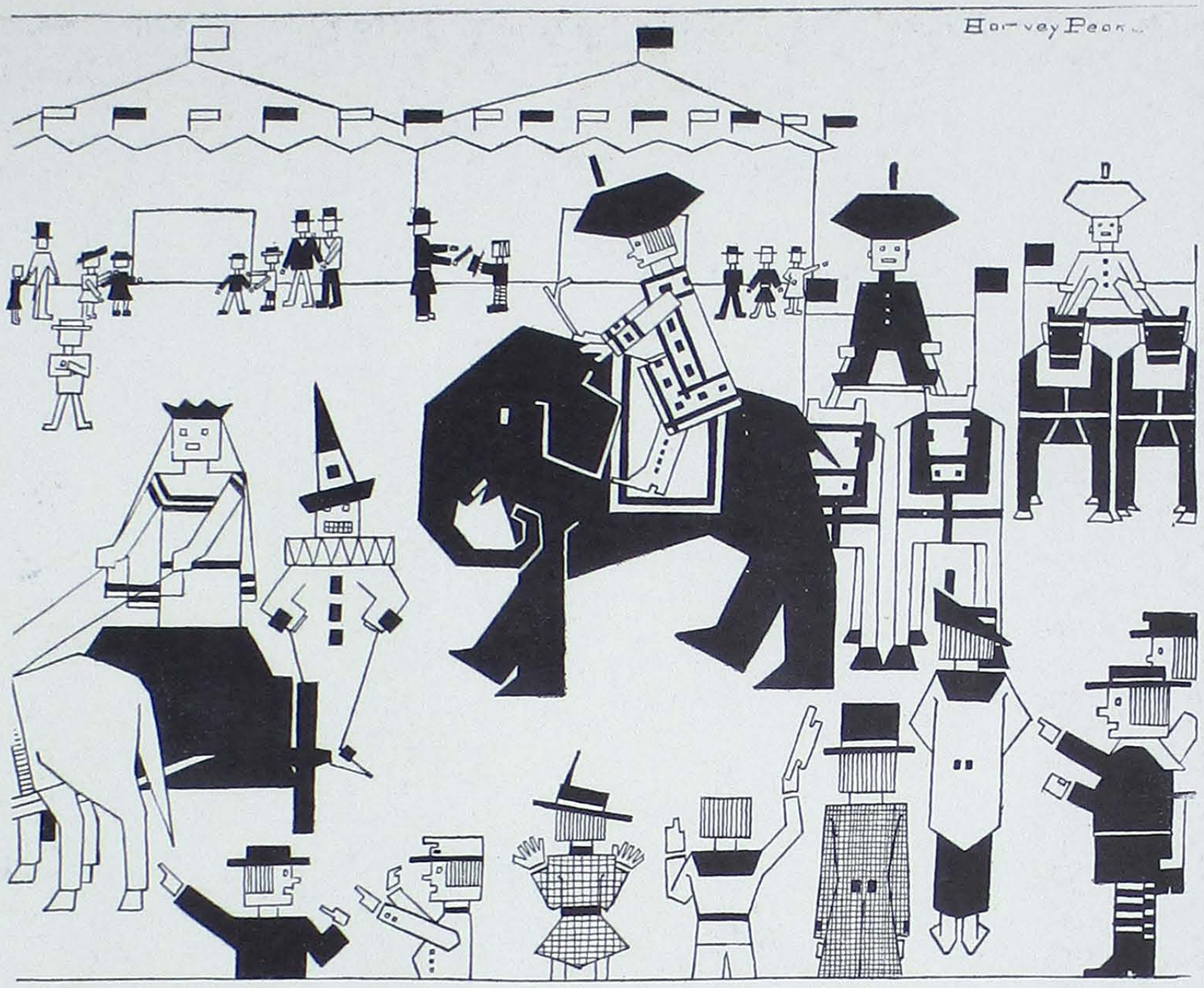
The words were pleasant enough, but the young man knew that they must be obeyed.

So he reached up and turned out the light.

Probably Not

Mrs. Hoyle—How did your husband get along running the ranch while you were away?

Mrs. Doyle—Well, I don't think he will advertise for a position as housekeeper on the strength of the record he made.



ON THE LEVEL

The grocer's son—Which one of them circus fellers would you rather be?
The preacher's son—Neither one. Pa says there ain't one of them that you could call actually square.

TEMPERAMENT

Little girl—There 's somethin' about music that always makes me insides feel kind o' wabbly.

Bound To Have His Joke

"JOKES about the slowness of trains, especially here in the South," says an Atlanta railway man, "also tire me a bit by their ancientness; but I heard a new and good one not long ago.

"It seems that trains are always slow and far between on a branch line in Mississippi. Nobody knows this better than the people at the junction, except the people on the line itself. One day the newsdealer came to me grinning.

"'A fellow from the other end of the line just said a funny thing,' he remarked. 'He had missed his train and there wasn't another for two hours. He came to my stall to buy some reading matter to while away the time. He asked for a jokebook, and I didn't have any. Then he poked around for a while and said,

"'"Well, I guess I'll take a time table instead."'"

Probably Her Honeybee

Clara's sister (at boarding school)—Must be an insect Clara married instead of a man.

Girl chum—How so?

Clara's sister—Why, in her letter to me, written right after the honeymoon, she says she got stung.

A SPRING FANTASY

THE MODERN WOMAN

Suffragette Snapshots

By IDA HUSTED HARPER

"MAINE leads!"—the old State takes a good deal of pride in that motto on its coat of arms—but it seems to be leading backward when every Legislature refuses to submit a woman-suffrage amendment and give the voters a chance to pass upon it.

□

"Yes, I am a suffragist," said Mrs. Burleson, wife of the Postmaster-General, "not because I myself am particularly anxious to vote, but because I believe the granting of woman suffrage will make the world a fairer, squarer place for self-supporting women." If there were no other reason for it, that is quite sufficient. A wage-earning woman without a vote is in exactly the same helpless position as a wage-earning man would be without one—a Chinaman, for a good example.

□

The Anti-Suffrage Association is to be congratulated on the latest contribution to its literature by Abdul Hamid, the deposed Sultan of Turkey. There is such a similarity between his opinions on woman suffrage and Mrs. Humphry Ward's that it certainly is either a case of plagiarism or two souls with but a single thought. Why not bring Abdul over to the United States for a lecture tour? The "antis" are short of speakers, and he could be depended on to draw a crowd.

□

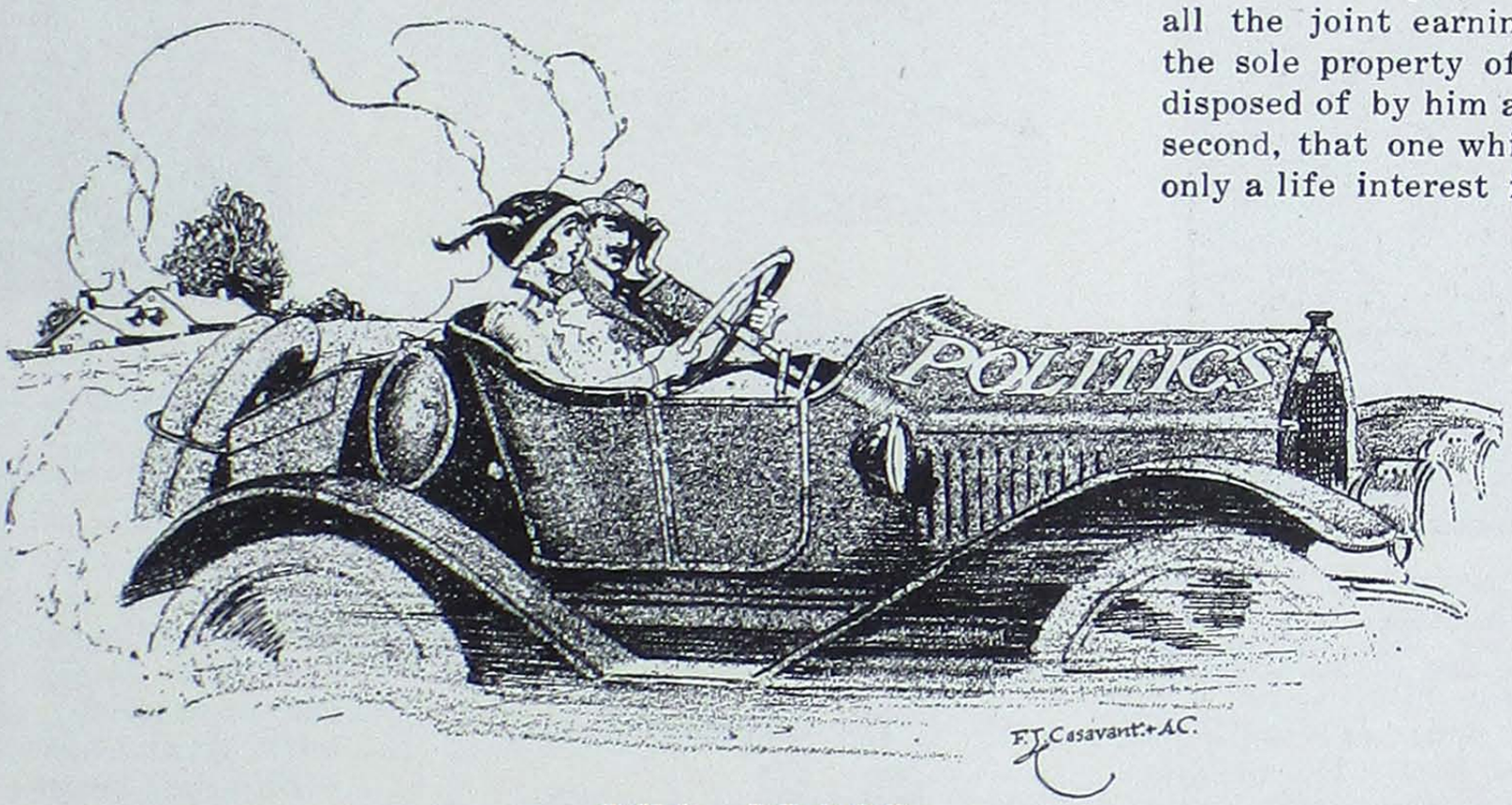
The House of Commons has just given another object lesson in dignity and self-control to the misbehaving suffragettes. "You cad!" "You dirty snob!" were the epithets hurled at a member who attacked Lloyd George, while the friends of the chancellor of the exchequer, according to the dispatches, "cheered like a crowd at a boxing match." Strange that Englishwomen should show such fighting proclivities!

□

Certain members of the British cabinet having called for suggestions as to the best method of dealing with the present formidable suffrage movement, Mrs. Fawcett, president of the constitutional society, answers that, the government having gotten itself into its present hopeless muddle, she sees no reason why the suffragists should help it out. Another prominent officer answers, "There are just two ways to put a stop to present conditions—kill all the women or give them the vote!" In their hour of distress, those cabinet ministers must feel as if Englishwomen had gone entirely out of the ministering-angel business.

□

A professor of Pennsylvania University has recently contributed this item to the fashion department: "A costly hat is not a sign of extravagance, but a mark of the standardization through which greater economies are attained." Of course; as hats grow more costly, women put less and less material in their dresses, and if the price of hats gets another boost, one really trembles to think of the result to the dresses.



THE PROOF

Suffragette—There! you see I can run the machine as well as you, and I don't get half as much mud on it.

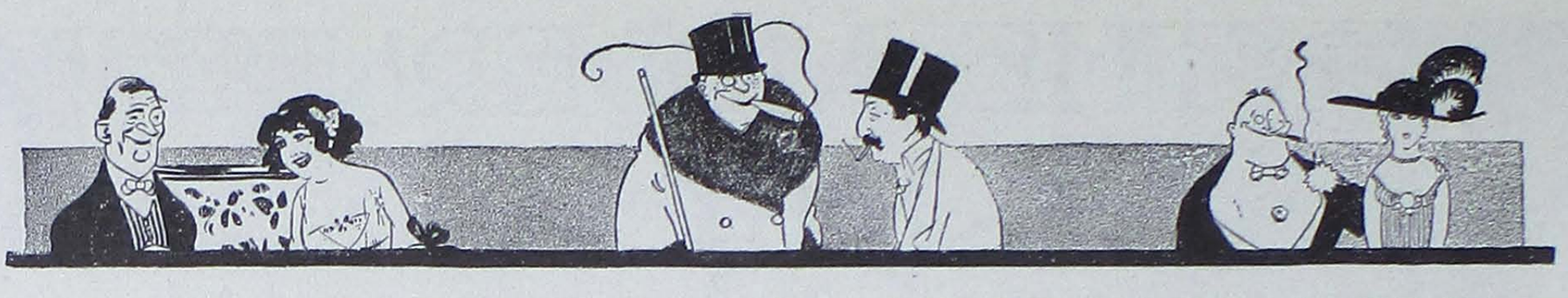
An anti-suffrage member of the New York Legislature has introduced a bill providing that hereafter no law shall be passed making any discrimination between the sexes in regard to personal, civil or property rights, and all such existing laws shall be repealed. Good! And the very first law the women would like to have repealed is that which makes all the joint earnings during marriage the sole property of the husband, to be disposed of by him at his death; and the second, that one which gives the widow only a life interest in one-third of their jointly earned real estate and any the husband may have besides, and one-half the personal property absolutely, but allows the widower a life interest in all her real estate and gives him all her personal property absolutely. They would also like the law changed which bars women from nearly all the elective offices. There are several other suggestions which they will make when the Legislature gets into the repealing business. Meanwhile, its "anti" members will have to dress up another scarecrow if they want to frighten the suffragists.

□

The president of the Arizona Federation of Women's Clubs said, in a recent speech, "It requires courage to be a good statesman, and only nerve to be a good politician." To apply this formula to suffrage—it requires only nerve to be a good anti-suffragist, but one really has to wonder where they get enough of it.

Illinois Getting Into Line

The Illinois senate has passed Senator Magill's woman-suffrage bill, without a constitutional amendment, giving women the right to vote in city, village and other local elections. It has a good chance of passing the house and becoming a law.



WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

At the Literary Cafe

"Wo steckt denn Dein Bräutigam so lang?"
"Der ist gleich wieder hier. Er musz nur erst mit seinen Freunden da am Ecktisch die bestehende Gesellschaftsordnung über den Haufen werfen!"

"What keeps your fiance so long?"

"He will soon be here. He and his friends over there at the corner table have only to overthrow the existing order of society."—*Jugend* (Munich).

Frugality.

"Ich weiss absolut nicht, was ich meiner Köchin zur Hochzeit schenken soll— —"
"Dann geben Sie Ihr doch einfach Geld!"
"Ach nein, soviel darf es nicht kosten!"

"I absolutely don't know what to give my cook for a wedding present."

"Then simply give her money."

"Oh, no! It mustn't cost as much as that."—*Ulk* (Berlin).

Spring!

—*Sketch* (London).

The Tuppenny Tip

The Five Shilling Tip

—*London Opinion.*

Sweet Pain

"Stehe ich auf deinem Fusz, Liebchen?"
"Ach ja—aber bleib nur stehen, Artur!"

"Am I standing on your foot, darling?"

"Oh, yes—but please remain there, Arthur!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

At Least an Excuse

Er (zu seiner Gattin, die sich seit einiger Zeit nicht wohl fühlt daher einen Arzt consultierte)—Nun, was hat der Doctor gesagt?
Sie—Er meint, es sei nicht schlimm. Aber weiszt Du, Männe, man cann nicht wissen. Ich werde für alle Fälle nach Ostende fahren.

He (to his wife, who has not been feeling well and who has consulted a physician)—Well, what did the doctor say?

She—He thinks it is not very serious; but, do you know, dearest, one can never tell! At all events, I shall go to Ostende.
—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

The Starting Point

"Irr' ich mich—oder waren Gnädigste voriges Jahr in Ostende?"
"Ich—in Ostende? Nein."
"Wie sich das trifft! Ich auch nicht."

"Am I mistaken, or were you, madam, in Ostende last year?"

"I—in Ostende? No."

"What a coincidence! Neither was I!"
—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

THE CALM BEFORE A STORM.

What New Year's resolutions has Gaysport broken in his wife's absence. and what will happen when he wakes up?

Judge's Birthday Book.

Compiled by Horace Dodd Gastit, P. D. Q.

JANUARY.

1st—All persons born upon this day should carefully guard against smoking more than seventeen packages of cigarettes per diem, especially between the ages of eight and fifteen, lest they be liable to intermittent attacks of smoker's heart, complicated by jaundice of the thumb and forefinger.

2d—Individuals selecting this date for their first appearance in the world should exercise considerable caution in the choice of their parents, taking care especially to avoid extravagant fathers and bridge-playing mothers, as likely to involve them later in financial embarrassment.

FOR A NEW OFFENSE.

Mamma (from above)—"Now, Tommy, if you 'll be good you can come up."

Tommy—"I 'm 'fraid I 'd better not come up, yet. I still feel kind o' wicked."

3d—Blond children born on the third day of January, especially in years ending in odd numbers, should not consume more than six pieces of mince pie covered with melted cheese at a sitting, unless they are immune to the terrors of bad dreams and are seeking an excuse for the early removal of the vermiform appendix.

4th—Male infants born on this date should early familiarize themselves with the peculiarities, tendencies and good points generally of the opposite sex, so that they may make a more expert selection of their future wives, and those who can afford only one pair of trousers should under no circumstances embark upon the seas of matrimony with an English suffragette.

DETERRED BY NO CIRCUMSTANCE.

Photograph fiend—"It 's all right. There are a lot of men coming with ropes and planks and things. They 'll be here in a minute. Now give it to me with both hands up."

hath served me well in other matters, my Lord Antony."

"Perhaps thy messenger, going to Rome, bore a love word to Cæsar," sneered Antony.

"Since I knew thee, my lord, Cæsar and I have been strangers; and the wine is true Falernian."

"Yet I like it not," said Antony, who thrust his fingers into an elaborate dish on a golden plate garnished on its edges with pearls. "This seemeth, despite its trimmings, an apology for food," said he, as he licked a finger.

"Thou art losing thy fastidiousness, my lord and lover," said Cleopatra, her face reddening. "'Tis a pastry of nightingales' tongues!"

"It tasteth," cried Antony, "like a stew of the gizzards of guinea hens prepared by a Bœotian scullion. Who is thy cook?"

Cleopatra turned pale. A gesture to Charmian, and the great hall was instantly cleared of slaves. Cleopatra and Antony were alone.

"My cook, noble Antony, is one I esteem—a Macedonian."

"A woman?"

"A woman."

"Is she fair to look upon?"

"She hath labored in my kitchen for many seasons, Antony, and such labor maketh crooked the shape and cloudeth the visage of women."

"Then if she were mine—and thou wouldst do what would please me, wouldst thou not"——

Cleopatra interrupted him. "Hast thou ever wished aught of me that came not with the wishing? What wouldst thou with my Macedonian?"

"I would place her in the sling on thy tower"——

"In the sling?"

"Yea! and fire her into the waters beneath the palace!"

"Fire her!" Cleopatra fell upon her knees. "Say not so, dear Antony! Anything but that! Say not so! Where in all the world could I find another cook?"

THERE WERE MANY.

The flirt—"Well, there is where we carved our initials last summer. Let 's see, who was 'H. L.'?"

There is still time enough left to determine what will be the greatest victory over yourself next year.

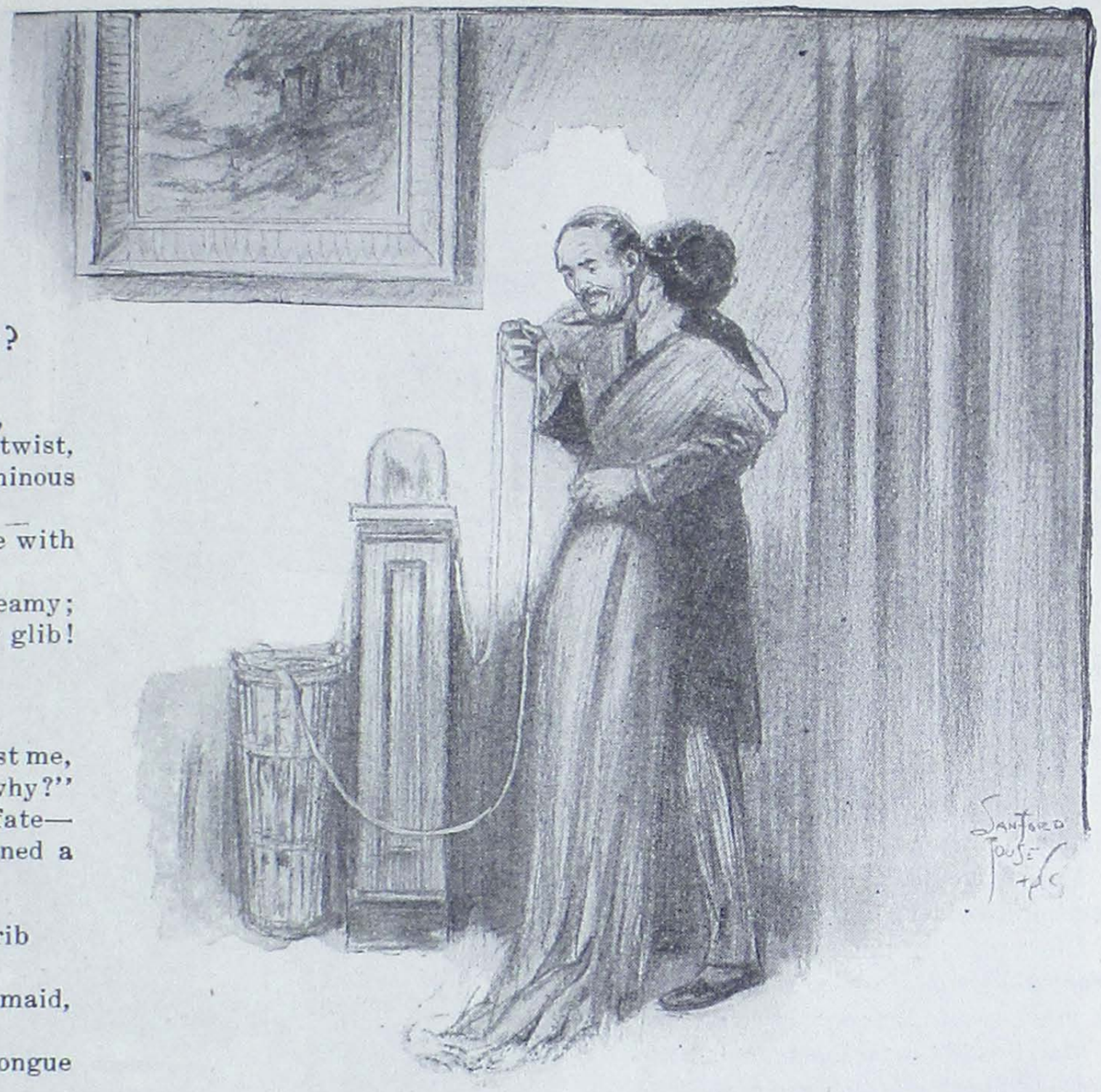
What Man Wouldn't?

AGES AGO in Eden
God took a masculine rib,
And gave it a spin, a twirl and twist,
Till it seemed enveloped in luminous mist;
From which stepped a creature with skin, how creamy;
Hair, how golden; eyes, how dreamy;
But alas! with a tongue, how glib!

Ages ago in Eden
Adam awoke with a cry:
"Lord, the rib which Thou gavest me,
Thou hast taken again; but why?"
Then, looking up, he beheld his fate—
He had lost a rib, but had gained a mate.

How gladly I'd spare a goodly rib
If I could awake and see
Standing beside me a rib-made maid,
Made out of my rib for me.
And yet, should her lithe tongue prove too glib,
Great Scott! how I'd long for that missing rib!

—*W. F. Smyth.*



THE AMERICAN HUSBAND.

WHERE SOME CARELESS PERSON DROPPED A BANANA PEEL.

A New Year Song.

The New Year bells
with voices sweet,
Are telling tales of
their intent—
Where are the girls I
used to meet?
Priscilla's on the
Continent;
Fair Grace is mar-
ried; Sylvia went
To teach at college
with her spells;
And I—of course, I
only meant
To say I'll love the
New Year belles.

—*Charles C. Jones.*

In the swear-off for the new year don't go beyond your moral strength to keep a good resolution.

An Equal Chance.

"A Chicago man is discouraged because his name is Sausage and he has asked the Legislature to change it."

"If he had any gumption he'd go ahead and make his name famous—like Bacon did."

IT DID.

Jones—"Do you think this rain will ever stop?"

Smith—"Sure. It always has."

Money Talks.

AFTER listening to the charge made by the police officer, the judge turned to the prisoner and said,

"Did I understand you to say you had an alibi?"

"No, your honor," replied the prisoner. "I'm a poor man and my lawyer wanted twenty-five dollars extra to furnish one."

Cynicism.

Always pay debts and compliments, and you will succeed.

The spice of life is no sort of seasoning for morality.

You've got one guess as to which a woman would choose, a halo or a diamond tiara.

Man's troubles are nine-tenths feminine gender.

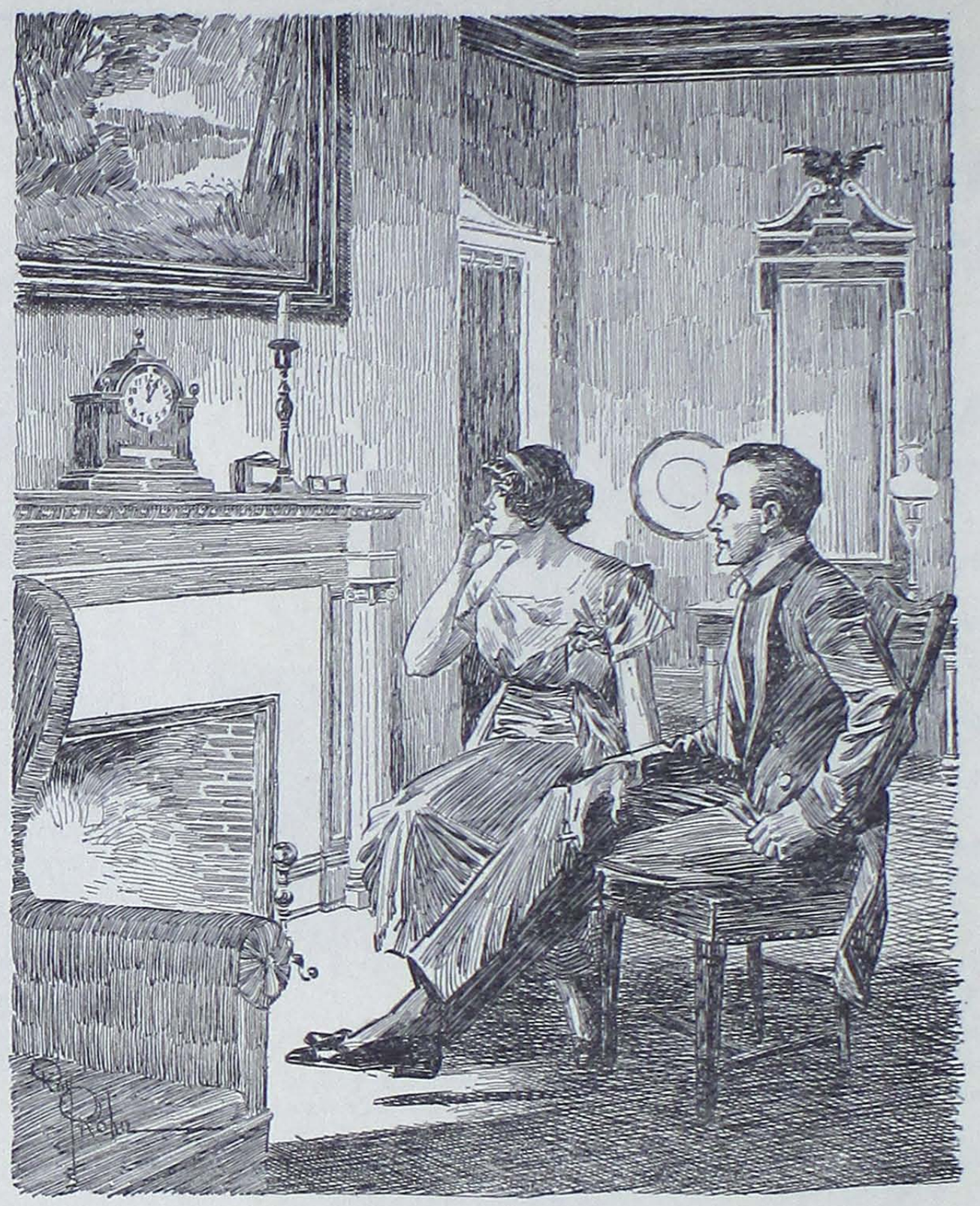
Did you ever notice that a man's creditable ancestors are never half as much use to him as his rich ones?

Man has his price, woman her figure—and both of them are uncertain.

Curiosity is a busy matrimonial agent.

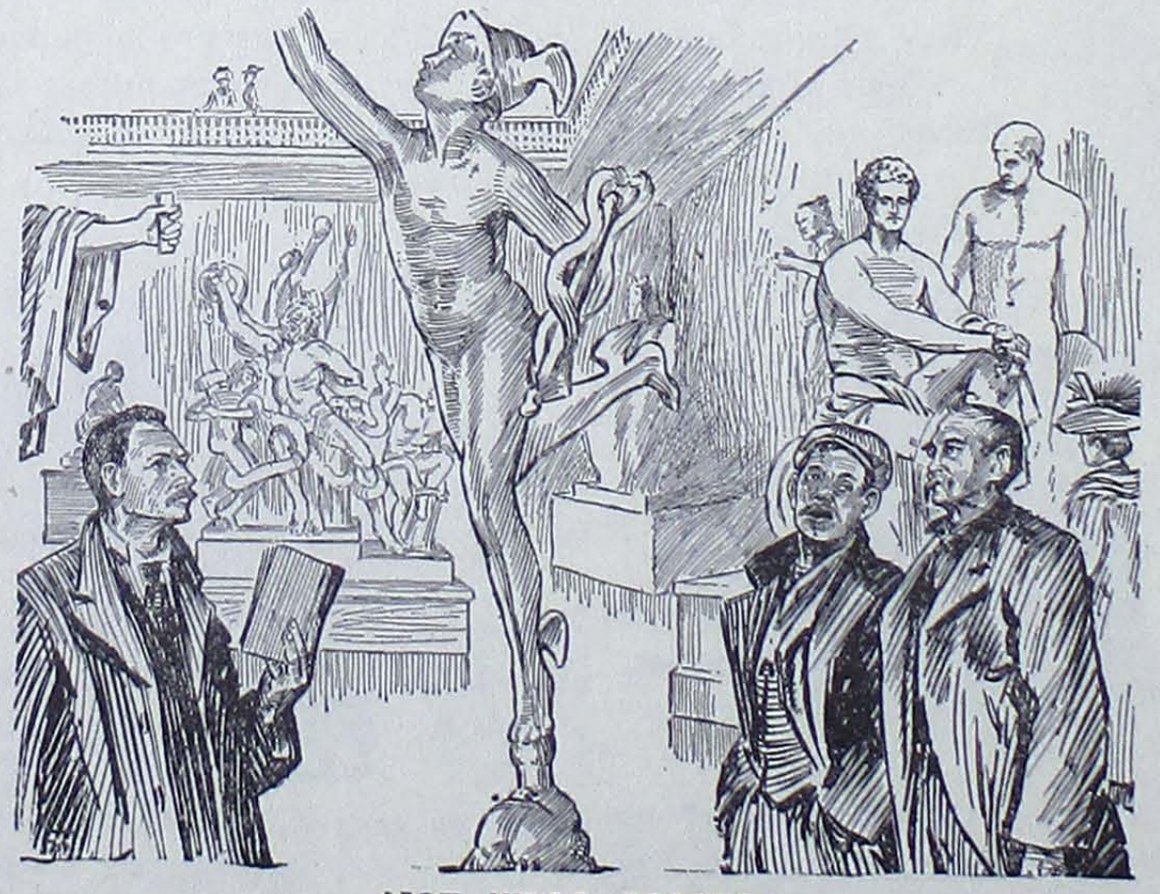
—*L. A. Browne.*

A woman's birthday seldom has any connection with her age.



DID SHE MEAN JUST THAT?

He—"Goodness! I must go. See how late it is! It 's after twelve!"
She—"Is that all? I thought it was much later."



NOT WELL POSTED.

Hylow—"Is that plaster of paris?"
Mylow—"Search me! I ain't read up on mythology."

The Beginning.

Mary—"I've just found out what was the origin of the harp."

John (looking up from his newspaper)—"Yes?"

Mary—"It was in the Garden of Eden. Eve ate the apple—and men have been harping about it ever since."

Prognostication.

"I know the weather's very queer,"
The weather prophet sagely said;
"It has been now for many a year."
And then he wisely scratched his head.
"But I'll just bet that it will vary
Before the first of February."

The Nemesis of the coal man apparently is the weather man.

An Honest Doubt.

MELISSA'S kiss is something quite ecstatic;

So great your joy, you're eager to display it.
Your ecstasy is ecstasy emphatic—
'Twas yesterday I heard a poet say it.

The feast that she prepares incites your praises;
So great your happiness, you want to air it.
All day you're full of laudatory phrases—
'Twas yesterday I heard a gourmet swear it.

They may have ample reasons for their blisses,
But words of praise from me? I shall not waste them.
Why should I laud her cooking or her kisses,
Since I have never had the chance to taste them?—*Nathan M. Levy.*

Couldn't Tell Which.

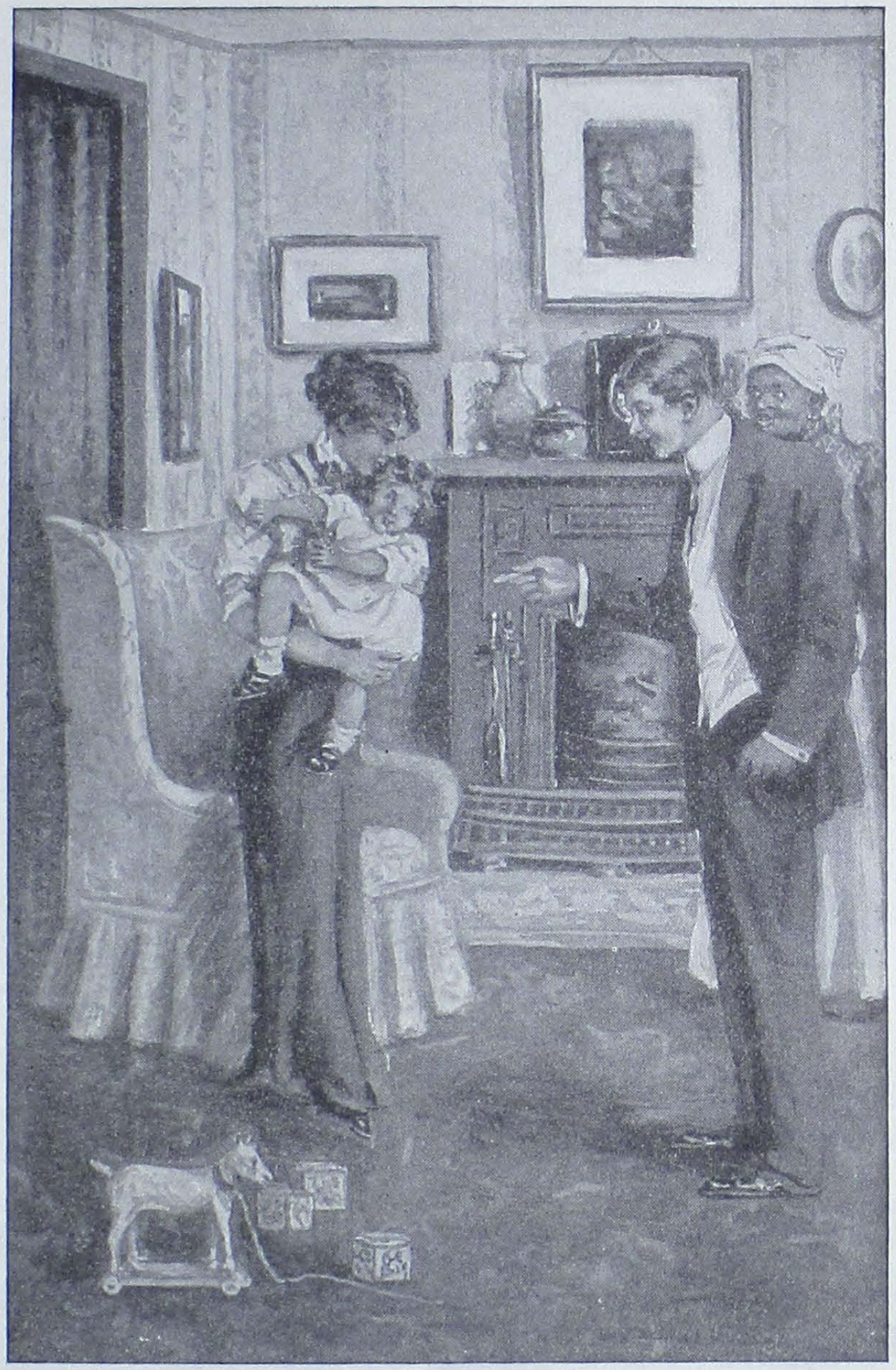
Mrs. Jones ran out the back door and sped across the lot to the dividing line.

"Mrs. Beckett, oh, Mrs. Beckett, come out! Come on out quick! There's something happening at Mrs. Newwed's across the street!"

"For the land sakes! what is it?" bubbled Mrs. Beckett, hurrying toward her neighbor.

"Well, I gist can't make out," shrilled Mrs. Jones, "whether it's a baby or her first cake!"

"SAYING THINGS BEHIND HER BACK."



Young Daday—"I think it 's funny baby can't say ' Papa ' yet can say 'Santa '! "
Young Mamma—"But isn't it the same thing?"

It Depends.

Student in physics—"Could you get a shock by holding onto the receiver of a telephone?"

Professor—"It depends upon who is talking."

The Shortest Day.

December 21st will be this year, as it was last, the shortest day of the year, especially if you have done your Christmas shopping early and paid your bills as you have gone along.

A Professional Opinion.

First M. D.—"Has he any deep-seated trouble?"

Second M. D.—"Yes; a wife waiting for him in the subway station."

The Judge Was Wise.

"What do you think of my new hat?" asked the judge's wife of her husband.

"I will reserve decision until I see the bill," was the guarded reply.

A CLOSE CORPORATION

There are some forms of monopoly that no legislation will ever be able to cope with.

The Real Victim.

"IS YOUR wife a victim of bargain days?"

"No; I'm the victim. She seems to enjoy them very much."

The Small Boy.

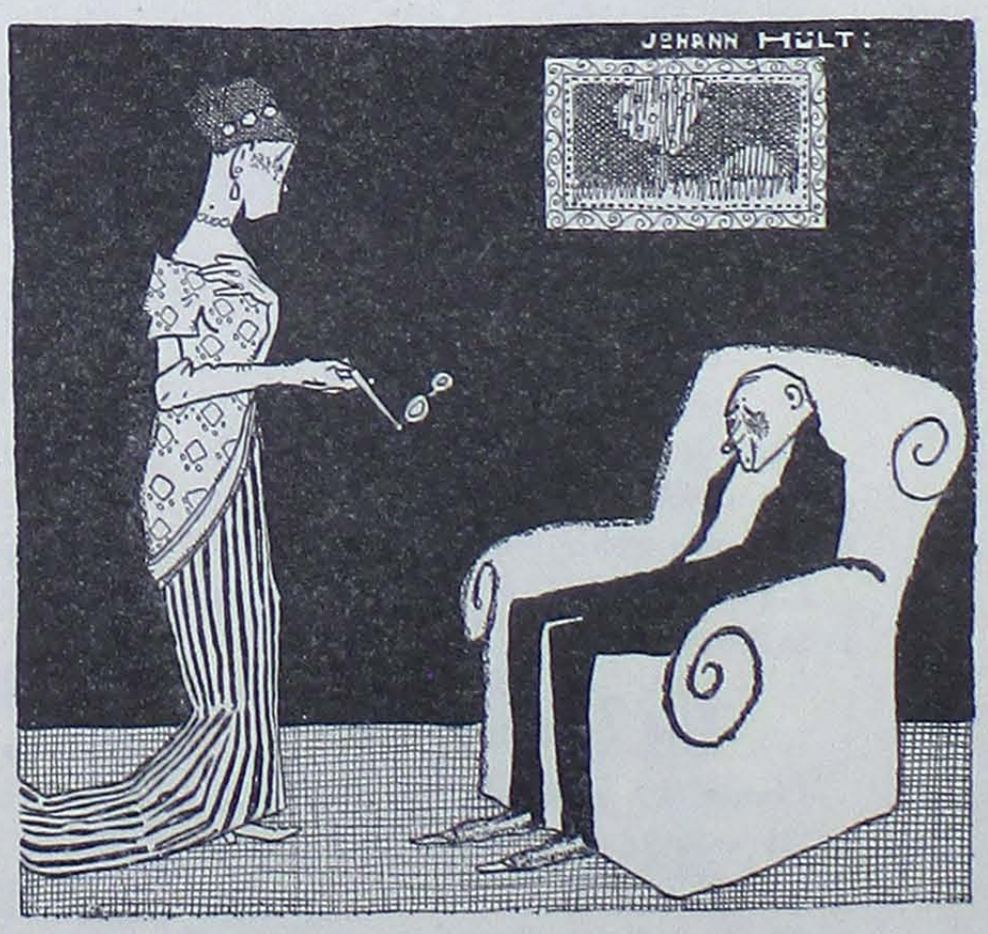
It is now you see that his greed is strong,
As he picks out a stocking for Christmas.
Could he have his way, he would have it as long
As the coming canal at the Isthmus.

Dr. Saintly—"Every one should give according to his means."

Dyer—"But most give according to their meanness."

Everybody Would Ride.

If the ladder of success were an escalator, the S. R. O. sign would be a fixture at the top.



THE MUSIC LOVERS.

"Come, dear, we must go to the opera—and oh, how I dread it!"

As Usual.

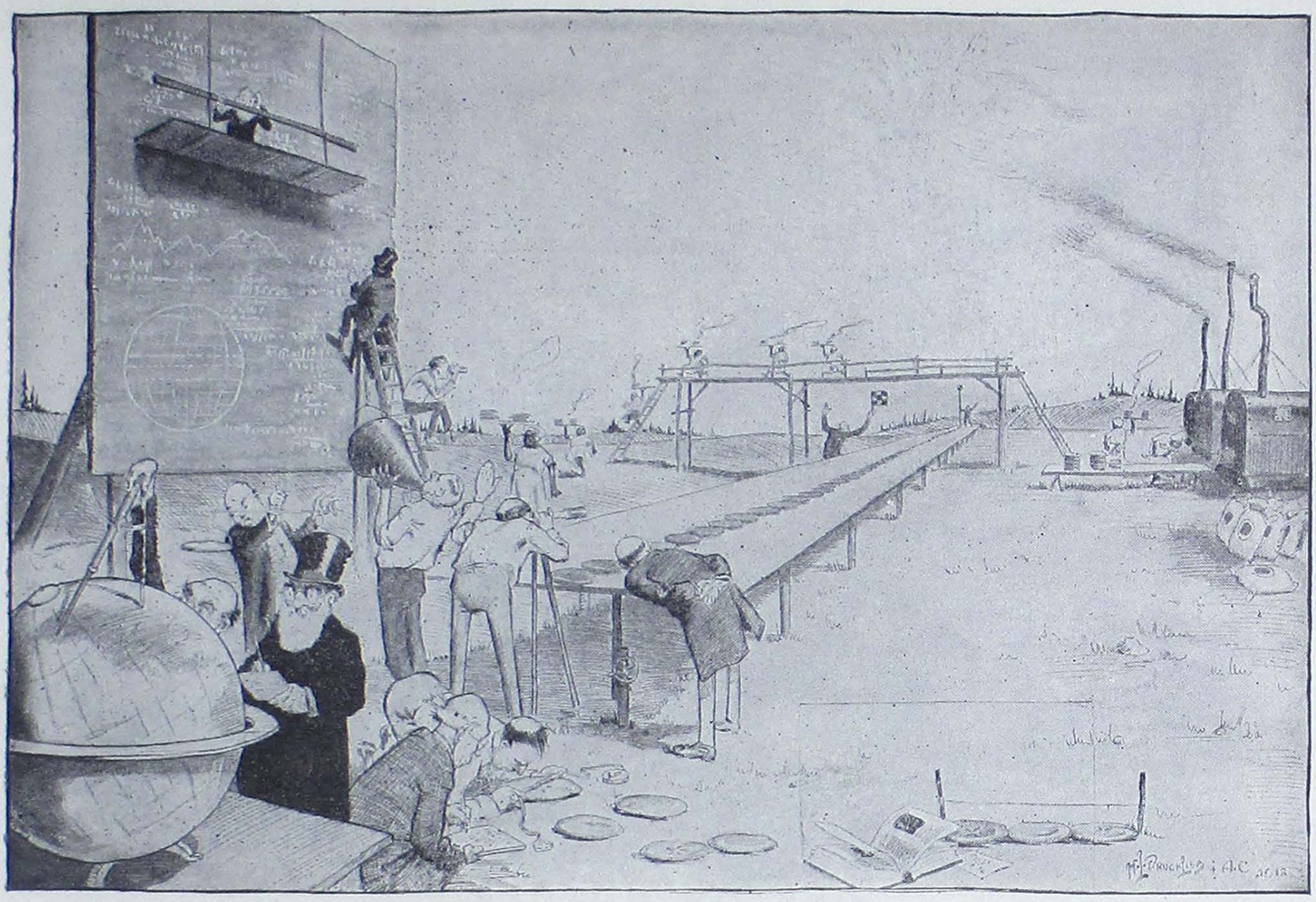
"I'm so glad to see that you have recovered from your illness."

"Yes; but I had a narrow escape. The doctor said if I had waited a day longer it would have been hopeless, and they all said it was the only case of its kind on record. The doctor is going to write it up for a medical paper. The only thing that carried me through was my wonderful vitality."

Just the Thing.

Mrs. Crabshaw—"According to you, this breakfast food isn't good for anything."

Crabshaw—"Not at all, my dear! I think it would be first-rate stuff to sprinkle on the sidewalk during slippery weather."



A SCIENTIFIC FACT.

Statisticians estimating how many times the mince pies consumed at Christmas, if placed edge to edge, would encircle the globe.

The Same Old Christmas Spirit.

DON'T laugh at grandfather if he hangs up his stocking. Probably he won't do it. Strong old man that he is (or even a weak old one), he has resisted the temptation a good many seasons, and he will doubtless manage to get through another. But the desire is there, latent, and if he dared do it, borrowing perhaps from grandma, and got up Christmas morning to find faith rewarded with a candy cane, few youngsters would feel much happier.

Christmas, in fact, is for the young, the old and all intermediate periods. We lose sight of it temporarily. Buying gifts that we cannot afford in return for gifts that we do not want seriously obscures the joy of giving where we wish and receiving from those whom it warms our hearts to know have not forgotten us. There are moments when the whole Christmas season seems a business expedient invented by trade to take advantage of sentiment, sentimentality and false pride. Santa Claus is a hypocrite—and Christmas exclusively for the rich.

And yet the Christmas spirit is sturdy enough to survive the handicap. It wipes out the unfriendly criticism of the immediately preceding period; leaves something, after the buying and the worrying are over, that is well worth the cost in nervous exhaustion.

And grandfather, although he dassent admit it for fear of ridicule, would like to hang up his stocking. —*Ralph Bergengren.*

"THEY HAVE A GOOD UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THEM."

A Distinction.

First suffragette — "Isn't your ideal of a man one who can take care of the home and the babies?"

Second suffragette—"Gracious, no! That's my ideal of a husband."

ONE ON MOTHER.

The self-made man (emotionally)—"There, children, that 's the lil' old house where I first met your mother. I 'm going to buy it and give it to her for a Christmas present."

Young hopeful—"What 's the joke, guv'nor?"

A New Turn to an Old Tale.

"YOUR pies are not the kind, my dear, that mother used to make." Thus he began, and soon a tear its course began to take adown her cherished little nose, and thence athwart her chin, to drop at last unto her toe—it really was a sin!

"Oh, no, indeed!" resumed the wight. "They're not at all the sort of rubber disks that day and night she laid before the court. They've not the same resistance that those pies of mother's had—a sort of gutta-percha mat laid on a woolen pad.

"We couldn't eat them, though we tried with all our main and might. The crust was hard, and all inside was tough as anthracite. And when she served those awful pies and placed them there before us, we youngsters one and all would rise and sing the anvil chorus.

"Ah, no, indeed! My life I'll stake, those pies of yours are not like those that mother used to make in days long since forgot; and I was going to add, my love, so far from making plaint, I wish to thank my stars above, oh, sweetheart, that they ain't!"

A MEMORY.

ENVOI.

And where the tears had 'gun to flow there came a genial sort of glow; and all was peace and smiling skies, unclouded by maternal pies, which since the days of Plutarch's Lives have been the curse of loving wives. —*Carlyle Smith.*

Possible Exceptions.

Rumble—"I see that President Wilson intends to be accessible to all callers when he gets into the White House."

Bumble—"Well, that is considerate, I admit. But do you think book agents and peddlers of gold bricks will see an opening?"

THE FAMILY'S SOLICITUDE.

Their rich uncle mentions that he is thirsty.

Dangers of Living.

EAT MEAT, and you'll have apoplexy;

Eat oysters, toxemia is thine;
Dessert, and you'll take to paresis;
Have gout if you drink too much wine.
Drink water, and get typhoid fever;
Drink milk, get tu-ber-cu-lo-*sis;*
Drink whiskey, develop the jim-jams;
Eat soup, Bright's disease—think of this!
And vegetables weaken the system,
Cigars mean catarrh and bad breath,
While coffee brings nervous prostration,
And cigarettes bring early death.

So eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing;
And if you would live, have a care,
And don't breathe at all, pray remember,
Unless you breathe sterilized air!

—*James Courtney Challiss.*

What Bumble Thought.

Rumble—"What do you think of woman suffrage now? It looks as though every State in the Union might finally grant the sex the vote!"

Bumble—"The more the merrier! Men now in the suffrage States will hang around women's caucuses like flies around a sugar bowl, and the whole political game will assume piquancy and romance."

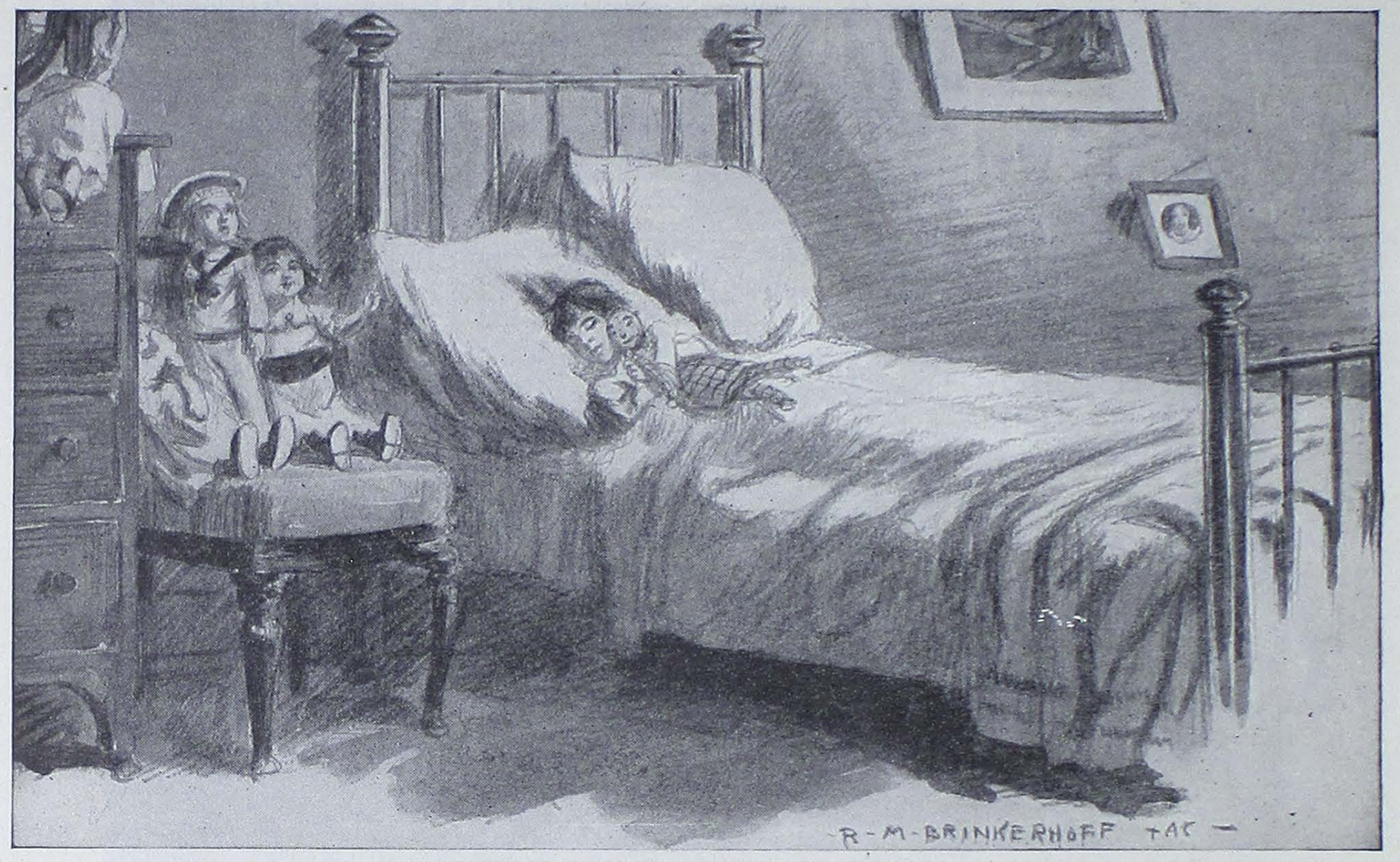
Rumble—"But suppose women start to get the offices? What can stop them? And what will men who have been taken care of by politics for years do?"

Bumble—"Why, those of them who can go into matrimony may marry the women who get offices, and the rest of them can give a spur to industry by going to work."

LEARNING HER OWN LESSON.

Jimmie—"I brought ye here, Sadie, for ye to learn how to make them cakes, 'cos when we git married I 'm goin' to want 'em every mornin' for breakfast."

Sadie—"Yes; but, Jimmie, that 's a *man* what 's makin' em."



OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST.

Christmas as It Isn't.

Extracts from Letters Received by Reginald Slimpurse Early in December.

FROM HIS SWEETHEART:

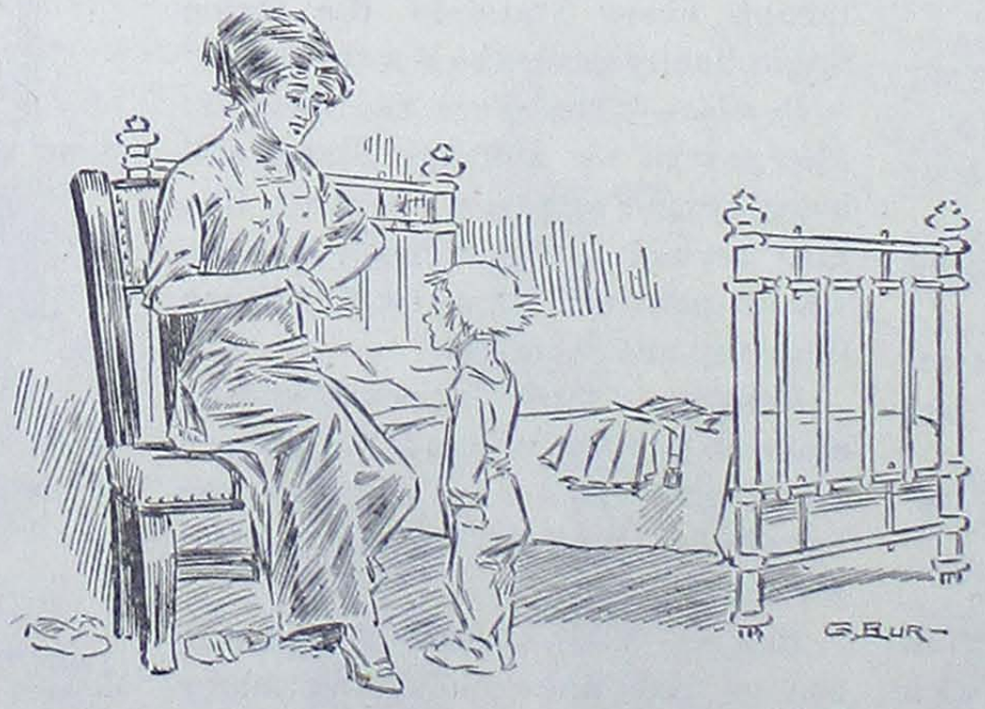
"CHRISTMAS is approaching, and I know you are thinking what you can get for me. But I have a favor to ask of you, and I will be very, *very* angry indeed if you do not grant it. Please, darling, *do not give me anything.* I want you to save your hard-earned money, and all I wish for myself is what I know I have—your love and heart."

FROM ALL THE MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY:

"We earnestly beg of you that you will not go to the expense of giving any of us a Christmas present. We will appreciate your not doing so a great deal more than anything you can possibly buy for us, and if you love and respect us, as we know you do, you will give heed to this sincere desire of all of us. The best Christmas gift you can give us is to put what you would expend in the bank to your own credit against a rainy day."

FROM ALL OF HIS FRIENDS:

"There is not one of us who does not admire and is not fond of you and who does not know your generous nature. But each and every one of us begs of you that you will not present us with any Christmas token, no matter how small. Your regard and your friendship are all sufficient, and if you value ours you will respect this sincerely expressed wish. Be a friend to yourself and not a slave to a custom that often makes Christmas a burden instead of a joy."



"Aren't you going to say your prayers, Tommy?"
"No, mamma. There ain't nothin' I want to-night. Wait till Christmas. Then I'll have a long one."

APPENDIX:

They meant well, of course; but if they had stopped to think, they would have foreseen the inevitable result of a man, even of strong mind, receiving such letters. The doctors at the asylum to which it was necessary to take poor Reginald after he read the foregoing communications say his case is incurable.

—*Henry Waldorf Francis.*

Tompkins's Christmas Cigars.

By IRVING DILLON.

"EXCUSE me," began the visitor, who was more or less visibly embarrassed; "but—my name is Tompkins! Er—did—er—my wife—er—leave an order here for cigars, to be delivered to my home on—er—Christmas Eve?"

"Tompkins?" said the cigar man. "Just one minute! D. B. Tompkins? Yes, sir. One hundred flor de Hobokianos! Price, $2.50! Ordered banded in red and gold and a card inclosed, with the felicitations of Mrs. D. B. Tompkins!"

"Exactly! Well, I'm D. B. Tompkins. Now, I'll tell you what I'd like you to do. You take those red-and-gold-banded stinkarees my wife ordered and hand them to some fireworks man to be utilized as punk along about the Fourth of next July. Use the box thus provided for a hundred good, clear Havanas at about $9.50. I'll pay the difference! Understand? And in the meantime—mum—'M-U-M'—is the word! Do you get me?"

"I'm wise in a second!" replied the cigar man. "What you want me to do is to take the present incumbents of the box ordered by Mrs. Tompkins out on the hillside somewhere and bury them deep down in the yawning sod. In their places you want a practical smoking cigar of the kind that is usually sold without an accident policy! And you stand ready to pay the difference!"

"Precisely!"

Tompkins handed over a greenback and received his change.

The cigar man smiled appreciatively.

On Christmas Day Tompkins opened the box and abstracted therefrom a good, big, black Havana.

"You seem to enjoy that cigar," suggested Mrs. Tompkins, as he blew rings of soft blue curling smoke at the chandelier.

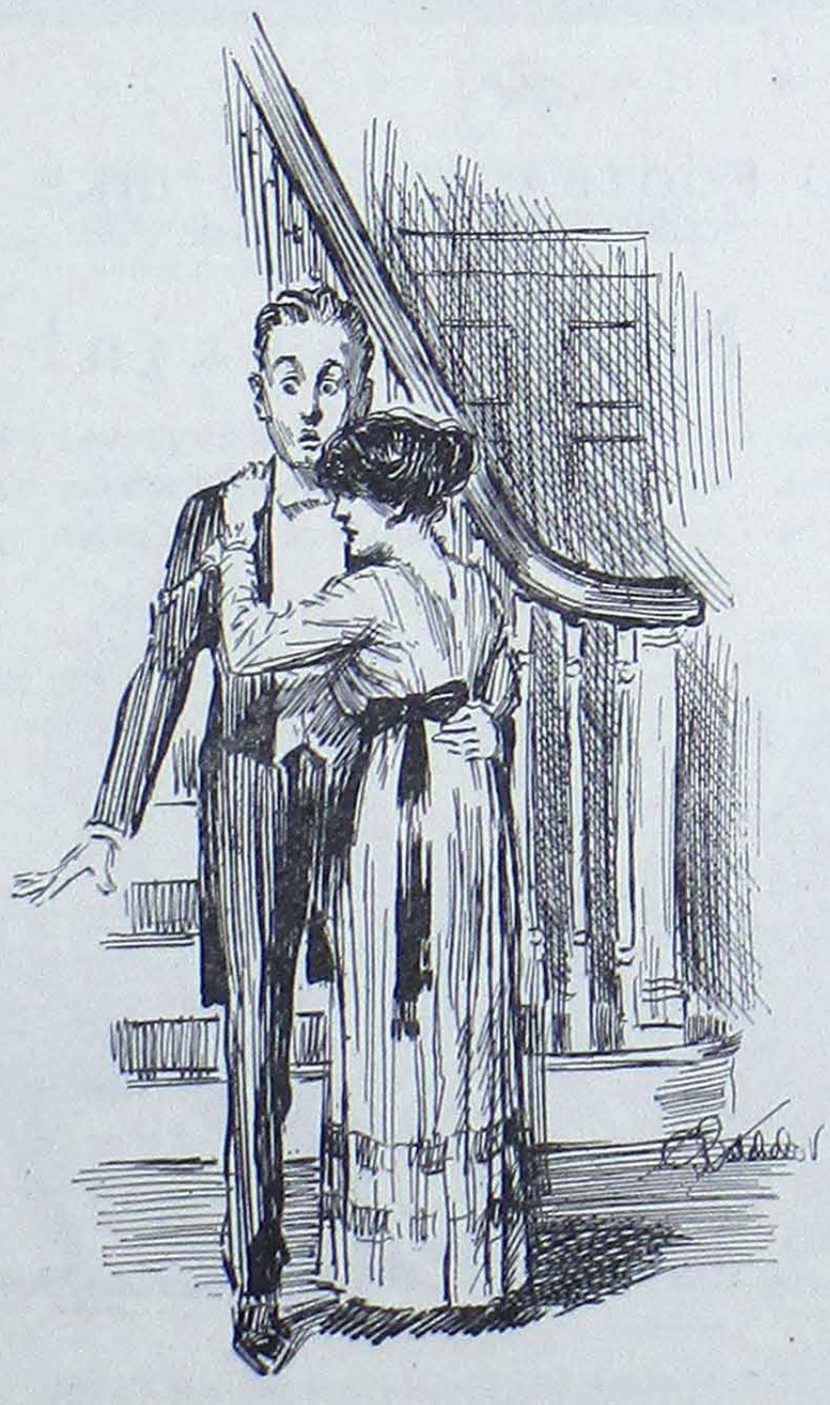
"Enjoy them?" echoed Tompkins. "Why, they're simply delicious!"

Mrs. Tompkins purred her delight at this wholly unexpected tribute.

WENT HIM BETTER.

Millionaire's son—"Look! Santa Claus brought me a new railroad for Christmas."

Multi millionaire's son—"That 's nothing! He bought me a whole new railroad system."



HER FATHER'S FOOTSTEP.

Man's inhumanity to man..

"And yet," said she musingly, "there are men who are mean enough to say that a woman doesn't know anything about buying cigars!"

His Work Cut Out.

If Santa Claus is, as they state,
A good old saint who's up to date,
This year, his record to maintain,
He'll have to use an aeroplane.

We Wonder.

"Paw-uh"——

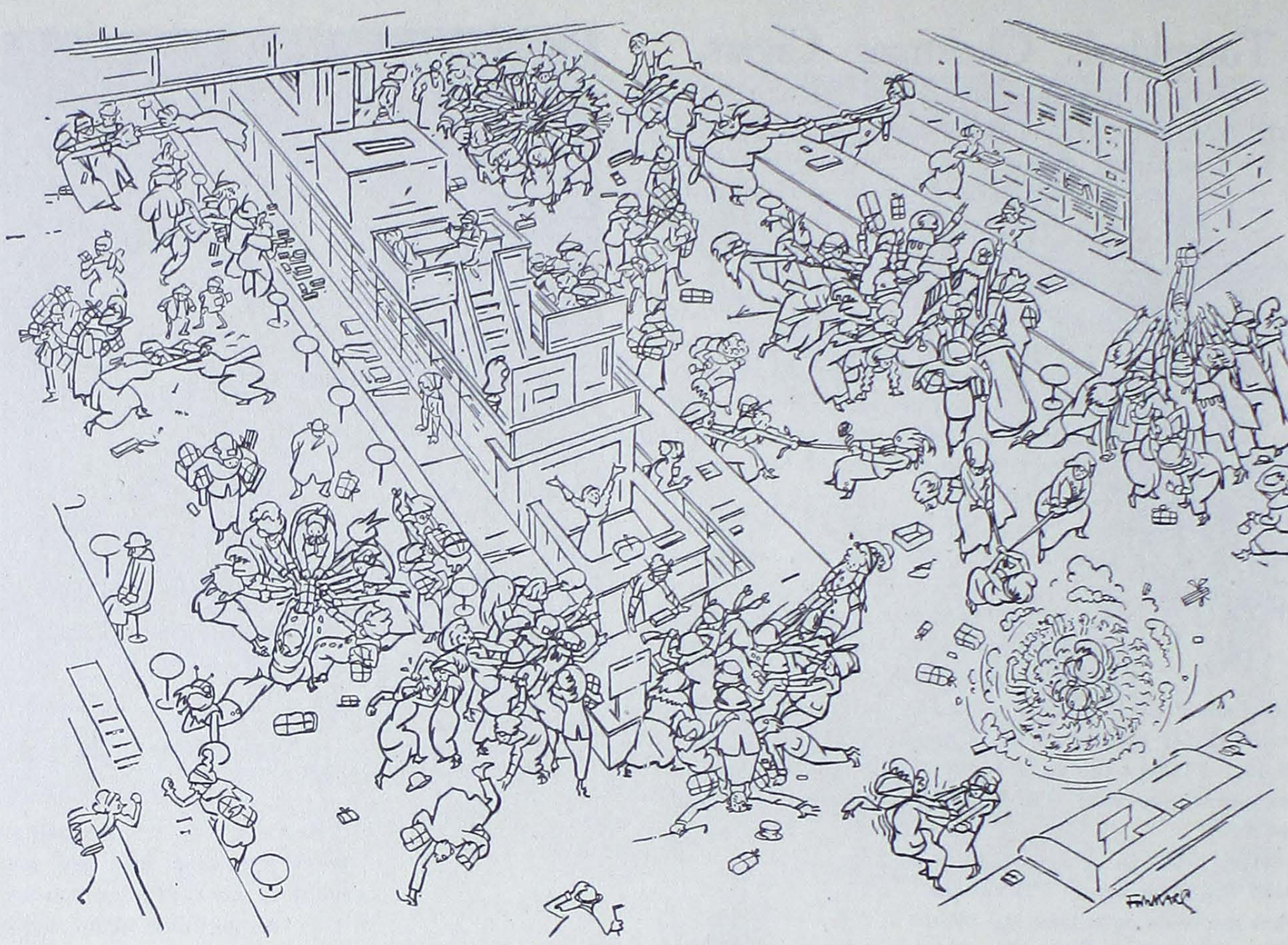
"Well, my son?"

"Paw, how can anybody have boils and faith in prayer at the same time?"

Sizing Him Up.

"Half-witted," young Noodle was
called by some,
Since of genius he'd shown no
spark;
While others allowed that half
was too high—
A quarter was nearer the mark.

At this time of year a woman is usually a shopper guide among men; a man is a shopper guyed among women



NO FOOTBALL GAME LIKE IT.

Christmas shopping from the balcony above.

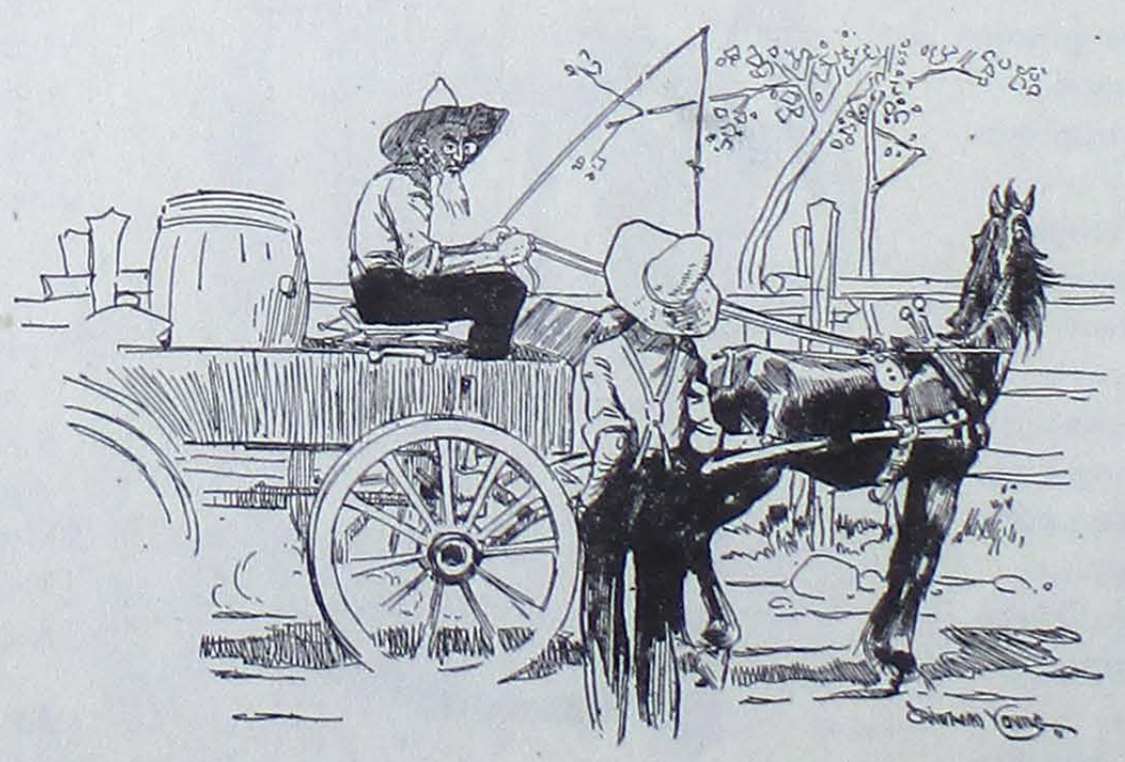
Never Again!

A FEW weeks before Christmas little Johnnie experienced a change of heart. He realized that he was often a naughty boy and gave his parents much trouble; so he resolved to turn over a new leaf and be a model child—until after Christmas. Of course he missed a whole lot of fun, but he played his part so well that he deceived everybody. The result was that he got nothing in his stocking but Sunday-school books.

A man who had a little sporting blood in his veins promised his wife to give up his regular Saturday night poker games. In reality, he didn't give them up; but she believed he did, and that proved satisfactory to both. When Christmas came, his wife figured out that he must have saved two hundred dollars by his self-denial, so she bought herself a present costing that amount and had it charged to him.

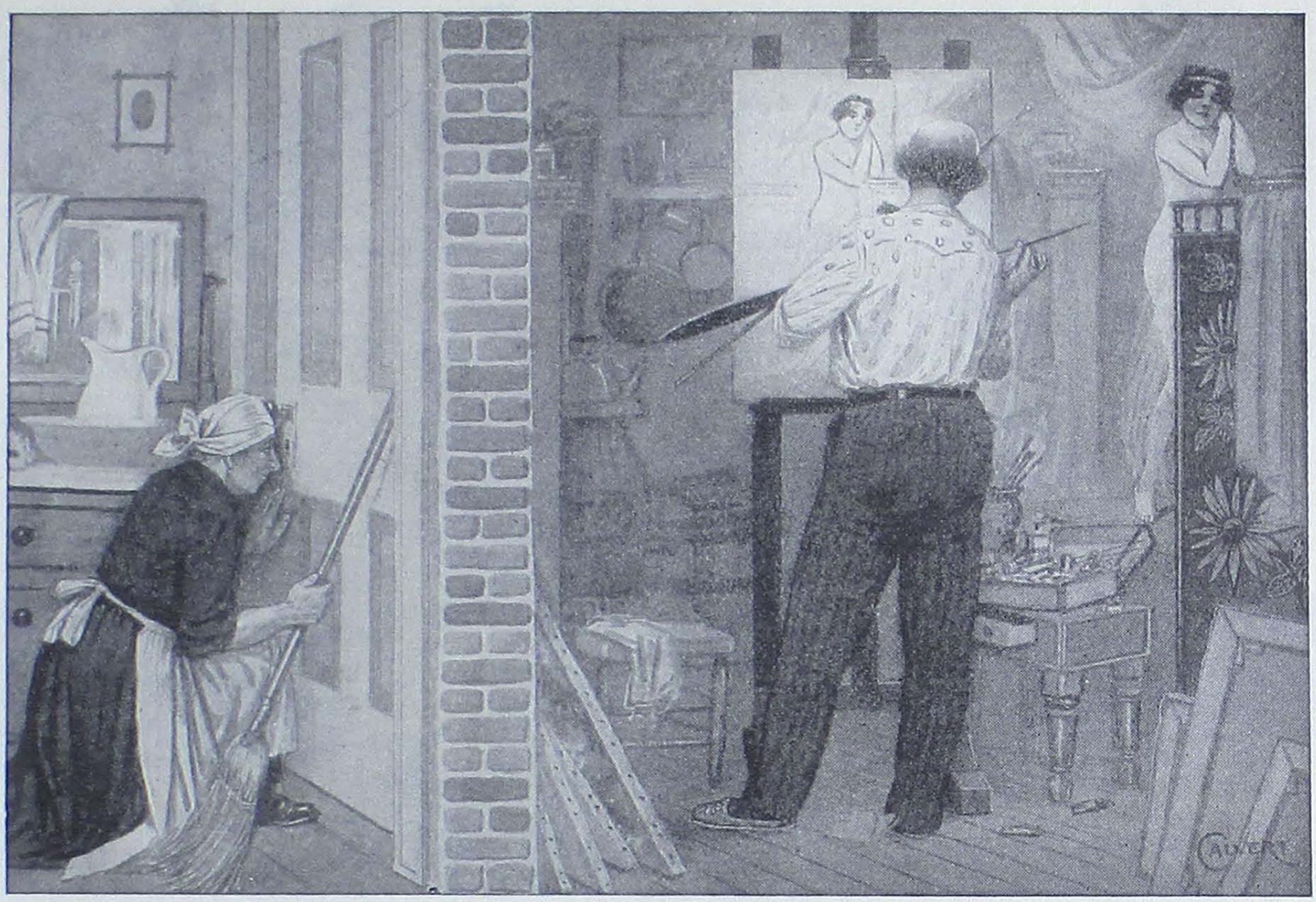
A woman of an economic turn—as far as her husband's Christmas present was concerned—bought him a box of bargain-counter cigars. He didn't hide them up in the garret or give them to the janitor. His revenge was much more subtle and deadly. Whenever his wife had company, he produced the cigars and handed them around among the men guests. They all left early, and in the morning his wife had to stay home to fumigate the house.

J. J. O'Connell.



SI AT TOWN MEETING.

"Was Si's remarks at town meetin' extemporan'us?"
"They was worse 'n that—they was almost profane!"



LOVERS OF ART

All Things in Season.

A BOSTON business man, who lives rather luxuriously when at home, decided to make a hunting trip into the Maine woods recently, and on the way to his camp stopped at a so-called "hotel" in a little town 'way up in the Aroostook region, where the two main crops are prohibition and potatoes.

He still wore the garments of civilization and was not yet ready to begin roughing it, so he asked the table waitress for a napkin, but asked in vain. Finally he appealed to the proprietor.

"Ain't got any," declared that gentleman.

"Why, that man at the table in the corner has one!" expostulated the guest.

"Hush!" said the landlord. "He's our representative to the Legislature here on a visit, and we borrowed that napkin for him this afternoon. You come around here after Legislature has adjourned, and you'll see him wiping his mouth on the tablecloth, same as the rest of us."

—*Allan Forest*

It is considered quite a feat for an armless man to play the piano with his toes.

NONPLUSSED.

Host—"Mr. Parvenu, you will please take Miss Gumwell out to dinner."

Mr. Parvenu—"Certainly—but where? I thought we were going to eat here in the house!"

If a Burglar Appears.

Be careful how you handle the Santa Claus question before the children. If a heavily built, low-browed Santa Claus, with a dark lantern and a jimmy in his hands, suddenly descends upon your dining-room at midnight on Christmas Eve, deal gently with him, lest you wake the children and destroy their simple faith in the good old saint.

Christmas.

Mother buys the presents,
Daughters celebrate,
Johnnie has the good time,
Father pays the freight.

Egg View Note.

Ambrose Crosslots says: "If women-suffrige agitation had been as strong when King Solomon was chasin' round as it is now, he would hev had less time fur writin' songs."

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

Pleasing to Papa.

Frau (beim Weggehen zum Gatten)—"Du gibst mir also auf die Kinder acht, dasz sie nicht mit den Streichhölzern spielen und keinen Lärm. machen (zu den Kindern) und Ihr geb mir auf den Papa acht, dasz er nicht in's Wirtshaus geht."

Wife (to her husband, as she goes out)—"Now, look after the children. Don't let them play with matches or make any noise." (To the children): "And you—watch papa. Don't let him go to the saloon!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

A Reduction.

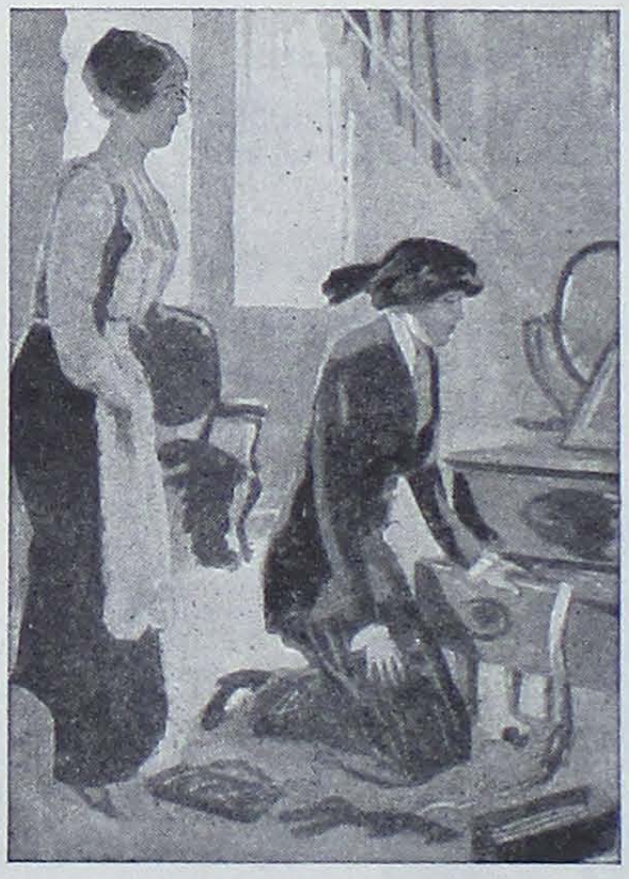
Lodger—"I see you've charged me three and sixpence for coals, but I've not had a fire."

Landlady—"Oh, then it'll only be eighteenpence."—*The Sketch* (London).

Small Loss.

Porter—"Have you lost something, sir?"

Sandy—"Aye, aye; but it's naethin'—only the threpenny bit o' siller 'a was aboot tae give ye for carryin' ma bag!"—*London Opinion.*



A Woman's Method.

"Aber was suchen Sie denn, gnädiges Fraulein?"

"Meine Handschue."

"Haben Sie denn schon in Ihrer Handtasche nachgasehen?"

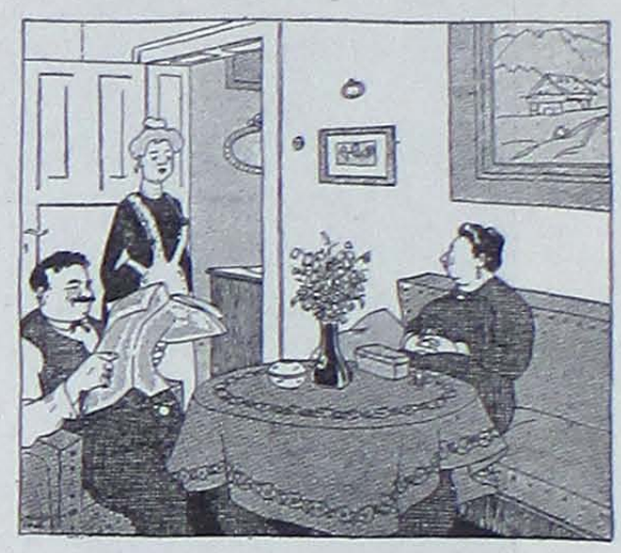
"Nein. Da such ich immer zuletzt. Denn wenn ich sie da nicht finde, kriege ich gleich eine Mordswut!"

"What are you looking for, miss?"

"My gloves."

"But did you look for them in your handbag?"

"No; that is the last place I look. If I don't find them there, I get furious!"—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).



Defending Her Perquisites.

"Hier in der Zeitung, Marie, stehen aber ganz anderer Marktpreise, als Sie uns anrechnen!"

"Gott, der gnädige Herr glaubt noch, was in der Zeitung steht?"

"In the paper here, Marie, the market prices are entirely different from those you put down."

"Heavens! Do you still believe what's in the papers?"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Enemies in Both Worlds.

"Cómo no estás incluído entre los médicos que envia el gobierno a Europa?"

"Qué quieres? Los médicos tenemos muchos enemigos en este mundo."

"Sí. Y también en el otro."

"How is it that you are not included among the physicians the government is sending to Europe?"

"What would you have? We physicians have many enemies in this world!"

"And also in the other!"—*Sucesos* (Santiago, Chili).

How It Happened.

"I FIND my social duties very pressing during the holidays," said young Buffum, making a wry face as he buttoned his collar.

"Why so?" interrogated Sunderstrom, his chum and roommate.

"Mistletoe," muttered Buffum, giving his necktie a tug.

The Modern Santa Claus.

The house was all quiet, Saint Nick had been there; in his up-to-date biplane he sped through the air. He was tired of reindeer—they were too old and slow—so he left them at home in the ice and the snow.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds, while visions of aeroplanes danced in their heads. The stockings were hung on the electrolier; in the dining-room, opened, was a case of good beer.

The presents were costly and showy and grand, the best of all things to be found in the land—diamonds and butter, a scuttle of coal, a sugar-cured nam and a cut-glass rose bowl.

A turkey, a poodle, leather chairs for the den; a late model auto, six eggs and a hen; rugs from the Orient, rich in color and price; a deed to a farm and some coupons for ice.

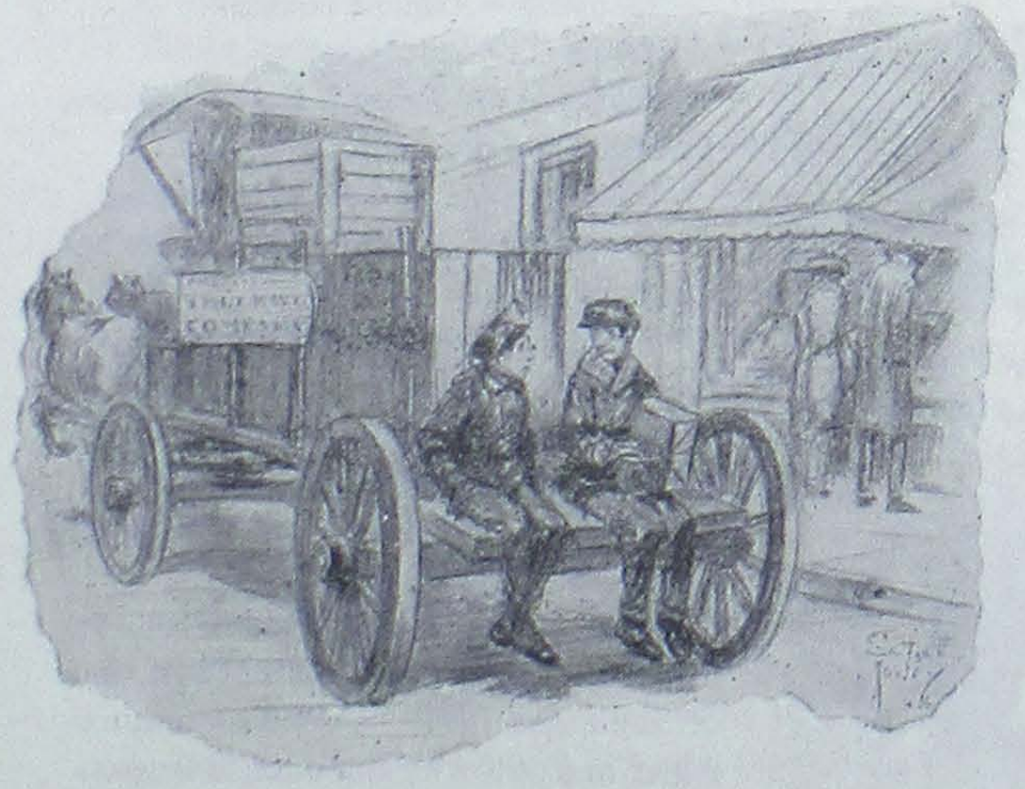
A juicy beefsteak, a coat of real sable, a bucket of lard and a fine billiard table; a player piano—I'm sure I've missed half—and last, but not least, a large phonograph.

"None were forgotten, from the boss to the cook; not one escaped giving, by hook or by crook," said Santa Claus dear, as he flew out of sight. "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"—*Helen Foltz.*

A Simple Game of Bridge.

"Faith, yer honor," replied O'Rellihan, "I was diggin' me ditch, p'aceful-like, when O'Rouke dealt me a grand schlam. I bridged it to me side partner, Phelan, who made it sphades. Just then Policemen Casey and McGuire step up with clubs for trumps. They trumped out of turn, until the patrol wagon butts in and turns the trick, and, whist! we're here!"

It is often surprising what a handy man can do with hammer and saw to make his home attractive and unusual.
(*From the Shadyside Rural Gazette.*)



"DOES THE COMPANY PAY YER CARFARE?"

RATHER FRESH.

Joe—"For my part, I think women are the salt of the earth."

Moe—"Guess you 're right, when you consider the number of men they have driven to drink."

Manifestations.

Wiseman—"What to you is the most surprising manifestation after the election of a new President?"

Ironicus—"Oh, there are several manifestations that must strike everybody as characteristic of the event. The incoming President is assured of the friendship of enough persons to have made his election practically unanimous if all had voted for him, office-holders en masse resort to nerve tonics, and there is an amazing number of persons you have always assumed to be reasonably contented with life that suddenly want office."

Not a Stem-winder.

Inquisitive passenger—"And what is that curious thing you are carrying?"

Sailor (with winch-crank)—"This, mum? It's the crank what they use for winding up the dog watch."

The Turkey's Age.

"Oh, yes, a turkey's age," said she,
"May be determined easily.
There's one sure guide, by far the best—
The teeth should be a perfect test."
"Why, turkeys have no teeth!" he cried.
"No, Jack; but I have," she replied.

Where He Gets Them.

Frost—"Where do you get your hats, old man?"

Snow—"At cafes usually. But once or twice I've been lucky enough to exchange at church."

SOFT RECOLLECTION.

"Wa-al, I vow! Ain't thet strange? There goes th' living image of a little gal I knowed in Richmond—time o' th' war. Th' hull rigiment wuz plumb crazy 'bout her."

Pure Food for Thought.

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING.

PURE food for the mind surely is no less important than pure food for the stomach. It is a pleasure to add that tokens a-plenty promise that the ingredients of the reading public's food for thought are soon to be analyzed and advertised in plain letters on the label of every package. The law requiring papers to declare who owns them and to mark every advertisement with a conspicuous "adv." is only a beginning.

For example, only consider the glorious possibility of attaining unadulterated publicity in dramatic criticism. Suppose the law should demand that beside each critical review must be printed a certified analysis of its writer, accompanied with a photograph that is actually a portrait. The public then would get the benefit of a double illumination.

The value of this system ought to be patent. There is no sense in going to see the new musical comedy, "Oodle Doodle," on the recommendation of an enthusiastic cub reporter, nor in refusing to consider it because some jaded, superannuated dyspeptic says it's sad and unfit.

Indeed, the only sensible plan is to preface every criticism with our proposed certified analysis of the critic, say, in some such form as this:

Pen Name—Harold Orville.
Real Name—Fritz Sudzenbein.
Age—Forty-one.
Temperament—Impregnable.
Education—A newspaper office and marriage.
Digestion—Ruined.
Hearing—Almost normal.
Eyesight—Astigmatic.
Number of Years a Critic—Seven or eight too many.
Salary—Not an aid to optimism.
Press Time—Allows him to see an act and a half.
Stimulants—Cocktail at dinner, beers (five) later.
Advertising—Quarter of a page Sunday; one inch daily.
Probable Influence of Business Office—Strong.

This is what all have missed in dramatic criticism—an explanation of the explainer. We have as much right to know why his doubts wrestle so hard with his enthusiasms as we have to demand that catsup labels advertise the presence of benzoate.

THE IDEAL OF THE CRITIC AND THE REALITY.

HE STUDIED UNDER THE OLD MASTERS.

Early Christmas Suggestions.

A PUNCTURED automobile tire, painted green and embellished with holly berries, done in water colors, will make a very acceptable and fireproof substitute for a Christmas wreath to hang in the front window of your house or over the fireplace. The puncture should, of course, be repaired and the tire inflated before using.

A very chaste design for an embroidered motto to be sent to a very rich uncle as a Yuletide remembrance can be made of the words, "It Is More Blessed To Give Than To Receive," done in long green letters on a background of silver floss, the whole mounted on a gold passe-partout and framed in a papier-mach frame made of the giver's promissory notes reduced to a pulp. With this should go a card marked, R. S. V. P. D. Q.

A pleasant little Christmas remembrance for a suffragette friend spending the holidays in an English jail is a Pompeiian brick, attached to a good, strong, elastic band, about six feet long, having a stretching power of eighteen feet, so arranged that the brick immediately snaps back into the hand of the thrower after it has penetrated the crystalline depths of a plate-glass window, acting on the principle of the old game of cup-and-ball, so popular in days of yore.

A welcome present for a maiden lady, whose estimated worth is one million dollars, to give to a favorite niece, who has just married a handsome young athlete with a taste for first editions and no income, would be a blank check on her bank, signed, and for protective purposes marked with a perforated stamp, "Not More Than $20,000."

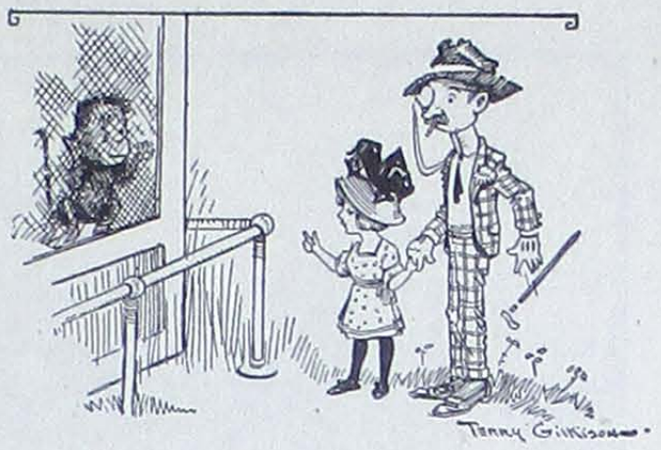
An attractive remembrance for an impecunious but appreciative customer to give to a courteous tailor, who has been more than lenient in the matter of his overdue account, would be a check for twenty-five dollars on account, wrapped around a ten-cent cigar, and handed to him casually on Christmas morning. The price of the cigar may be deducted from the amount of the bill later on.

In view of certain conditions in the coal market, a scuttleful of anthracite neatly done up in a decorated hod, marked "Love the Giver," will be a popular and in many cases warmly welcomed novelty for the coming Christmas season. A neat card to go with this would be your own visiting card, with the words,

"Do not spurn me,
But take and burn me,"

engrossed in red, white and blue letters and framed in splinters of kindling wood.

"Always look ahead" is a good prescription, but it also pays to look behind.



CHILDISH WISDOM.

Uncle Cholly—"Now, Elsie, there is a monkey. The animal that looks the most like a man."

Elsie—"Oh, pshaw! Not much. Why, it doesn't look any more like a man than *you*, uncle."

Innocent.

It was shortly after Adam and Eve had, by request, left the Garden of Eden.

One morning Adam labored in the field.

As he went about, he noted that the cave-bear skin which he wore insisted in shifting on him, much to his displeasure.

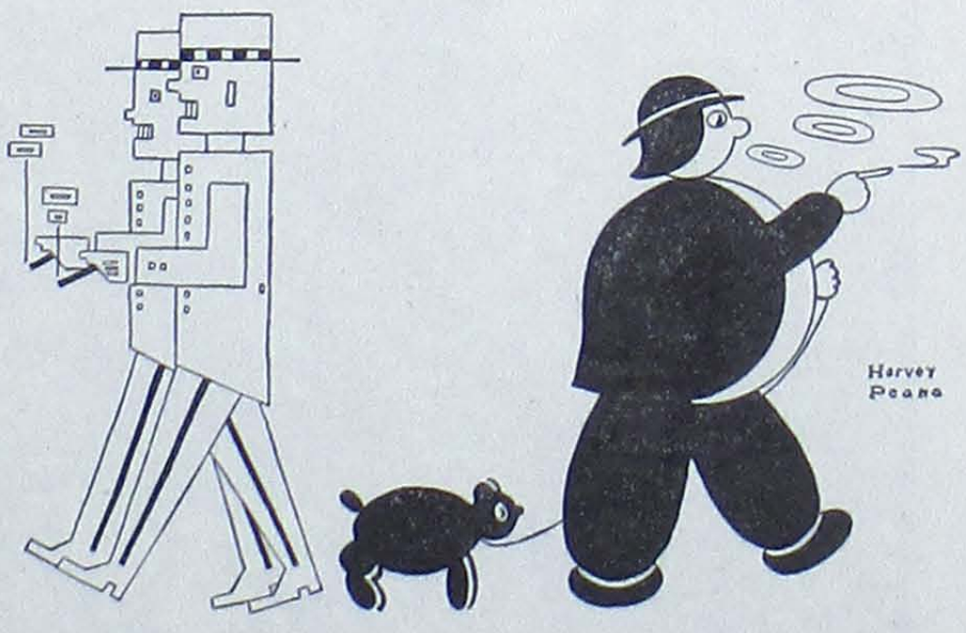
A thought came to him.

Peeling two narrow strips of green bark from a neighboring sapling, he carried out a plan which had followed the thought, and realized that he had met with success.

Had he not done so, it is possible that eleven million of the fancy Christmas boxes of to-day would not contain suspenders.

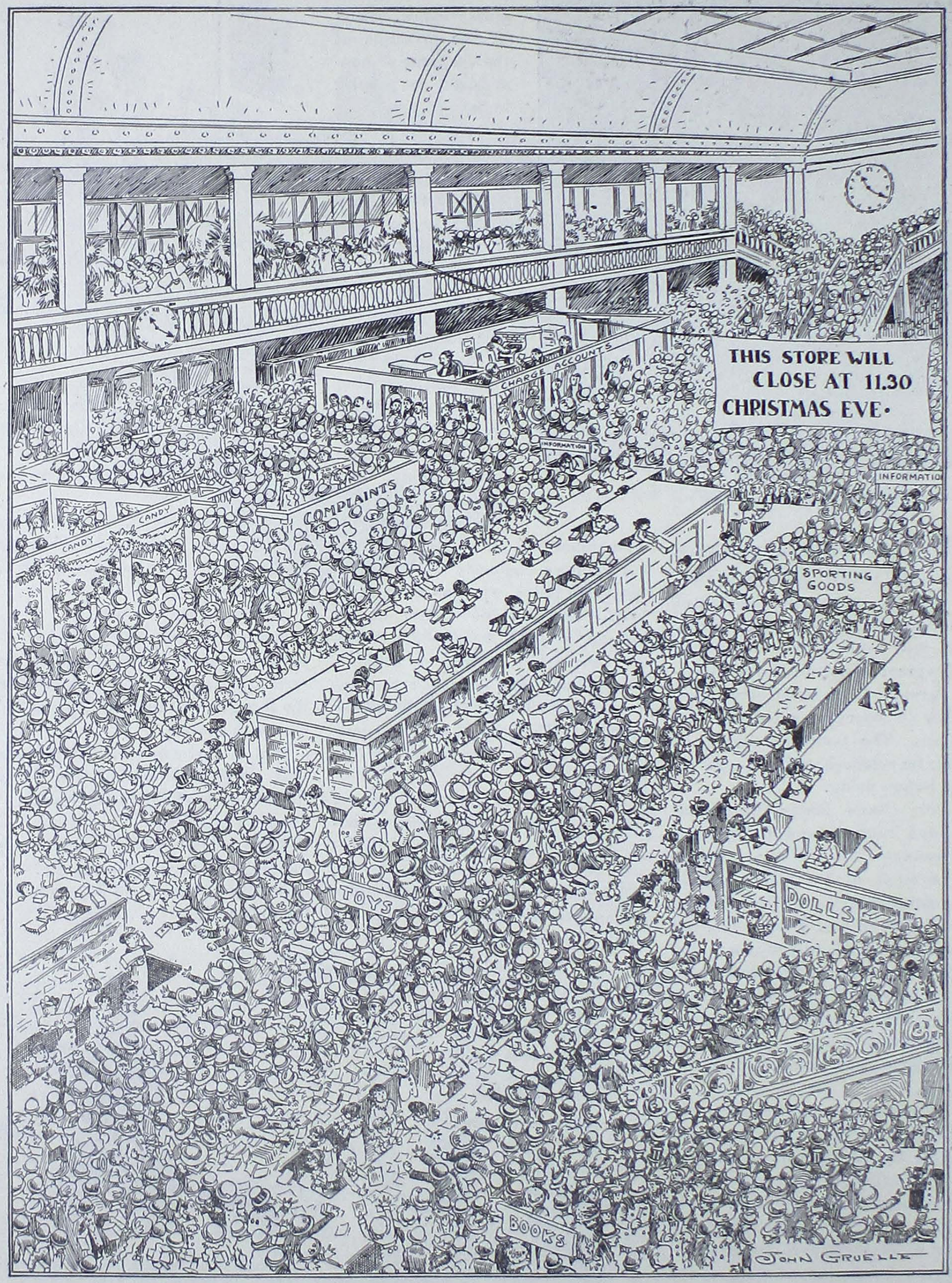
Adam meant all right and knew naught of what was to come.

Our hard feelings do not extend in his direction. —*Leslie Van Every.*



Pounder—"I have heard that Rounder was not regarded as a square man."

Bounder—"So have I; but I don't believe that he is as black as he is painted."

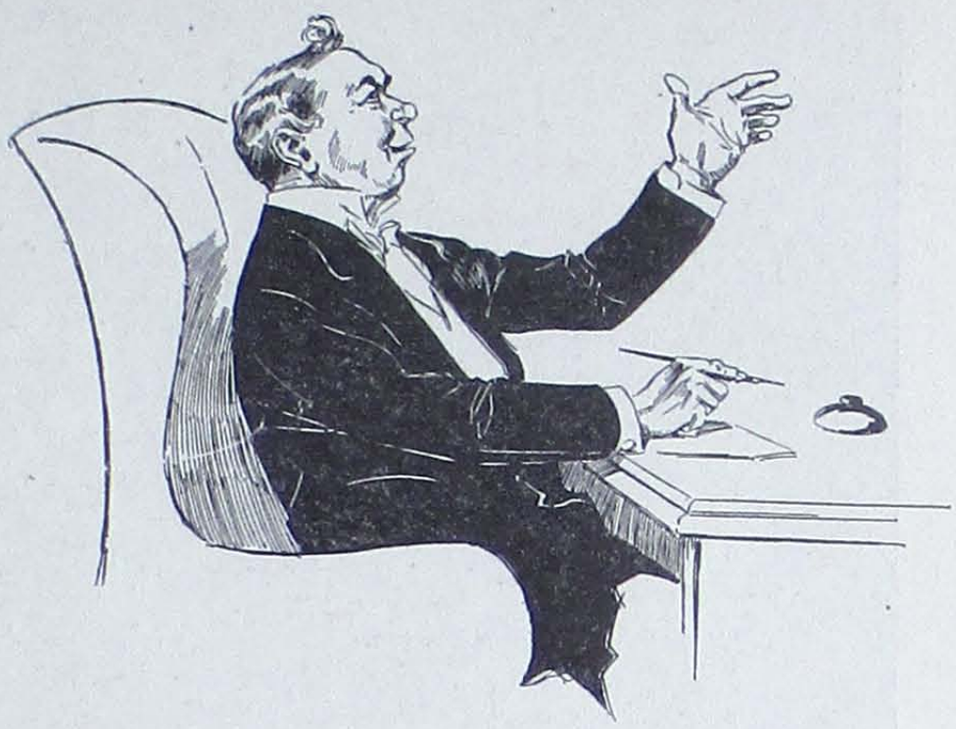


DO YOUR SHOPPING EARLY.

Or is this your idea of fun?

A TROUBLED COMPOSITION

1. "I am sending her my Christmas card. Now what shall I say? Compliments of the season—that is not original and too commonplace."



2. "Supposing I say, again the tide of time—oh, bosh!"

3. "May your cup of plenty be ever filled to overflowing with happiness, joy—oh, too flowery!"

4. "May Christmastide strew into your path to the altar of happiness roses of success—oh, piffle!"

5. "May the Christmas star be upon your brow the diadem of happiness—oh, tripe!"

6. "Ah, I've got it. I'll just write, A Merry Christmas! James Prinks."

DRAWN BY HY. MAYER

THE DEBUTANTE.

"The cool, pink dawn of the morning after."

Where He Got It.

THE FOOTBALL hero, his eye battered and his clothes hanging in shreds about his form, stood grinning before his excited and nearly weeping mother.

"Oh, Tommy, dear," she cried, gazing fondly into his eyes, trying to recognize her "baby-lamb" in the begrimed hulk before her, "are you sure none of your bones are broken, dear?"

"Aw, piffle, mumsie!" retorted the hero of the game, who, by the way, was taking a course in English literature at the university. "What 'ld hurt me? I ain't one o' those rotten-cotton guys as can't take the gaff now and then."

"Oh, I am so glad!" said the relieved mother, with a deep sigh of joy not unmixed with pride. "I was awfully worried, dear, when all those horrid boys jumped on you, and your own side grabbed you by the leg and pulled you through the goal posts for a touchdown. It seemed to me as if your poor leg must come off. You are quite sure it isn't hurt even a tiny little bit?"

"Aw, cut it, mother, cut it!" returned the hero; and then he swung the limb in question to and fro, and kicked it in all directions reassuringly. "I couldn't do that if it was to the bad, could I?" he added.

"Isn't it wonderful, Henry?" she said to her husband, who was grinning at her side. "Such strength! Such powers of endurance! Where *do* you suppose he gets it?"

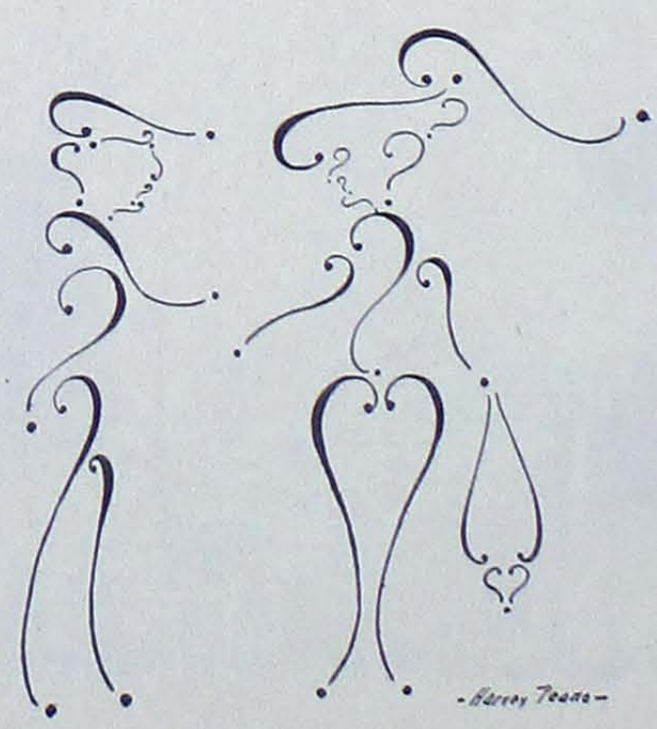
"Why, that's easy, Martha!" returned the proud father. "He gets it from me—don't you, boy?"

"From you?" said the lady. "Why, Henry, how can you say such a thing? You're strong, I know; but"——

"Well, maybe I'm not in his class for chest and breadth of back and biceps," said the proud father; "but I do claim the leg. I guess I'm all to the good on that score. Tommy's been giving mine a harder pull than that ever since he came up here, and I haven't squealed once, have I, son?"

"Ubetcha haven't, dad!" said the hero. "And, by the way, that reminds me, gov'nor—you couldn't let me have an extra"——

It was at this point that the party passed out of the scribe's hearing.



"Thou comest in such a questionable shape!"—*Hamlet.*

THE SUNDAY PAPER

Christmas Calendars.

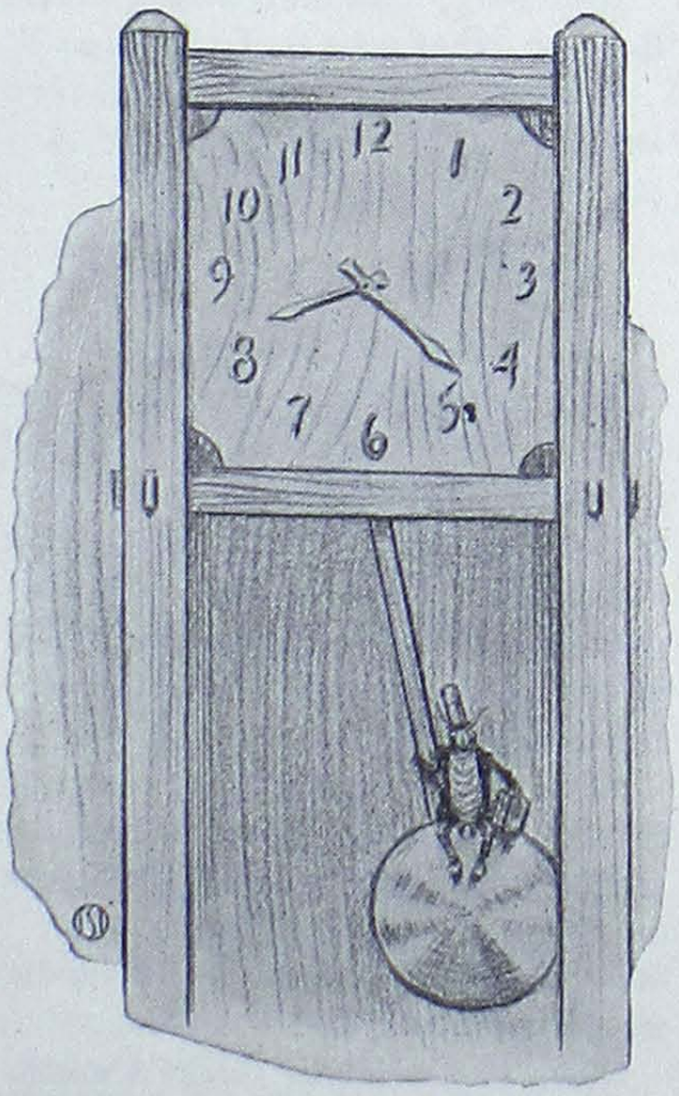
CORNELIA'S heart is warm and wide,
But slothful is her mind;
Toward exercise at Christmastide
It never seems inclined.
So only calendars she sends
To all her relatives and friends.

She chooses for the grown-up minds
Diurnal Dabs of Truth;
And pictured kits, she always finds,
Are suitable for youth.
She once bestowed—oh, fancy that!—
Four, just alike, in one small flat!

At last, though, retribution fell
And thumped Cornelia's head.
(The "Christmas spirit," with a yell,
Picked up its skirts and fled.)
By chance—her many friends aver—
They all sent calendars to her!

—Anna Mathewson.

Now for the pudding of the edible drupaceous fruit of the genus prune!



Reuben Bug—"I 've been riding on this thing two days now and don't seem any nearer home."

True Gratitude

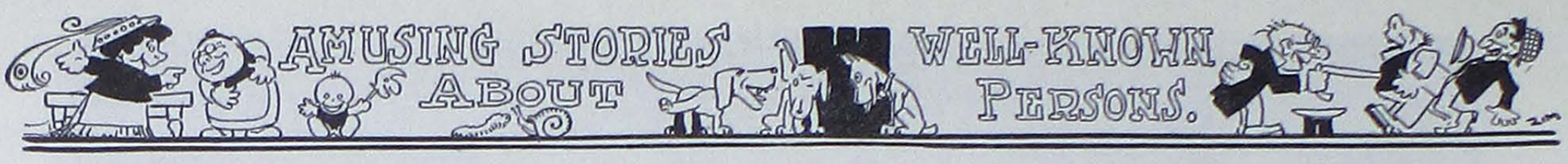
I love the man who early takes
His neighbor-share insnow removal,
And for my feet a pathway makes—
He wins my brotherly approval.
Ah, but the sight that fires in me
The thrill of positive affection
Is when, returning home, I see
My wife has cleared *our* sidewalk section!

—F. Moxon.

Little Cordelia's Request.

Little Cordelia's grandmother had an old-fashioned way of measuring a yard by holding one end of the goods to her nose and then stretching the piece at arm's length. One day Cordelia found a bit of ribbon. Carrying it to her grandmother, she gravely requested,

"Grandma, smell this and see how long it is."



Prophecy.

THE GIRL who might fulfill the prophecy passed two college men on the campus.

She was a freshman co-ed, and the

men were senior class men. They gazed at her in amazement, then at each other.

"Shades of Jupiter!" gasped one. "Isn't she an achievement!"

"Don't look so scandalized, old man!" returned his companion. "I predict that next season the apology for skirts will be eliminated, and all feminine society will be parading in union suits."

Defending the Speaker.

While visiting a friend at Vinita, Okla., recently, Mrs. Champ Clark went to the Sunday morning service at the First Presbyterian Church. In the course of his sermon, the minister attacked what he termed "the higher-ups" of the government, because of their attitude toward the prohibition problem, and Mrs. Clark was immediately interested. He started in with Colonel Roosevelt, and continued down the line until he came to Speaker Clark. He stated that he knew these men personally

and that he felt sure they were doing all they could to help the liquor dealers.

This was too much for Mrs. Clark and she cried out,

"You are certainly mistaken about Mr. Clark!"

"I think I know Mr. Clark quite as well as you do, sister, and I know what I am talking about," returned the minister.

"Well, I have known him a long time. I am sure you are mistaken, and I do not propose to stay here and listen to your abusive remarks," replied Mrs. Clark, rather spiritedly.

"You are at liberty to go whenever you please," responded the minister.

Mrs. Clark left the church.

The next day the minister was informed of the identity of the "sister" with whom he had conversed, and he is still rather confused as to the proper explanation to make.

A Revised Version.

Robeson, Secretary of the Navy under Grant, while at Princeton College, was doing a problem in Euclid on the blackboard. He finished it and wrote with a flourish at the bottom, "Q. E. D." (Quod erat demon-

strandum—Which was to be proved).

Professor Duffield asked, "Mr. Robeson, what does Q. E. D. mean?"

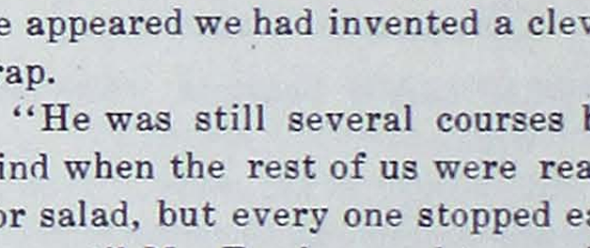
Robeson hesitated a moment, then answered triumphantly, "Quod Euclid dixit" (What Euclid said).

A Day Ahead of Time.

His Honor, Justice William A. Hocker, of the Supreme Bench of Florida, freshly shaven and garbed in his best Sunday rig, was all ready to accompany his wife to church. Just before they started out, however, his wife was detained by a ring at the telephone, and the judge heard her shocked tones answering,

"Oh! I'm much obliged—and if it was any other day I should be glad to come—but I never play cards on Sunday! . . . Not Sunday! . . . Why, for pity's sake! . . . How did we get so mixed up?"

Down at the State House a much-perturbed quartet of Supreme Court judges filed into the courtroom and took their seats. They had waited for their colleague until the last moment, for the case on hand was a most important one and his presence was specially desired. But they had sat for nearly an hour before Judge Hocker, his Sunday coat-tails flying,



hastily entered the door, climbed the rostrum and sank exhaustedly into his seat, muttering,

"I thought to-day was Sunday!"

Feeding With the Brutes.

At our hotel in Jericho was an American who had accompanied Mark Twain on his camping trip through the Holy Land.

"No, sir," said he, in the course of the evening's conversation, "I cannot recall a single instance when the humorist was caught napping. Once we thought we had him sure. Mr. Twain was late to the dinner table when we sat down, and before he appeared we had invented a clever trap.

"He was still several courses behind when the rest of us were ready for salad, but every one stopped eating until Mr. Twain caught up. He had started intently on a crisp leaf of lettuce before he noticed that no one else was eating. He paused

questioningly. That was our opportunity.

"'Now, Mr. Twain,' some one asked, 'why are you like Nebuchadnezzar?' expecting that the answer would imply that it was because he was eating grass like an ox. Instead, and without an instant's hesitation, came the retort,

"'Because I'm feeding with the brutes!'"

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

The Surprised Manager.

"Nein, Ihre Einladung zum Souper nehme ich nicht an, Herr Direktor."

"Nanu, als Liebhaberin habe ich Sie engagiert, und jetzt wollen Sie die Heldin spielen!"

"No, Mr. Manager, I shall not go to supper with you!"

"What! I engaged you to play the loving part, and now you want to play the heroine!"—*Ulk* (Berlin).

Music in the Air.

Brusque customer (in music shop)—"Libretto, 'Mikado.'"

New assistant—"I no speak Italiano."—*The Sketch* (London).

The Whipped Child's Protest.

"Mama schlägt nur, wenn sie Ursache hat."

"Ich lass mir das nicht mehr gefallen, Papa; ich bin doch nicht mit ihr verheiratet."

"Mamma whips you only when she has reason for it."

"I won't stand it any longer, papa! I am not married to her!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Too Polite.

Der Diätar Frostig sitzt in der Elektrischen zwischen zwei reizenden jungen Damen. Da steigt sein Vorgesetzter ein, der als groszer Verehrer schöner Frauen bekannt ist. Der Diätar springt sofort auf und sagt devot: "Herr Kanzleirat, darf ich Ihnen meinen Platz anbieten?"

The subordinate clerk, Frostig, sits in the electric car between two charming young women. His superior, who is known as a great admirer of beautiful women, enters. Immediately the clerk jumps up and says, with an air of devotion, "Mr. Kanzleirat, may I offer you my seat?"—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

Would Help Her Out.

Street vender (to lady lost in dense fog)—"Map of London, lidy?"—*Punch* (London).

The Invitation.

(With great feeling): "Me-e-et me in dream-er-land ter-ni-i-i-ight!"—*The Sphere* (London).

Asking the Court a Favor.

MANY good stories are told of the late Thomas Nolan, a New York lawyer, whose witty retorts fur-

nished merriment for many gatherings of lawyers.

At one time Nolan was counsel for a poor widow who was suing a construction company for damages by reason of the death of her husband. The case had been placed on the "day calendar," but had been frequently postponed. Accordingly, by the time Mrs. Casey had paid her fifth call, she was in an extremely perturbed state of mind, and, therefore, the tones of Nolan's rich brogue were more than usually fervid as he fought against the sixth adjournment.

"I am extremely sorry," said Judge Dugro, "but your opponent has shown me good cause for the adjournment. The case will, therefore, go over until to-morrow."

"Very well, your honor," said Nolan suavely; "but might I ask wan personal favor of this coort?"

"Certainly, Mr. Nolan."

"Will your honor kindly sthep down to my office and just tell Mrs. Casey that you have adjoorned the case?"

Speaker Cannon's Cigars.

A great many years ago, at a very smart house in Washington, ex-Speaker Cannon was one of the dinner guests. He was seated at the right of the hostess, a widow. When the cigars were passed, he waved them away and took from his pocket his cigar case.

As he opened it and passed it behind the lady at his right to a Senator present, the hostess exclaimed, "Mr. Cannon, put those cigars back in your pocket!"

With a look of astonishment, the culprit replied, in a wheedling tone, "Now, you know, my dear madam, that women do not know how to select good cigars, and so I am obliged to carry these in self-defense."

"It doesn't matter whether women know how to select good cigars or not," laughed the hostess; "but when you are at my table, you shall smoke my cigars."

She seemed so thoroughly in earnest that Mr. Cannon returned the cigars to his pocket and with the air of a martyr selected one from those lying on the silver server and lighted it. He took one puff, looked surprised, then, his face beaming, exclaimed, "Why, these beat mine! Where did you get them?"

"That you shall never learn,"

smiled the hostess; "but when you want a really good cigar, you will know where to find it."

A Valuable Friend.

For a number of years Dr. David R. Boyd, the newly installed president of the University of New Mexico, was associated with the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, in New York. He traveled extensively throughout the United States, Alaska and Porto Rico, and had a habit of sending telegraphic night letters to the home office, in which he usually included some message to be telephoned to his wife.

While on his last trip for the board of missions, after his election to the presidency of the University of New Mexico, he visited the mission school at Santa Fe, N. M. He had been there several times before and had made a good friend of the Western Union operator, who was very much pleased because Dr. Boyd was coming to New Mexico to live.

Having a dinner engagement the last evening of his stay in Santa Fe, Dr. Boyd filed his night letter early and proceeded to his host's home.

While seated at dinner with his friends, he was summoned to the telephone and recognized the voice

of his operator friend at the other end of the line.

"Mr. Boyd," the operator said hesitatingly, "don't you think I better change the wording of the last part of your message? I am afraid it may cause you trouble."

"Why, how is that?" questioned the doctor, in surprise.

"Well, just here at the end, which is intended for Mrs. Boyd, you say, 'I am tight. Tell Mrs. Boyd.' Don't you think I better change that to read, '*Don't* tell Mrs. Boyd'?"

The careless writing of the word "quite" and the omission of the word "well" had prompted the operator's effort to save the dignity of his friend.

The Sailor's Love.

"I never realized until a short time ago," says an American naval officer, "the full force of the old saying with reference to the sailor's love in every port. I was privileged to overhear, in a Central American city, a conversation between a jacky and the daughter of an English shopkeeper there.

"Now, this jacky was strong, handsome and gay. During our stay in those waters he grew to like the girls, and the girls grew to like him. The young woman I refer to said,

"'Then, Henry, when shall we be married?'

"'But I promised my wife, sweetheart,' said Henry, 'that I would never marry a second time.'

"'Would you,' persisted the girl, 'cast me off for the sake of a promise to a dead woman?'

"'But she isn't dead yet,' responded the fickle jacky."

NATURAL BEAUTY.

Guide—"These peaks on our right are called the 'Three Sisters.' You get the grandest view on the trail from here."
Tourist—"They are very fine!"

Bill for a Bald-faced Horse.

FEW MEN have covered more miles of adventurous travel during the last decade than B. B. Kelliher, chief engineer of the Grand Trunk Pacific and one of the two best known construction engineers on the continent. Not long ago Mr. Kelliher left the line of rail in the British Columbia mountains, in company with a number of contractors, to inspect certain work deeper in the wilds.

They were to travel with horses, and the divisional engineer had some difficulty in outfitting his chief. At length the horses were secured, and a particularly fine mount for the chief was hired from an Indian. A few days later the party was traversing a section where blasting operations were under way, and a rock from a near-by "shot" struck Mr. Kelliher's horse between the eyes, taking off a slice of skin half as large as the chief's hand. Otherwise the cayuse was uninjured, and on his return to the divisional engineer's camp the horse was returned to his Indian owner.

A few days later the bookkeeper in the engineer's office was observed in deep study over a bill that a pioneer clerk had wrestled with long and earnestly. Finally he "civilized" it thus and gave it to the chief:

Mr. B. B. Kelliher, Dr.,
to
Chief Mud-on-the-Chin.
To one Bald-faced Horse, made so by Stone-in-the-Air - - - - - - - - $40.00

Mr. Kelliher paid, and has the bill framed.

—*James Oliver Curwood.*

A Tragic Triolet.

I wrote it as plain as could be,
"Her cheeks were as red as a rose."
As an ardent and soul-stirring plea,
I wrote it as plain as could be.
It appeared, to the printer's great glee,
"Her cheeks were as red as her nose."
I wrote it as plain as could be,
"Her cheeks were as red as a rose."

And now the children dance and play, with Christmas but three weeks away.

The Potency of Appearance.

"THERE goes what I call a poem," said Dogberry, "and I'm no versifier myself. See him? That man walking so briskly. He might be sixty years old, but moves with the elastic step of youth. And look at his abundant and flowing white hair and his pink cheeks! Who is he?"

"That is old Dr. Grace," replied Smartweed. "He isn't really a physician, but they call him 'doctor' because he makes hair tonics, complexion dope and the like. I've even known a maker of dog biscuit to be called 'doctor.' And old Grace has accumulated a million, they say."

"Ah!" mused Dogberry. "No wonder. He carries his own evidence of the efficiency of his preparations."

"Well, hardly that," said Smartweed. "He had his hair and complexion before he began the beautifying business. He is a monumental example of the potency of mere appearance upon the common mind, especially when the common mind is under a bald or sparsely thatched roof and is associated with a muddy complexion."

A LIVE QUESTION.

McCarthy—"What d' ye think th' wife is talkin' wid Mrs. Rafferty, Shorty?"

Shorty—"Shure, if 'tisn't wan thing it's another; an' belike it's about votin'."

To the Boston Cousin Who Sent a Copy of Omar.

Dearest Cousin Priscilla—It was so sweet of you to send me such a lovely Christmas gift as that copy of the Rubaiyat. It will be beautiful on my parlor table, for it just matches the cover. I suppose it must be the newest thing, for I've seen it advertised so much lately, and I do love to be up to date; but I thought it was by Oliver Herford or Carolyn Wells or somebody like that. Not, of course, that this isn't just as good!

I'm just crazy to read it, though, but Jim and I are so busy with theater and dinner parties! You've no idea!

You've no idea, either, how literary I feel with that lovely book lying there on my lovely new table cover!

We'll read it aloud when you come.

Fondly yours,

Maysie.

A Standpatter.

Though five years old, she wept and cried,
Her mother and aunties quite defied.
"I won't wear rompers, like Cousin Ned—
I want real dresses!" she hotly said.
"I want real dresses, like yours and aunts'.
I never can mother my dolls in pants!"

SAID IN JEST.

Employer (facetiously)—"Patrick, owing to the high price of automobile tires, foreign noblemen and pearl necklaces, I must once more reduce your salary."

Patrick—"Shure, go ahead. Th' first toime ye did thot same Oi turned vigitarean. Now what 'll Oi do—turn butterfly?"

The News.

"PAPA, why did you give the boy a penny?"

"To buy a paper."

"And why did you buy the paper?"

"Because, my son, I wished to learn that the revolution in Mexico is suppressed at last; that the Chinese loan has been successfully negotiated; that an aviator in France has broken the record; that Mrs. Somebody, of New York, has eloped with her chauffeur; that a cashier employed at a salary of nine dollars a week has just embezzled twenty thousand dollars and lost it on Wall Street; that the country is being saved or ruined by Theodore; that a young lady shouldn't hold hands without the written consent of older relatives; that fresh air rather than cold cream makes for beauty; that ninety per cent. of the population of Bengal wear smoked glasses, and that Boobenberger's semi-monthly anniversary jubilee bargain sale will be pulled off all this week." And with the smile of one who knows what the future holds for him, papa began on the first page.

His Requests.

A drummer from Chicago lay dying in Algiers.

(I've paid my poet's license, so just withhold your sneers!)

A reporter took this message when he'd feebly told his name:

"Tell my wife I love her only; tell Jones's wife the same."

The man who has wife and friend in one is to be envied.

The Modern Idea.

"Jones went to church yesterday, the first time in twenty years."

"Yes?"

"And they sang, 'Is My Name Written There?'"

"I see."

"And after the service was over, Jones went home and looked in the book to see if his name was written there."

"You don't say! What book did he look in?'

"Bradstreet's."

Regularly Employed.

Inquisitive old gent—"And what are you digging for, my good man?"

Knight of the pick—"Money."

I. O. G.—"You don't say! And when do you expect to find it?"

K. of P.—"Saturday night."

A COLLECTOR.

Stranger—"Who is that large woman leaning over the gate there?"
Native—"That 's the Widder Buskin. They say she 's got the biggest collection o' marriage certificates in the county."

After Election.

THE woman-suffrage amendment carried in Kansas and Wilson carried the State. An echo of the pre-election argument was heard in a grocery store the day following the election. A woman who has been one of the regular customers called and inquired the price of eggs. A clerk told her they were thirty cents a dozen.

"But," said the woman, "they have been thirty cents a dozen for some time. Are they no cheaper now?"

"Same old price," replied the clerk.

"Then," commented the customer, "they will not fool me again on this election business. I understood that if Wilson was elected, the price of things would go down."

"Perhaps it is a little too soon to expect a change in the price of eggs," said the clerk. "You know, it will be two years before the hens have a chance to vote."

Misinterpreted.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the doorman at the Staghorn Club. "Haven't you made a mistake?"

"I reckon not," replied Si Corntassel. "The sign on the door says 'No Admission,' and if they's no admission it's free, ain't it?"

"She Couldn't."

Housemaid—"Aunt Hetty, do you eat okra?"

Aunt Hetty—"No, chile; it am too slippery fer me!"

Housemaid—"I believe I saw you eat some the other day."

Aunt Hetty—"I did, honey; but I wouldn't, if I could of cotch it!"

Disproved.

Who was the idiot to bring in
That senseless superstition,
That ever should the best man win
In any competition?

It fails the moment it's applied.
Just put it to the test, man!
The bridegroom always wins the bride,
And never is the best man!

—*George B. Morewood.*

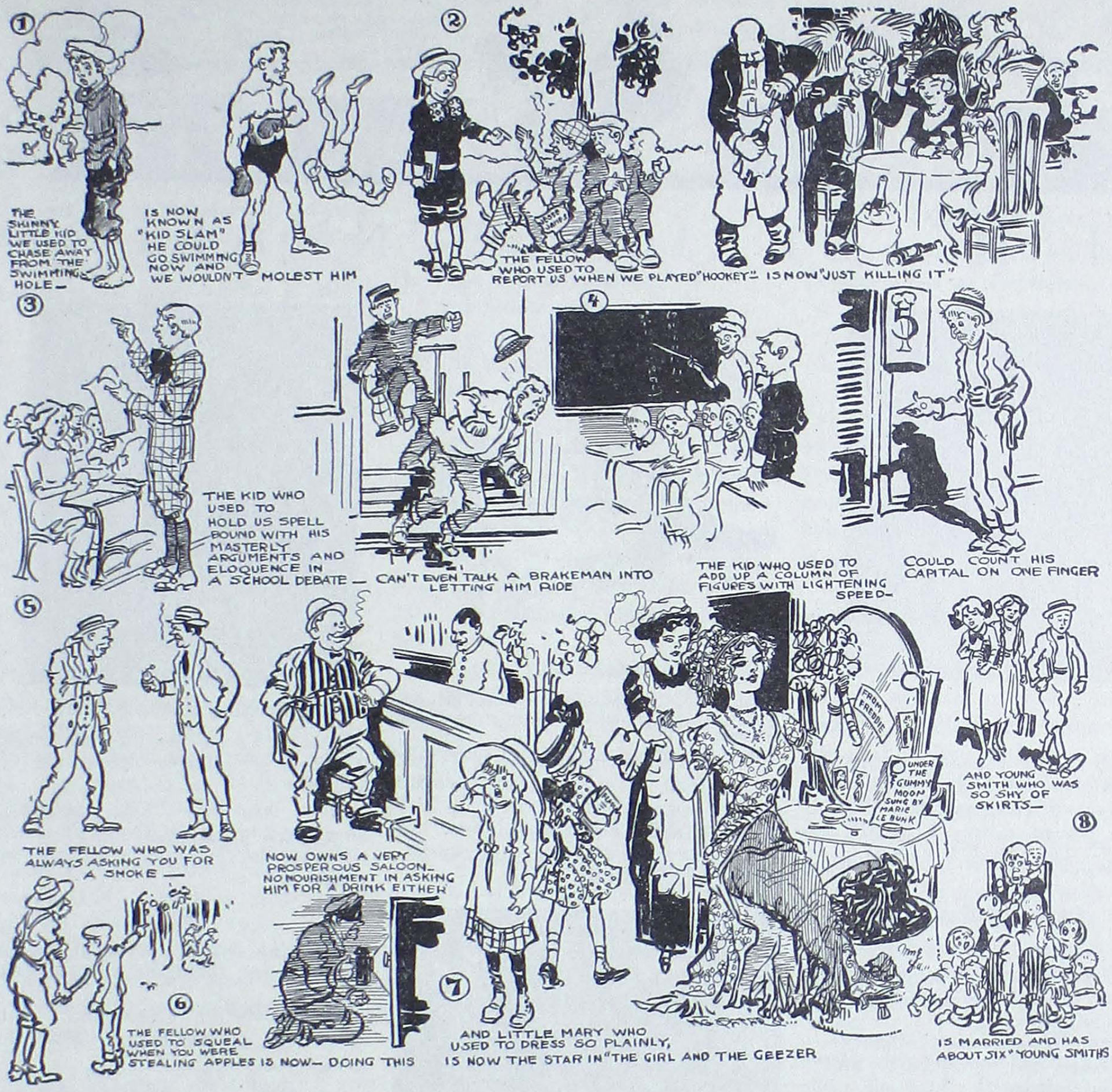
Monopolies.

Though steel and gas and iron must
Divide the world in parts,
Yet love controls the strongest trust—
The syndicate of hearts.

Both Speedy.

Helter—"How did Binks get through his fortune so quickly?"

Skelter—"The cab and the cabaret."


①
THE SKINNY LITTLE KID WE USED TO CHASE AWAY FROM THE SWIMMING HOLE—
IS NOW KNOWN AS "KID SLAM" HE COULD GO SWIMMING NOW AND WE WOULDN'T MOLEST HIM
②
THE FELLOW WHO USED TO REPORT US WHEN WE PLAYED "HOOKEY"— IS NOW "JUST KILLING IT"
③
THE KID WHO USED TO HOLD US SPELL BOUND WITH HIS MASTERLY ARGUMENTS AND ELOQUENCE IN A SCHOOL DEBATE —
④
CAN'T EVEN TALK A BRAKEMAN INTO LETTING HIM RIDE
⑤
THE KID WHO USED TO ADD UP A COLUMN OF FIGURES WITH LIGHTENING SPEED—
⑤
COULD COUNT HIS CAPITAL ON ONE FINGER
THE FELLOW WHO WAS ALWAYS ASKING YOU FOR A SMOKE —
NOW OWNS A VERY PROSPEROUS SALOON— NO NOURISHMENT IN ASKING HIM FOR A DRINK EITHER
⑥
THE FELLOW WHO USED TO SQUEAL WHEN YOU WERE STEALING APPLES IS NOW— DOING THIS
⑦
AND LITTLE MARY WHO USED TO DRESS SO PLAINLY, IS NOW THE STAR IN "THE GIRL AND THE GEEZER
FROM FREDDIE
UNDER THE GUMMY MOON SUNG BY MARIE LE BUNK
AND YOUNG SMITH WHO WAS SO SHY OF SKIRTS—
⑧
IS MARRIED AND HAS ABOUT SIX "YOUNG SMITHS

WHAT BECOMES OF THE GANG WE USED TO KNOW?

The Inborn Trait.

SWEET Nell, whose age is two times two,
One day upon my knee will coo
Love words, hold up her lips to kiss.
Next day she is a frigid miss.

Girls must be born men to perplex
And tease and tantalize and vex,
Because Nell's grown-up sister, May,
Doth also treat me that same way.

—*Terrell Love Holliday.*

Prudence.

He (passionately)—"I would give my life for you, dearest!"

She (calculatingly)—"Are you insured?"

The Spinster's Jest.

Confidential friend (to elderly spinster)—"So, my dear, you've given up advocating women's rights?"

Elderly spinster—"Yes; I'm now going in for one of women's lefts."

Friend—"Women's lefts! What's that?"

Spinster—"Widower, my dear."

Convincing.

Crawford—"In regard to the turkey trot, what has convinced you that it is vulgar?"

Crabshaw—"I find it's always part of the performance where they give refined vaudeville."

What It Meant.

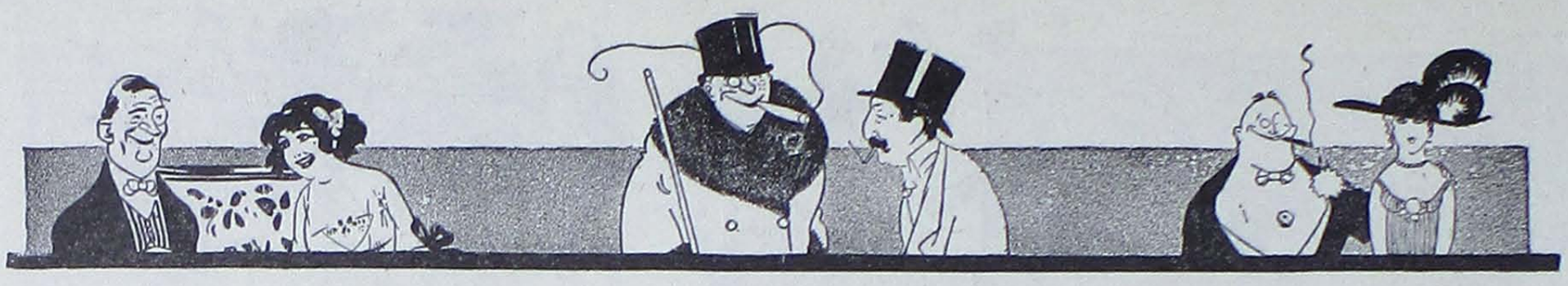
"Jack and I have parted forever."

"Good gracious! What does that mean?"

"Means I'll get a five-pound box of candy in about an hour."

A Substitute for Coal.

The wise man who has saved all the campaign literature he has received since early in June last will find it a very excellent mulch to put on a dying furnace fire in the absence of coal. Most of it will be found sufficiently inflammable without the use of paraffin or other dangerous aids to combustion.



WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

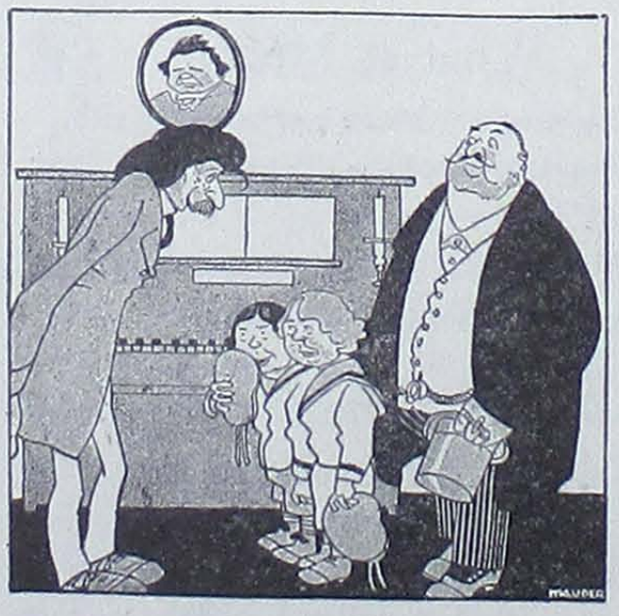
But He Will!

Tommy (after repeated attempts to get at the jam, and not realizing the arrival of his mother)—"If I pull the house down, I won't be beaten!"—*The Sketch* (London).

Snobs and Snobs.

Little Snob—"I don't see any waiters. Why don't they wear uniforms? You can't tell who are gentlemen and who are not, can you?"

Superior waiter (sarcastically)—"We waiters find no difficulty, sir!"—*London Opinion.*



A Summary Order.

"Hier, dene zwoa Buben lernen S' mir vierhändig Klavier spielen!"

"Here, teach these two boys to play piano with four hands!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Qualified.

Mais, chere madame, puisque je vous dis que je suis membre de l'œuvre du relèvement des femmes.

The hobble-skirt lady has fallen and objects to aid: "Dear madam, you will permit me to assist you if I tell you that I am a member of the Order for the Uplifting of Women."—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Consolation.

"Es el quinto sombrero de primavera que compras."

"Consuélate, es el último: ahora tengo que buscar de verano."

Husband—"It's the fifth autumn hat that you are buying."

Wife—"Console yourself. It's the last. I shall buy no more until winter."—*Sucesos* (Santiago, Chili).

Contrasting Literary Taste.

Jane—"Excuse me, madam; might I borrow 'Nietzsche' from the library?"

Her mistress—"Oh, certainly, Jane; and bring me down 'The Lady with the Purple Sash.'"—*Bystander* (London).

Art.

Painting master (to pupil)—"Too much green. Why did you put in so much?"

Pupil—"Well, I thought it went well with my red hair."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Betrayed.

Gattin (von der Sommerreise heimkehrend)—"Na, Du muszt es ja recht hübsch getrieben! Der Papagei ruft jetzt nichts als 'prosit' und 'ex'!"

Wife (returning from her summer trip)—"Well, you have been behaving nicely, I dare say. The parrot repeats nothing but 'Here goes!' and 'Drink 'er down!'"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

AMUSING STORIES ABOUT WELL-KNOWN PERSONS.

Court of Unlimited Jurisdiction.

SHORTLY after the late De Witt Clinton Duncan, for a number of years one of the leading lawyers of the old Cherokee Nation, returned from Dartmouth College with his sheepskin, he appeared for a client

in the tribal court before Judge George W. Clark. Duncan's lips were fairly dripping with technical legal phrases, many of which the court could not understand, for in those days only the general principles of law were necessary in the trial of causes. Duncan's argument continued for some time, during which the judge was doing his best to comprehend what the young fellow was driving at. At length he learned that the jurisdiction of the court was questioned.

"Now, look here, Clint Duncan," said Judge Clark, partly rising from his seat and pointing a long index finger at the young lawyer. "I've got enough of your smart talk. I've jurisdicted this case thus far, and, by granny! I'll jurisdict it the rest of the way!"

A Willing Worker.

That it doesn't do to probe too deeply into the motives of a man is evidenced by the following:

There appeared before a certain Illinois judge a tale of jurymen. Each man explained that service at that term of court would mean disaster to him—that is, all except a man

at the end of the line, a hunter and trapper who had lived in a cabin all his life.

"You have no excuse to offer?" asked the judge, in surprise.

"No, sir."

"You have no sick mother or relative that need your care and attention?"

"No, sir."

"How about your crops?"

"I don't raise anything."

"Any fences to fix up?"

"Nary a fence, judge."

"You think that you can give two weeks of your time to service on this jury?"

"I sure can, judge."

The judge was nonplused. Finally, his curiosity overcoming his discretion, he asked,

"You are the only man who has the time to serve his State as a juryman. Would you mind telling me how that is?"

"I don't mind telling you," said the hunter and trapper. "I heard you were going to try Bill Mooney this term. He shot a dog of mine once."

A Line of Talk.

A Pittsburgh business man, during a week-end stay at a resort near that city, was endeavoring on Saturday

morning to get into telephonic communication with the city.

It appears that two telephone girls were just then discussing what they should wear to a function they had planned to attend the next day. Five minutes elapsed, and they had, to the dismay of the Pittsburgher, reached no decision in the matter.

He ventured, in the midst of this important conversation, humbly to ask what number he had. No reply. He was not, however, completely discouraged; so he again asked for the number.

Whereupon one of the girls became most indignant and scornfully asked,

"What line do you think you're on, anyhow?"

"I am not sure," said the Pittsburgher, "but I think it must be the clothes line."

An Obedient Servant.

Commodore Maury, of Virginia, famous alike as statesman, seaman

and scientist, was much honored and feasted by English aristocracy. Consequently, when a noble lord and his suite visited him, they were welcomed with true Southern hospitality.

The first meal of their stay was breakfast, and Mrs. Maury felt no need to caution her well-trained servants; but to a small boy, whose duty it was to bring in relays of waffles, cakes, beaten biscuit, etc., she said, "Now, Jinks, be sure and offer the waffles to the lord first."

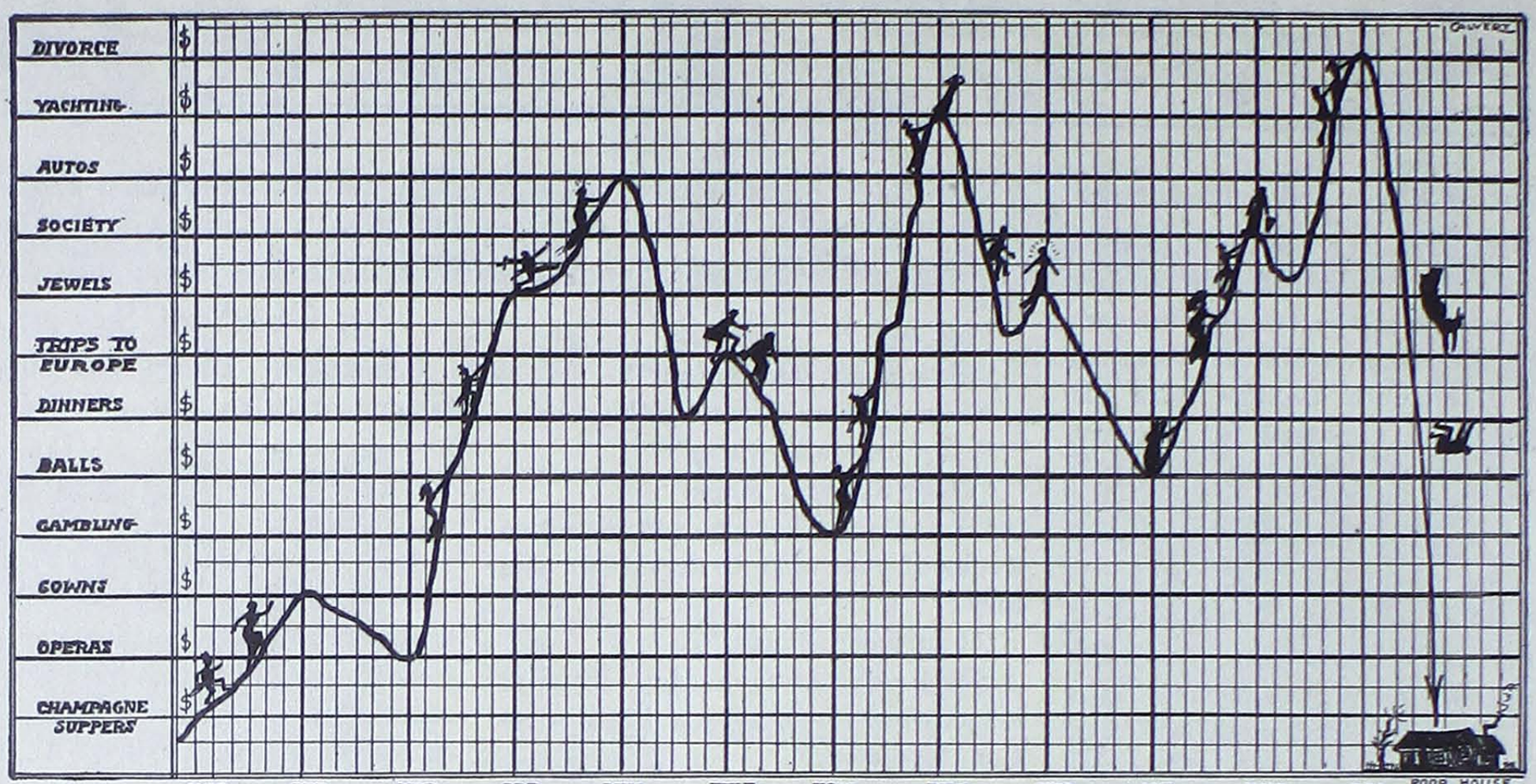
Breakfast was proceeding with all smoothness, when suddenly the white-aproned, shiny-black youngster appeared in the door, and with rolling eyes and trembling hands raised aloft his steaming plate of waffles in full sight of the company, exclaiming,

"Oh, Lawd Gawd, Ole Miss say please have some er dees hyuh waffles while dee hot! Amen."

Wanted the Others.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman tells the story of the woman who went to market one morning to buy some geese and found five hanging outside the shop. "I am a boarding-house keeper," she remarked, with a smile. "Will you pick out for me the three

of those geese that are toughest?" The man laughed knowingly and obeyed. "Thank you," said the woman briskly. "Now I'll take the other two."



THE LATEST SOCIETY CHART—"OVER THE HILLS TO THE POOR HOUSE."

The Gossip, the Doodle, et al.

By BYRON WILLIAMS.

I'M PUZZLED," said I to my wife t'other day.
"Perhaps you can figure it out for me, pray."
She paused in her peelin' pertaters and said,
"Adolphus Adonis, you jist go ahead!"

I PROPOUND IT.

"The gossip, the doodle, the strawberry tree
Are things that exist—it's as plain as can be;
But never a woman admitted the coin,
Nor ever a doodle acknowledged the corn!
Who ever picked straw from a strawberry tree?
Now, what is the answer? Oh, tell it to me!"

SHE SETS ME RIGHT.

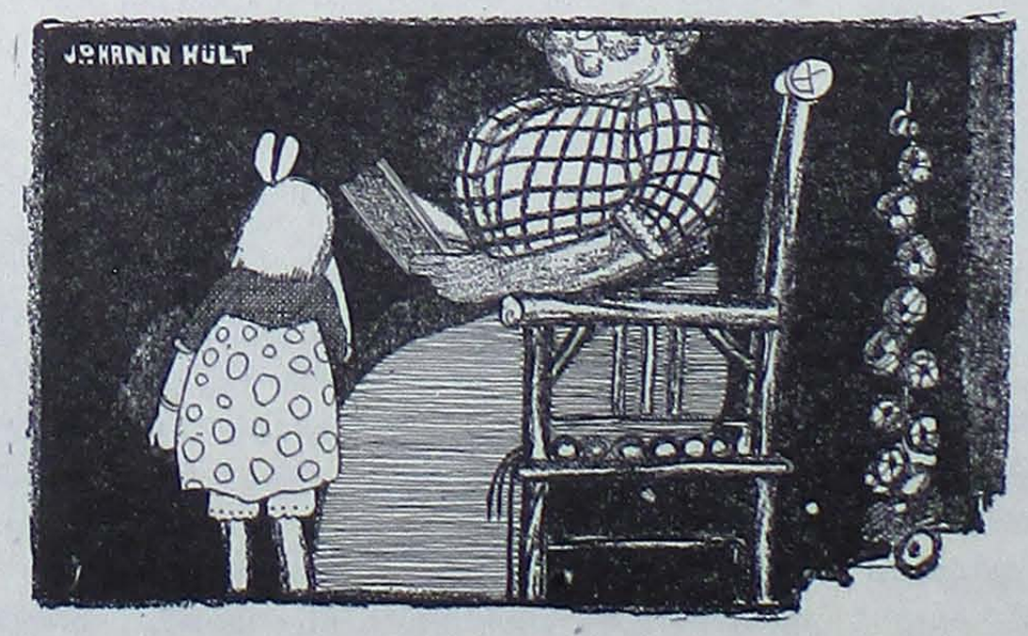
"It's plain as the nose on your face," said my wife,
A-pointin' at me with the blade of her knife.
"The gossip, the doodle, the strawberry tree
Are merely inventions of men on a spree!"

She made in a 'tater a terrible gash
And gave me a look that cut deep like a lash.
"You quit losin' sleep over gossips," she said,
"And cut me some wood if you hope to break bread!"

Now, why should a man seek to puzzle his brain
When woman is runnin' the whole blessed train?
The gossip, the doodle, the strawberry tree
Kin all go to thunder, as fer as I see!

Dottie—"Are you unhappy with your husband?"

Hattie—"I can't see him long enough to find out."



"Oh, mamma! I asked the cow to give me some milk, and her husband chased me."

Up-to-date Resolutions.

"The Williamses certainly have made queer New Year's resolutions!"

"What are they?"

"Well, she resolved not to smoke any more cigarettes, drink any more highballs, or take any trips to woman's-rights conventions."

"And he"——

"He resolved to make her allowance so small that she would be compelled to keep her resolution!"

Tempus Fugit.

Let's try to make high living jibe with the higher life.

One minute to twelve, and one minute after twelve. Another year! How time flies!

The active "big noise" of New Year's Eve may be the "quiet still" of New Year's.

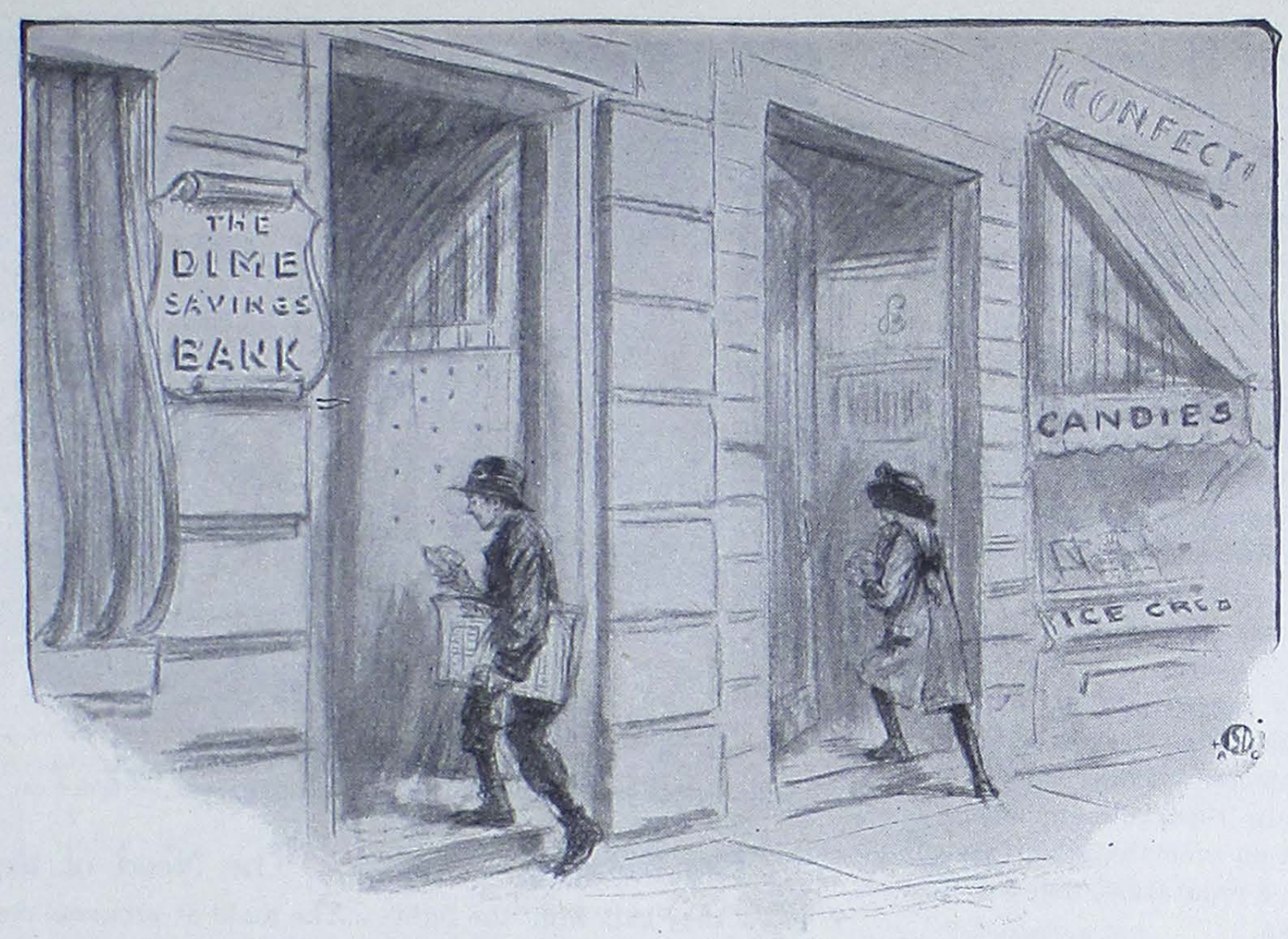
Even the modest man blows his horn on New Year's Eve.

More failures result from shouting a little too little than a little too much. But not on New Year's Eve.

A big head often denotes a small pocketbook.

Clara—"Did the bride look natural?"

Belle—"Decidedly; even her flowers were artificial."



CONSERVATION AND WASTE

The Church of the Near Future.

From the Herald of Zion.

THE Rev. E. Lycurgus Gabb will preach on Sunday morning, at ten-thirty, on the topic, "The Progress of the War on Tuberculosis." His evening topic will be "The Best Seller in Recent Fiction." The topic of the weekly prayer meeting will be "Peter the Great," illustrated by fine moving pictures. There will also be a moving-picture show in the church on Monday evening.

On Tuesday evening the Athletic Association of the church will have a prize drill and a contest for a silver cup, in which the young men of a sister church will take part. A good time is expected.

On Wednesday evening there will be an interesting and exciting basketball contest in the gym of the church, followed by a supper, to be paid for by the losing team.

On Thursday evening two teams will each try to do the other up in a bowling contest, which promises to pack the bowling alley of the church to the limit. After the contest, some of the experts in the swimming line will do some fancy swimming stunts in the church swimming pool.

On Friday evening the young people of the church will have a rag-tag and bob-tail social, which promises to be a very hilarious affair. A prize will be given to the person attending in the most ridiculous costume.

On Saturday night there will be a baked-bean supper, to be followed by a pleasing entertainment.

It is in this way that the church is opening its doors every day in the week and seeking to create Christian character among its adherents. Let the good work go on.—*Morris Wade.*

UP-TO-DATE.

Aunt—"Won't you introduce me to your little friend?"

Lilly Pute—"This ain't me little friend. This is me social secretary."

Papa's Waterloo.

Young Popps—"Dearest, what did your father say when you told him of our engagement?"

Daphne Sweet—"Darling, it was too funny! He gulped a few times, and then turned to the parrot. 'Polly,' said he appealingly, 'please help me out!'"

A Wise Guy.

"This is an excellent picture of you," said Cumso, examining a photograph of Howso. "Have you ever been done in oil?"

"Not on your life!" replied Howso. "I always steer clear of curb-market securities."

Be a Helper.

WHEN your neighbor treats you coolly, smile upon him happily; - and if he is not a fool, he ought to laugh another day. Lend him anything he asks for—money, tools or clothes or food—and assist him in his tasks and volunteer to saw his wood.

If a woman has a figure like a bunch of celery, compliment her on her rig or make yourself a devotee. Give your time to every drummer, agent, idler, fool or bore; drink with drinker, mumm with mummer, and do everybody's chore.

Treat each person you encounter just as though it was a joy to advise, give some amount or any labor to employ. Help them all—in every station—just do everything you can. You will get a reputation, and you'll be a busy man. —*J. A. Waldron.*

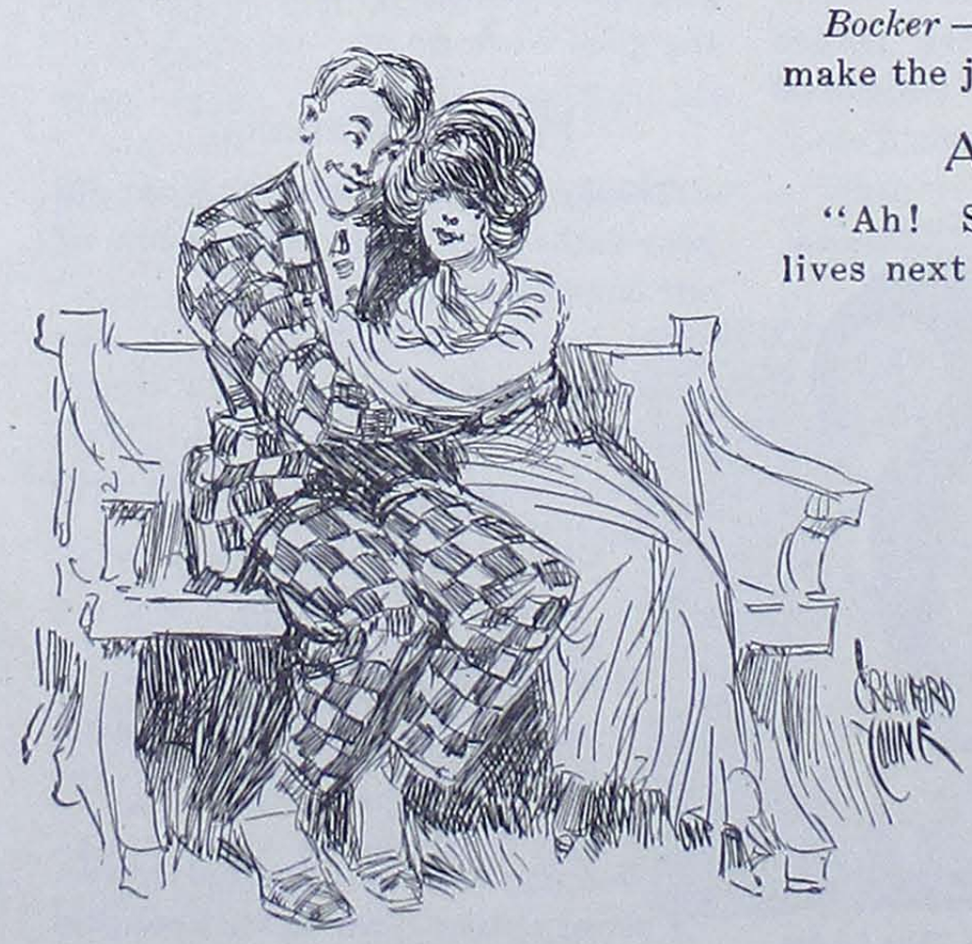
Both Sides.

Crawford—"To do a thing well, you know, you must do it yourself."

Crabshaw—"But you miss the fun of seeing the other fellow work."

The Kiss at the Gate.

"He kissed me at the gate," said she,
In speaking of her lover.
"I never told of it, but he
Repeated it twice over."



SHE WAS DEAF TO HIS SUIT.

PLEASURE OR EXERCISE.

"Which would you rather do, Katie; have another soda, or take a car home?"

The Reason.

"Why do they call him 'the fighting parson'?"

"Because he has to fight his parishioners to get his salary."

Where Safety Lies.

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained,"
Is a motto that has cost.
The safest way to put it is—
"Nothing ventured, nothing lost!"

Method.

Knicker—"How did he develop his football muscle?"

Bocker—"Kicking radiators to make the janitor give heat."

Another Cause.

"Ah! So the Hon. Thomas Rott lives next door to you? And does, as the old saying put it, familiarity breed contempt, in this instance?"

"That wasn't what started it," replied the pessimistic citizen addressed.

"Say, pa?"

"What is it?"

"Does a man have to belong to the union in order to labor under a delusion?"

The Need of the Hour.

The maid at progress does not wink,
Nor does she ever stupid seem;
She is advanced, but does not think
The suffrage question is supreme.

To other things her thoughts do flow—
The leading question, sayeth she,
Is one she looks for from her beau,
And that is, "Will you marry me?" —*Nathan M. Levy.*

Modern.

Wiseman—"Modernity rules. I see one of the Kings engaged against the Turks went to the war in an automobile."

Ironicus—"Yes. Yet to get results all he had to do was to touch the high speed and shut his eyes."

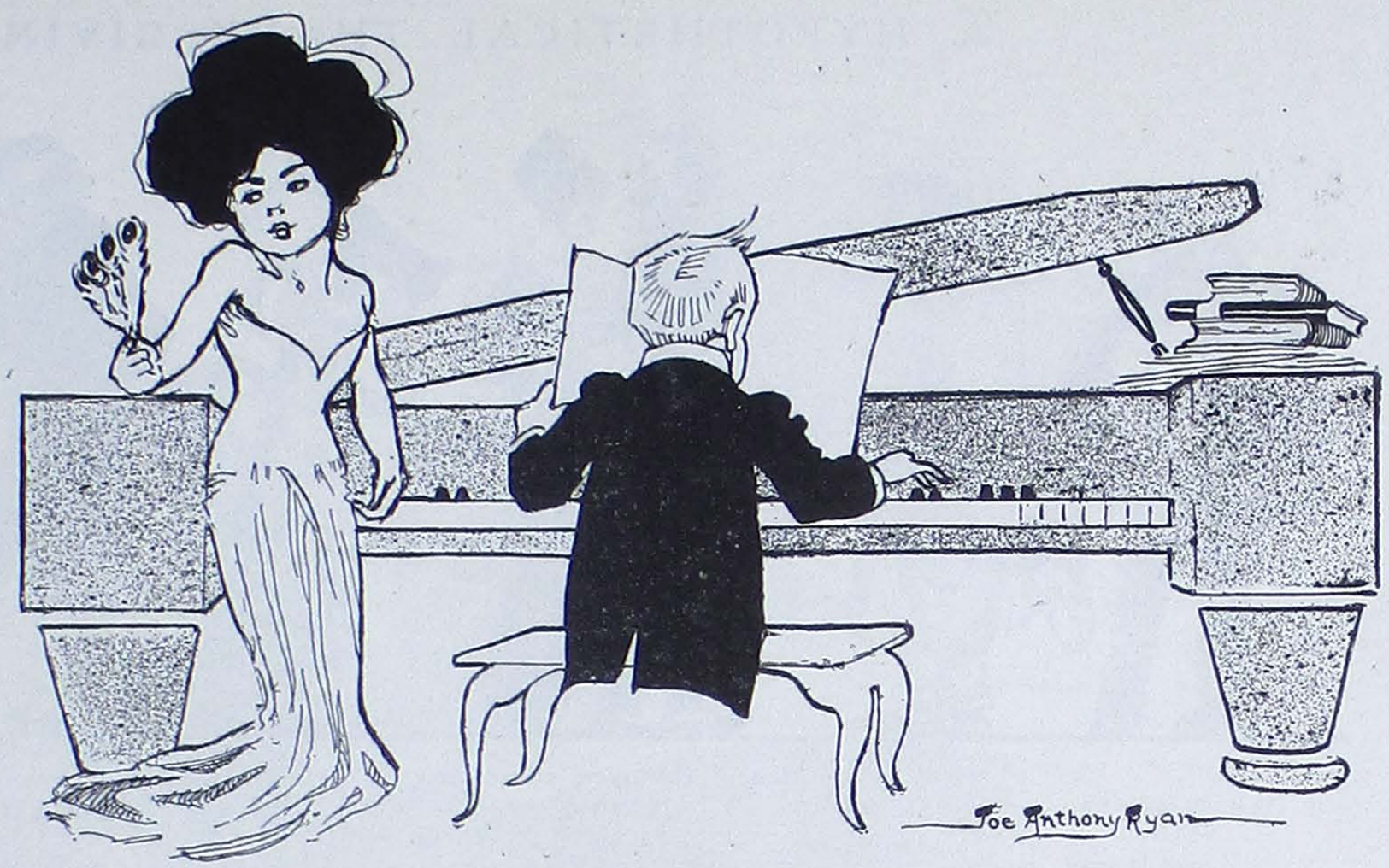
Time's Ravages.

Wiseman—"I see Paris is going to spend $50,000,000 to make herself more beautiful."

Ironicus—"Quite a sum for paint, cosmetics and the like; but old beauties have to use them."

Imitative.

Canada's adoption of Thanksgiving Day is a reminder that the Dominion is an esteemed neighbor that might well imitate this country in some other things.



A. Bore—"Yes, I learned to play entirely by ear."
Miss Bright—"And have you never had an earache?"

A Confession.

I AM A Thanksgiver.

I have a generous and grateful nature.

I also have a splendid appetite.

I also am always ready to have a holiday.

I look forward to the last Thursday in November with considerable pleasure.

I know, of course, that I am going to eat too much; but, at the same time, I will have plenty of leisure in which to digest it.

I have a vague notion, furthermore, that I am somehow eating in a good cause.

I am anxious to approach the occasion with all due enthusiasm and to conform to the spirit of the day.

I read the President's proclamation and I confess it sounds a bit uplifting.

I go to church if I can spare the time from golf or the football game.

I sit down at the table.

I see the food before me and I fall to with a will.

I eat and eat and eat, and the more I eat, the more I feel that it is no better than many another meal I have had recently which involved no thanks whatsoever.

I light my cigar and think the matter over.

I can recall many people who should feel thankful to me, but none, in the heavens above or the earth beneath, to whom I have not already given value received.

I rack my brain in the effort to give thanks, but can think of no worthy place to bestow them.

I conclude that everybody else is in the same boat, and that, as a matter of fact, it is a hollow ceremony, without force or effect except, perhaps, as a sacrifice to the god of gluttony.

I am sorry to reach this conclusion, but I can find no way out of it.

I am a Thanksgiver.

A PROTEST.
The turkey—"No, sir; nothing like that in our family."

The Good Cause.

"You promised to call," she began,
"and what is it
Could act as a cause for postponing your visit?"
"That my plans have miscarried is certainly true,"
He replied, "but the cause is a parent to you."

Her Daring.

"Courageous, isn't she?"

"Very! Why, she is engaged to marry a man named Triplett!"

Post-mortem Inquiry.

"Speaking of the dead languages, professor," inquired a new student, "who killed them?"

A HYPOTHETICAL THANKSGIVING

Chorus—"Gee! I'd have something to be thankful for if——

THE BUSINESS MAN.
—"I could do something besides make money, like that fellow can."

THE ARTIST.
—"I could find an inspiration like that inappreciative saphead has."

THE SAPHEAD.
—"I could make five hundred dollars a week for only thirty minutes' work a day, like that vaudeville actor."

THE VAUDEVILLE ACTOR.
—"I could only get in the 'legit'."

THE "LEGIT".
—"I did but have an infinitesimal part of yon Crœsus's wealth that I might wine and dine this day."

THE CRŒSUS.
—"I could only eat a turkey 'drumstick' the way I did when I was a kid."

Egg View Note.

IT ISN'T expected that Ambrose Crosslotts will enjoy Thanksgiving Day overly much this year. He has been suffering the past three days with shooting pains in his back. He tried to carry off Ote Gimber's prize leggern rooster Sunday night.

What Luck!

Fond mamma—"What have you in your apron?"

Daughter (breathlessly)—"Oh, mamma, such good luck! Clara Gray's cat had six kittens and her mamma would only let her keep one, so she gave me the other five!"

ONE OF 'EM.

Lady—"Are you leaving us so soon, Norah!"
New cook—"Yes, mum. I never stay long in one place, mum."
Lady—"I see. You 're one of those Cooks' tourists."

Not So Strange.

"I see by the paper that a swarm of bees up in Maine gave every sign of intoxication and attacked several persons viciously, stinging some of them seriously. Now, how do you suppose those bees got drunk?"

"Oh, anything can happen in a prohibition State!"

A Thought for Thanksgiving.

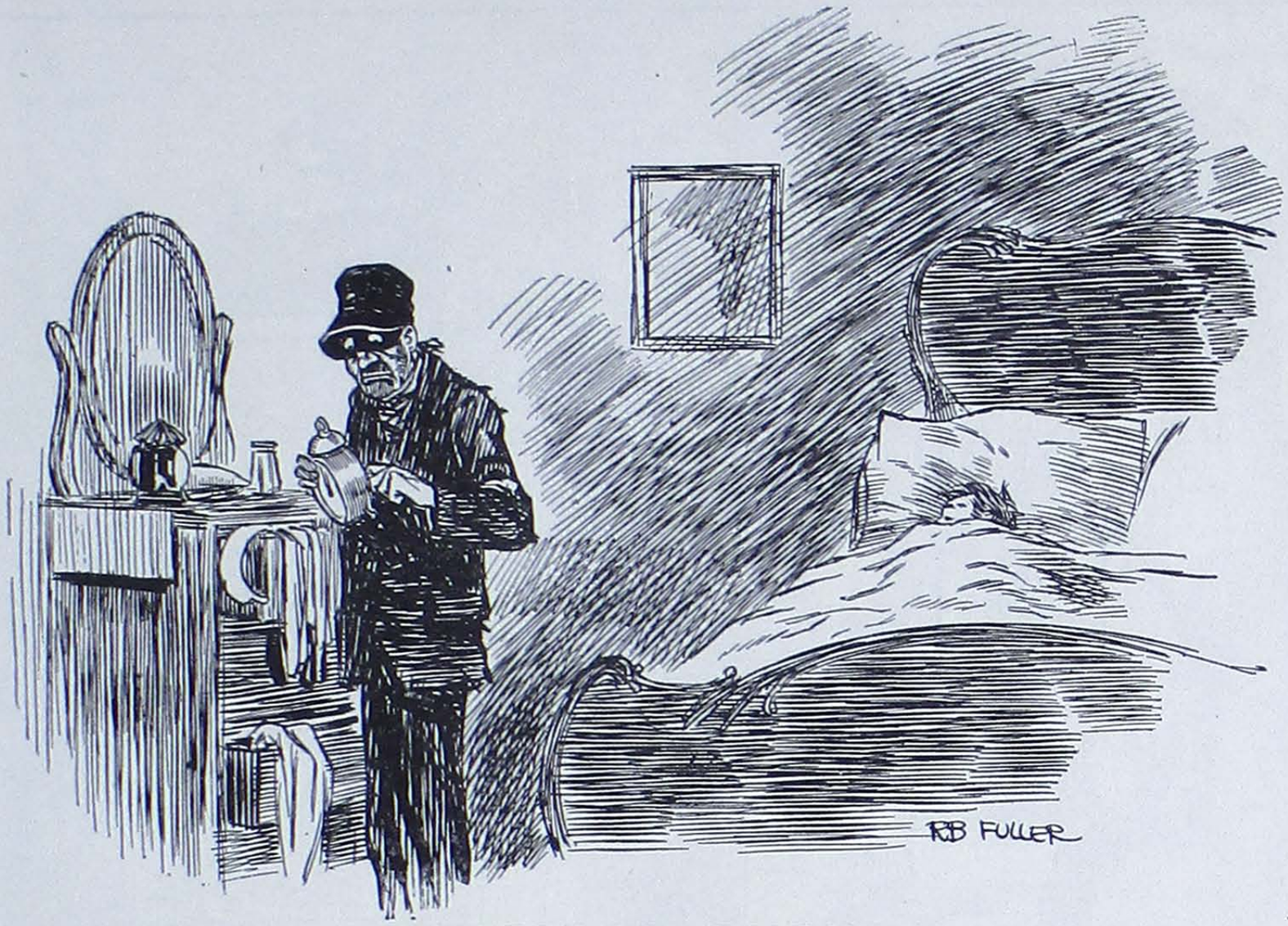
When round the dish you slide and slip
And arms perform gymnastics jerky,
It's tough on you, but don't you think
It's even tougher on the turkey?

All He Had.

Henry Augustus was learning to dress himself; he was not as big as the name sounds.

Mother, looking on, said, "Why, my son, you have your shoes on the wrong feet!"

"Well," screamed Henry Augustus, "they're the only feet I have to put 'em on!"



GETTING EVEN.

Burglar—"Not a thing in the place; but here 's where I git even. I 'll set his alarm fer t'ree o'clock."

From a Philosopher's Notebook.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

DROPS.

A drop of ink
May make a million think!

A drop in beef
Would bring us much relief!
A drop in beer
Would make a billion cheer!
A drop in rent
Would find us all content—
In snort, a drop in anything
Will make a grateful nation ring
With cries of a sincere Thanksgiving
As high as is the cost of living!

A little limelight, now and then, is relished by the best of men.

Bad news needs no special stamp to insure its prompt delivery.

Success too early achieved becomes a millstone on the neck of effort.

The angry man should never do to-day what he can put off until to-morrow.

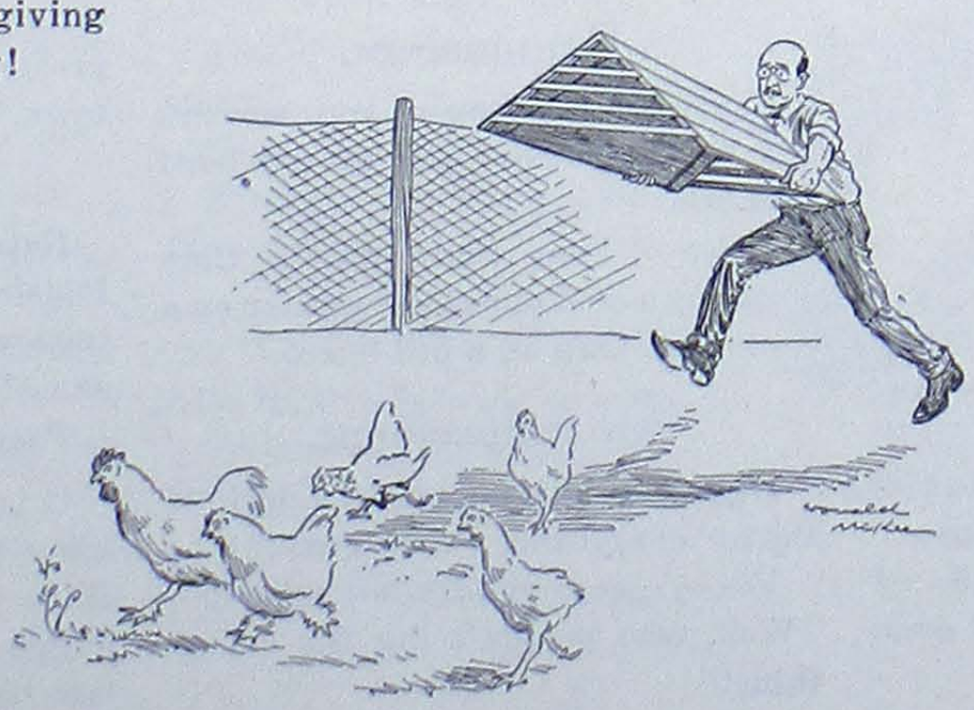
If all men voted as they think, there would be a tremendous falling off in the total.

Life is full of precipices, and he is a fortunate man who never falls over his own bluff.

Each age produces its own philosophy. Even a wise saw may lose its teeth in time.

Some men seem to believe that the only degree worth having is a pedigree, forgetting that it is the end of the line that begins to fray.

Always tell a woman the worst, my son. Not only does she expect it, but she won't be happy till she gets it.



WALL STREET EXPRESSION.
"Trying to re-coop his losses."

Wine may be stimulating, and anger righteous; but the two together lead on to folly.

A family tree is a fine possession, but we must be careful that it does not cast us in the shade.

The wisdom teeth are so called probably because they keep themselves out of the public eye.

A Patriotic Ambition.

I own I have been shedding
These sticky, tallow tears;
The corners of my mouth turn down,
So sad my lot appears.
A smoky Jack o' Lantern,
I sit and vainly sigh
To be, when comes Thanksgiving,
Historic pumpkin pie.

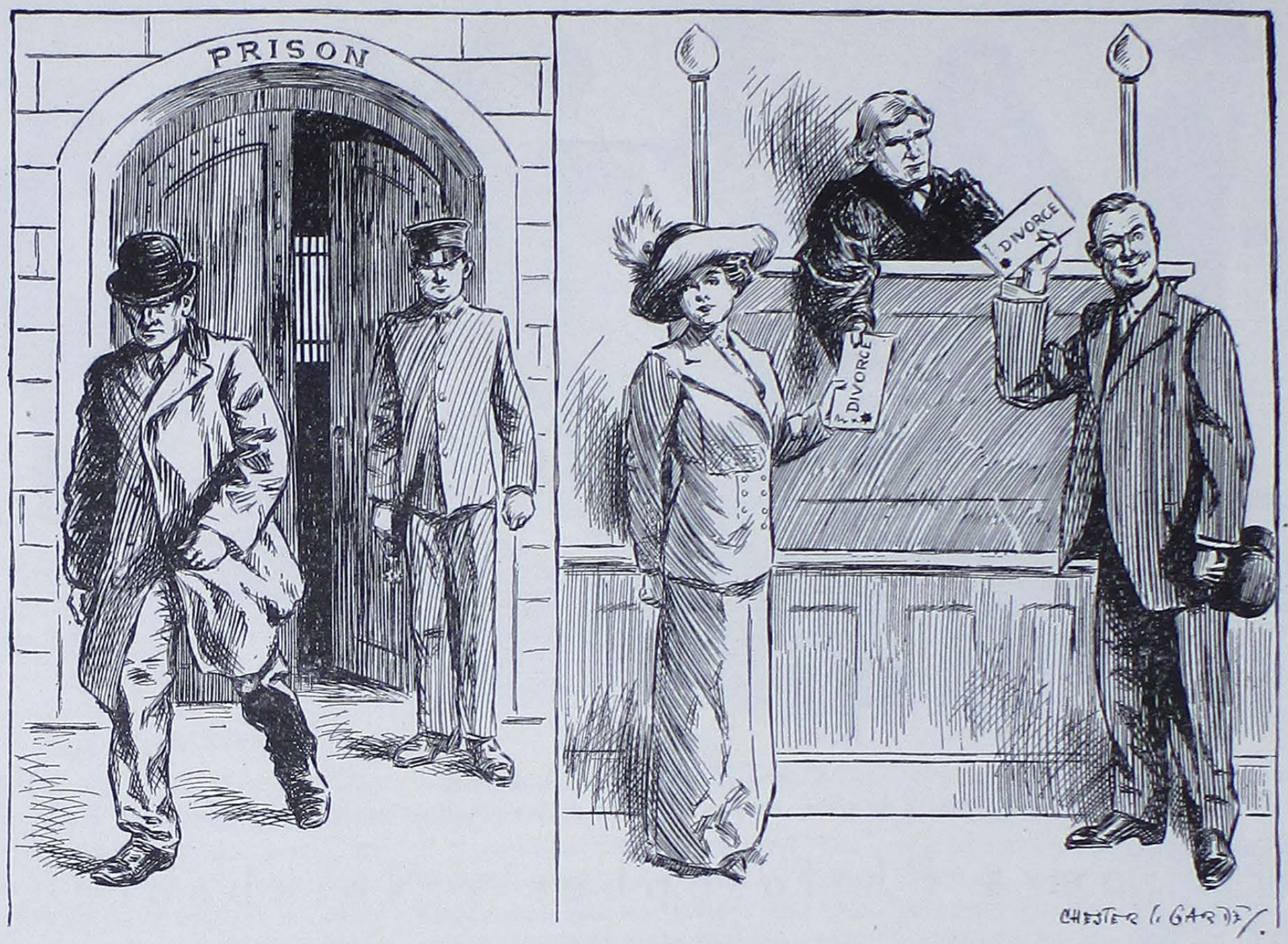
Nothing Material.

"Pa, what's 'art for art's sake'?"

"That, my son, is what makes your ma pay two hundred dollars for a Paris hat."

Often.

Love may be blind, but marriage is often an eye-opener.



This man gets a commutation on his life sentence for good behavior.

And this one gets a commutation on his life sentence for bad behavior.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Discrimination.

THE village poor man had again mowed her lawn, and, in addition to paying him for his work, the kind lady set out some provisions.

"Do you like puddings, Mr. Brown?" she queried.

"Yes, mum," he replied; "good ones, I do."

"Will you have some of this?"

"No, mum."

What It Was For.

Inquisitive lady (to library attendant)—"There's a room labeled 'Vault' on the door. What is that used for?"

Facetious attendant—"Oh, that is where they keep the dead languages."

And the lady sniffed a couple of times and walked away without even thanking him.

Concerning a Bird.

A turkey is a wondrous bird,
  And, by a method cunning,
It often lasts, upon my word,
  For thirty days hand running.
It lasts so long upon the hoof,
  So long upon the dummy,
That even Fido stands aloof
  When Hannah boils the mummy. —*Harrold Skinner.*

Reminiscent.

Reporter—"I suppose your success has been achieved only after a hard struggle."

Actor—"Yes; there was a time when my name appeared oftener on a board bill than on a bill board."

An Inducement.

Magnate—"Young man, I had to dig for everything I ever got!"

Young man (mildly surprised)—"Well, who wouldn't dig for everything?"

In Speedy New York.

Visiting New York for the first time, Uncle Henry happened to figure in an exciting runaway accident.

When he was finally rescued, his anxious nephew exclaimed,

"You must have been frightened half to death!"

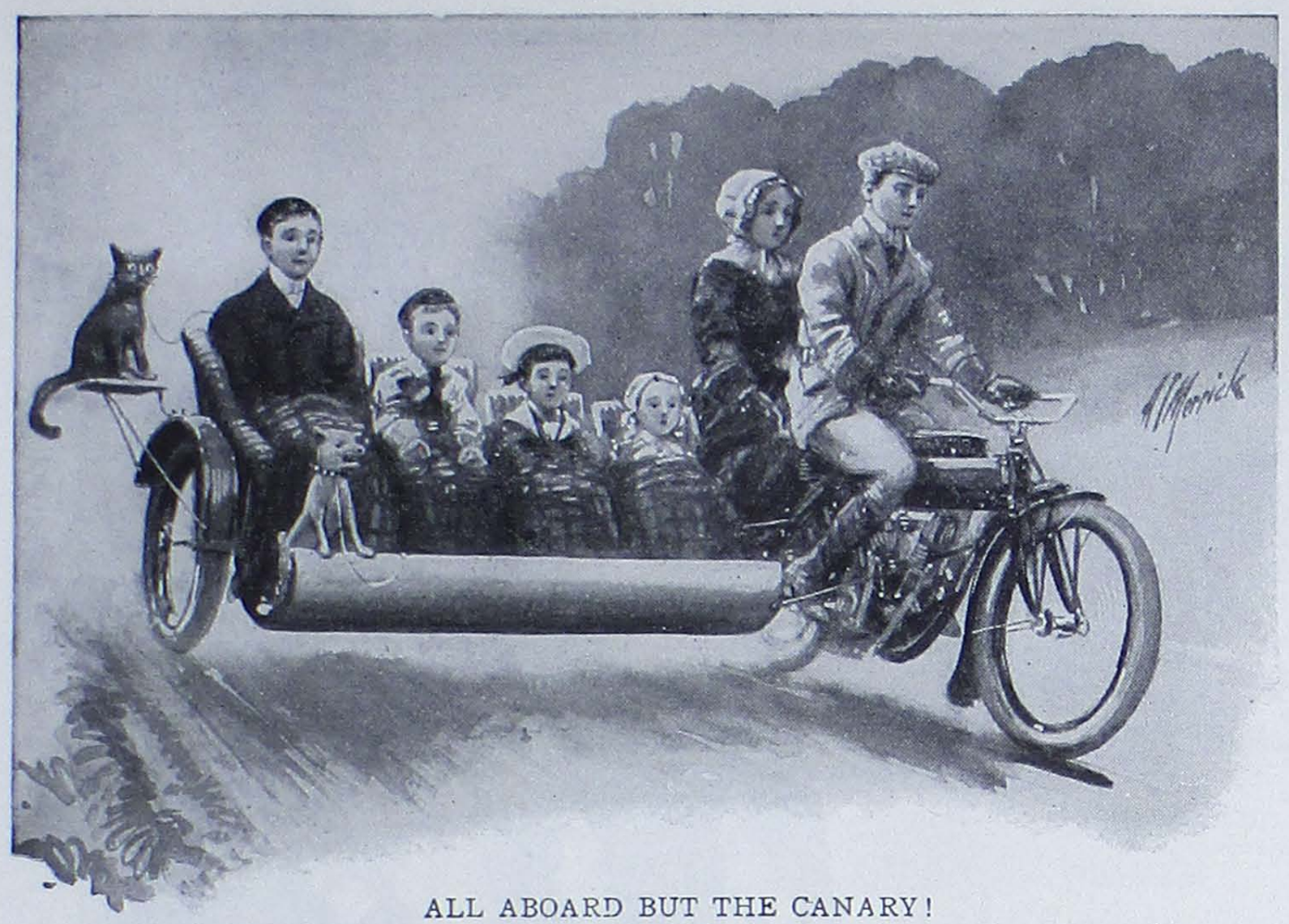
"No, indeed," replied Uncle Henry. "To tell the truth, I hardly knew the difference. I've been traveling at a pretty lively gait ever since I struck town."

Ring Off.

Gasso—"I just met your friend, De Puysinghauser. Is he connected with the wealthy New York family of that name?"

Passo—"No. Disconnected."

It is the occasional enjoyment of some things that gives them zest. With turkey, cranberries and trimmings every day, Thanksgiving would lose its charm.



ALL ABOARD BUT THE CANARY!

Housemother's Thanksgiving.

HOUSEMOTHER, wake! Thanksgiving Day is here,
When all the kindred—far-off ones and near—
Will gather round your board in glad array,
With appetites saved up (seems like) a year!

Prepare yourself, like many another wife,
For that so trying moment of your life,
When father cracks his ancient, annual joke
About the dullness of the carving knife!

Bake, broil and stew, for 'tis a problem tough
When to feel sure the larder's full enough;
For guests there are who never seem to fill
Their hungry selves, although they stuff and stuff!

Step lively all day long! Be at the beck
And call of household duties without check;
Yea, when the dinner's served, be thankful if
Your plate contains the turkey's skinny neck!—*Mazie V. Caruthers.*

Pride.

Professor of voice culture—"You have a promising contralto voice."

High society (airily)—"But, professor, I'd rather sing soprano, for it's much higher toned."

Her Argument.

"In reasoning power," she began,
"Woman, no doubt, surpasses man.
Each thinker this conclusion draws."
"Why so?" he asked. Said she, "Because."

True to Life.

Mr. Justwed—"Well, dearest, how did you like the play?"

Mrs. Justwed—"Quite true to life—they changed servants in every act."

Not a Bad Idea.

Scene, street car; weather, stormy.

Conductor—"Transfer, sir?"

Passenger—"No; I guess I'll have a rain check."

In Modern Shape.

Ann K. Doodle went to town
To buy a gown so tony;
She bought one at the swellest shop
That looked like macaroni.

Strenuous Salutations.

"No wonder them city people complain about bein' all worn out with their social duties," vouchsafed a prominent citizen of Wayoverbehind. "When I was down to New York I durn' near unj'inted my neck tryin' to bow to everybody I met on the streets."

Weight, 250.

Duhl—"Do you know what Phatsom specialized in at college?"

Keene—"Judging from his appearance, it was gastronomy."

The Difference.

The man with an appetite that waits on good digestion can get along very well without turkey. The man with turkey, yet lacking appetite and digestion, is another person.

The Mind Reader.

First straphanger—"Look out! You're treading on my feet!"

Second straphanger—"Beg pardon! I also prefer to ride in a cab."

Turkey holds the key to the situation for next Thursday's dinner.

TOUGH LUCK.

THE BRUTE.

Ben—"Do you believe in votes for women?"
E. Dix—"My dear chap, I believe in anything that will give me another opportunity to contradict my wife."

Metamorphosis.

THANKSGIVING brings,
With other things,
A little change we all may
note;
For on that day
Can we not say
The turkey is the goat?

Comforting.

Hospital patient—"That nurse I have is cross, incompetent and homely!"

House physician—"Yes, she's no earthly use. We'll discharge her as soon as you're gone."

There Are Compensations.

"This increased cost of loving is something terrible!" said the young man, as he paid the third installment on the engagement ring.

Too Bashful Himself.

"Young Shyboy is in favor of the suffrage for women."

"Oh, that's because he thinks they'll do the proposing!"

There Are Others.

The militant suffragette is not the only woman who throws brick-bats.

The Reason.

"Why do they call a tugboat 'she'?"
Said the girl to the mate of the
Thistle.
"I dunno," says he; "but it seems
to me
That it must be they call her 'she'
On account of the awful noise, you
see,
She makes when she tries to whis-
tle."

If half the exceptionally smart babies were to develop into smart men and women, there would be sharper competition in every walk of life.

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

A Second Misfortune.

Komponist—"Ich bin an demselben Tage geboren, an dem Richard Wagner gestorben ist."
Dame—"Ja, ja—ein Unglück kommt selten allein'!"

He—"I was born on the same day on which Richard Wagner died."

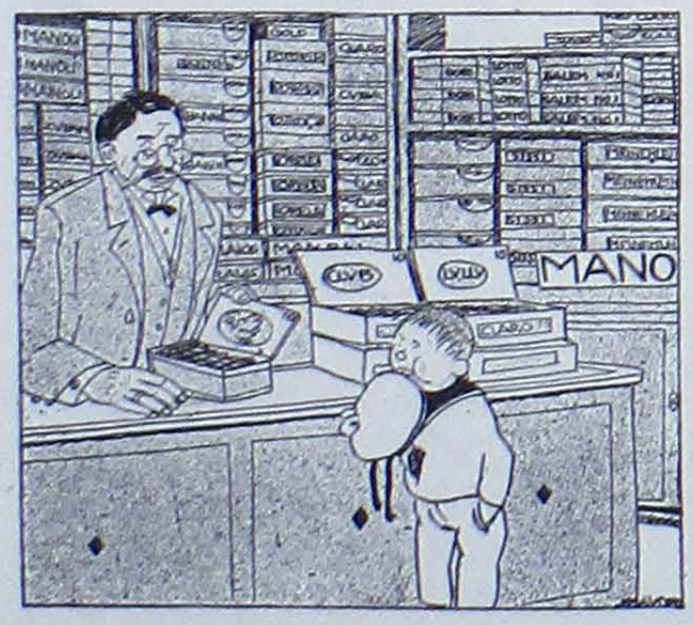
She—"Yes, yes! A misfortune seldom comes alone."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Occupied.

Wife—"Oh, George, do order a rat-trap to be sent home to-day."

George—"But you bought one last week."

Wife—"Yes, dear; but there's a rat in that."—*Tatler* (London).



On a Charge Account.

"Was bekommst du, Kleiner?"
"Zigarren für meinen Papa, à zehn Pfennig?"
"Wieviel?"
"Soviel wie möglich . . . Sie sollen's anschreiben!"

"What will you have, my boy?"

"Cigars for papa, ten cents each."

"How many?"

"As many as possible. You are to charge 'em."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

The Royal Chamber.

"Pourquoi dites-vous que c'est une chambre royale?"
"Bien, vous ne voyez donc pas qu'elle donne sur la cour!"

"Why do you call this a royal chamber?"

"Well, don't you see it looks on a court?"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

City-bred.

"Du, Elli, wollen wir am nächsten Sonntag in den Wald fahren, um Preiszelbeeren zu pflücken?"
"O ja . . ich klettere so gern auf die Bäume!"

"Say, Ella, shall we go to the woods next Sunday to gather cranberries?"

"To be sure, yes! I love so to climb up trees!"--*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

The Wise Man.

Once upon a time a Wise Man penned a letter full of confidential statements, and at the end he wrote a line, heavily underscored, "Burn this letter."

Then, being a Wise Man, he took his own advice and burned the letter himself.—*London Opinion.*

Taking No Risks.

Unattractive boy (to perfect stranger, as she turns to leave the post office)—"Would yer kindly lick them two stamps, Miss, and stick 'em on them two letters for me?"

Attractive stranger—"Well! all right; but why don't you do it yourself?"

Boy—"'Cos muvver says they're pois'nous."—*The Bystander* (London).

Solved.

"Twelve persons for dinner! Aren't you crazy?

"We might invite a thirteenth; that would perhaps take away their appetite."—*Le Sourie* (Paris).

Flattery.

The man milliner "That is the very thing for you, madam. You have her *chic* and figure, and good breeding in addition."—*The Sketch* (London).

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

Flavor Instead of Meat.

"Tuppenny loaf, please—an' muvver wants ter know if yer'll cut it in slices wiv a 'ammy knife?"—*London Opinion.*

Half Friends.

As they meet two young women who ignore them:

"What's the matter? Are you not friendly with Amelia?"

"We have a half correspondence."

"How's that?"

"I write to her, and she does not answer."—*Sucesos* (Santiago, Chile).

Not a Compliment.

"Na, Oskar, wir sollten doch eigentlich auch auf das Bild hinauf."

"Nein, auf jeder Platte dürft ihr doch nicht sein. Ich habe den Apparat mitgenommen, um angenehme Erinnerungen an die Reise zu sammeln!"

"Well, Oscar, we ought to get in that picture also, I should think."

"No, you needn't be on every plate. I took my camera along to have some pleasant recollections of the trip."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

The Facetious Barber.

"Pour monsieur, je vais etre obligé de doubler mon prix . . . monsieur a un double menton!"

"I shall be obliged, monsieur, to charge you a double fee, as you have a double chin."—*Le Rire* (Paris).

The Stamp Collector.

"Bitte um den Walzer?"

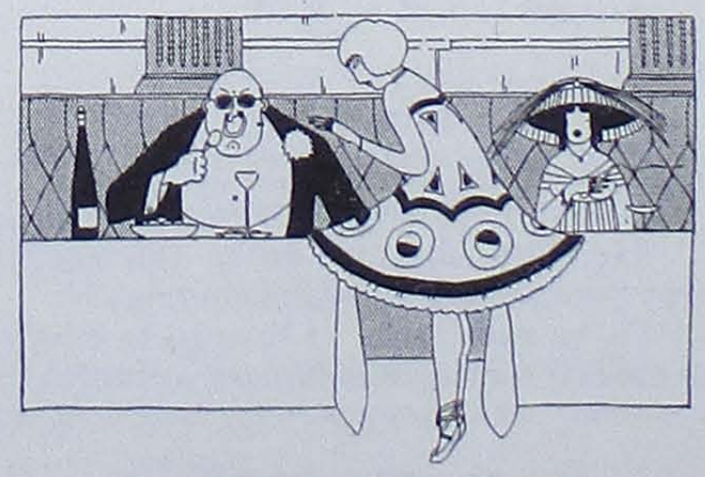
"Den hab' ich schon dem Fritz versprochen."

"Ja, aber er hat ihn mir für zwei Amerika-Marten verkauft."

"May I ask you for the waltz?"

"I promised it to Jack."

"Yes, I know; but he sold it to me for two American stamps."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).



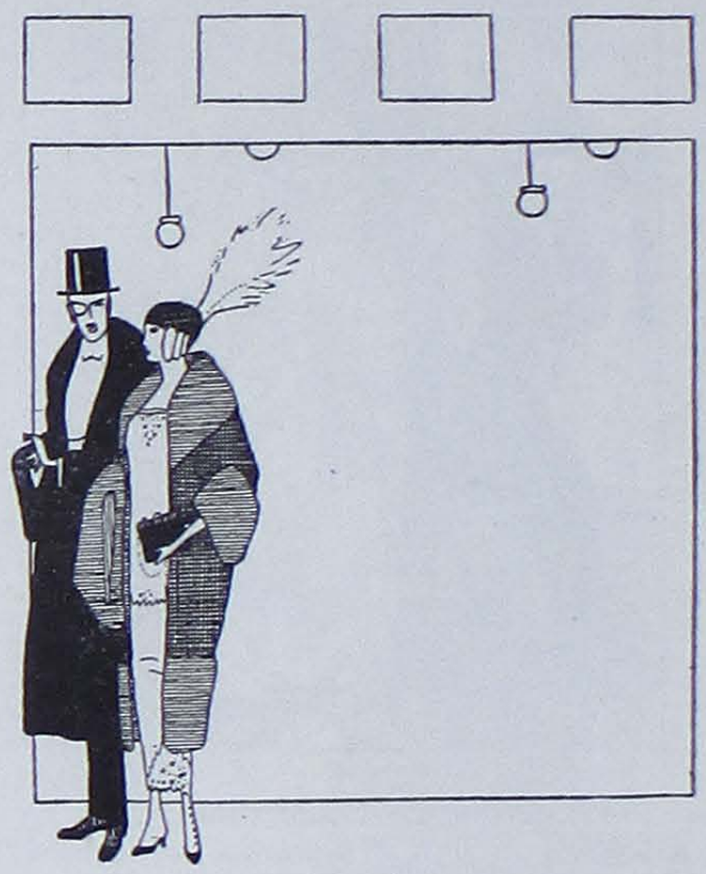
How He Deceives Himself.

"Pourquoi manges-tu maintenant des pommes á l'angiaise avec des lunettes noires?"

"Que veux-tu, ainsi je crois manger des truffes qui me sont interdites par mon docteur."

"Why do you eat your potatoes while wearing dark glasses?"

"Why? Because it makes me think I'm eating truffles, which the doctor has forbidden me."—*Le Rire* (Paris).



That Depends.

"Ich würde nie einen Witwer heiraten. Und du, Vetter, würdst du eine Witwe nehmen?"

"Das kommt ganz darauf an, wieviel ihr Mann ihr hinterlassen hat."

"I'd never marry a widower. And you, cousin—would you take a widow?"

"That depends entirely on how much her husband left her."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

A Compromise.

Country vicar (returning from service)—"Is Parliament sitting now, my dear?"

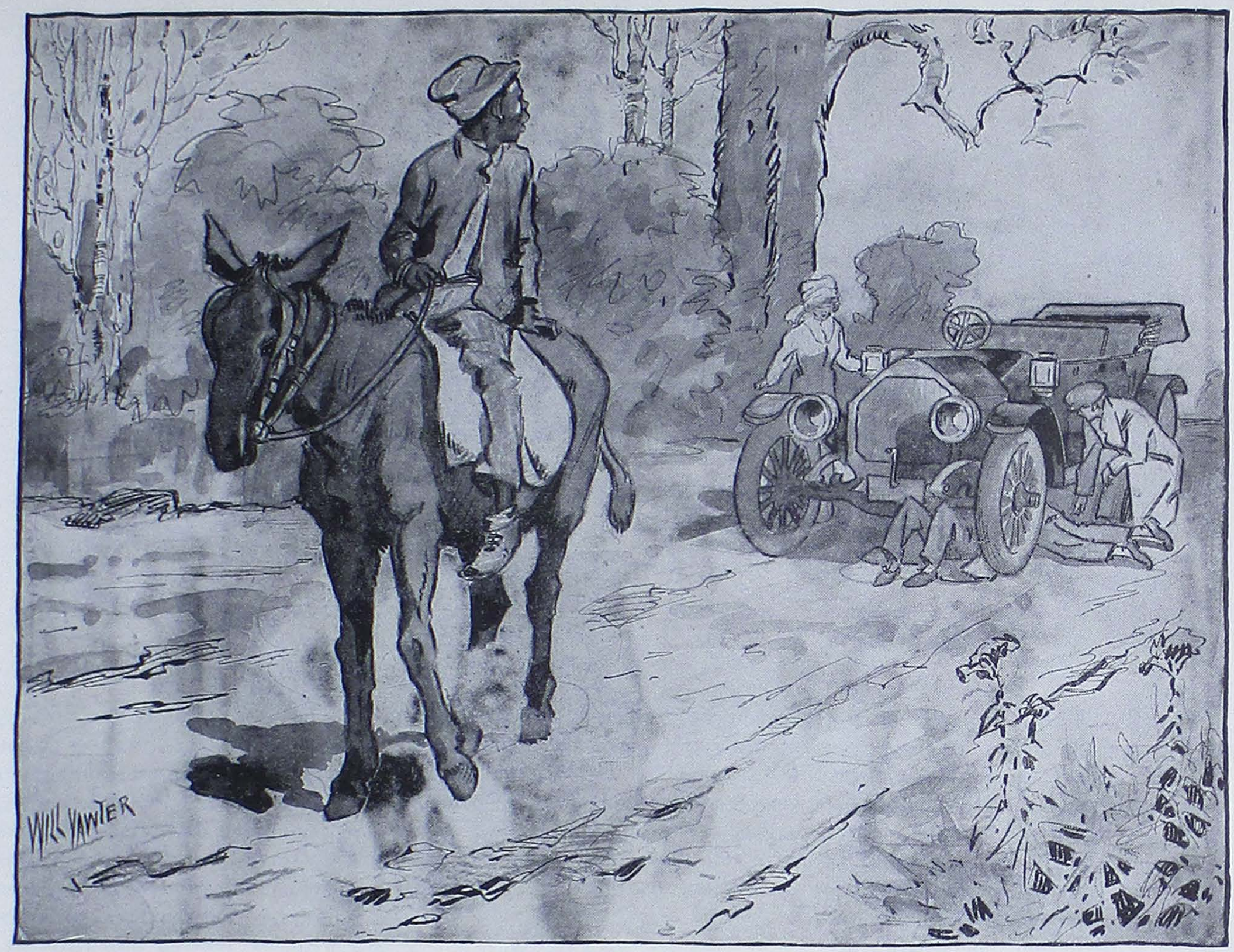
Wife—"I don't know."

Vicar—"Nor I; that's why I said the prayer for Parliament in such a low voice."—*Punch* (London).

His Viewpoint.

"Jott nee, muss det 'ne Arbeit sind, sich so anzuziehn!"

"Hully gee! What trouble it must be to dress like that!"—*Ulk* (Berlin).



"THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE"

Finding a Way.

"SWEETHEART," I whispered,
"now the time draws near
For us to part, and I
Must take farewell of all I
hold most dear—
Must say good-bye.

"Summer is past; ere golden
harvests glow,
I shall be far away.
Love counsels stay, but duty bids me
go;
And I obey."

She looked at me and blushed a rosy
red,
Then veiled her eyes of blue.
"Love will be lonesome left behind,"
she said.
"Can't I go, too?"

—*Theodore Hinman Simmons.*

Life is one long series of bumps.

Gender.

A woman teacher was explaining gender to a grade of young children as visitors entered. They begged her to continue, as they would be delighted to hear the children's replies.

"Children," she asked, "what is 'girl,' 'woman,' 'man'?"

One little hand was so eager, she appealed to the owner proudly.

"Well, Artie?"

Artie rose to the occasion.

"Girls is females, woman's a male, and man's a human bean."

An Earnest Old Maid.

An earnest old maid from Legralf
Made a dress from a yard and a half.
She said that she knew
She could have made two,
But she feared the old bachelors
would lalf.

After Election.

"The time has come," the voter said,
"To think of other things—
Of making dough for daily bread,
And paying rent, by jings!"

Has To Be Careful.

"Don't let the children get to fooling around my desk," says the librettist, as he prepares to leave the house for a stroll.

"Why, dear?" asks his wife.

"I'm doing the lyrics for my new musical show and the manuscripts are on the desk. I wouldn't like the children to read them."

So Wags the World.

No wonder life's an empty dream,
For, though we fight with pluck,
Somehow the other fellows seem
To always have the luck.

GOOD GRACIOUS!

Aunt Mary—"Good gracious, Harold! What would your mother say if she saw you smoking those cigarettes?"

Harold (calmly)—"She 'd have a fit. They 're her cigarettes."

A Marked Similarity.

By TOM P. MORGAN.

"THE OTHER afternoon I noticed a small boy out in front here with a tall dog and a little express wagon," remarked, in his usual philoso-pessimistic way, the Old Codger. "He was a neatly dressed, prim little boy, and trundled his wagon quietly up and down the walk several times, with the tall dog sedately accompanying him, both of them seeming to be having a satisfactory, though by no means hilarious, time.

Soon there descended upon them a number of slightly larger boys, coming, as is the way of boys, from goodness knows where. They treated the small boy kindly and the tall dog courteously until the confidence of both was won, after which they explained to the small boy the superiority of riding over walking. One had a stout string, and with this the pole of the wagon was made fast to the dog's collar. The small boy was deferentially helped into the vehicle, and the other boys carefully escorted dog and wagon up to the corner, the little boy riding with all the stiff-necked dignity of an emperor.

"I ought to have read the signs aright and stopped the affair right there, but it is quite a long while since I was a boy, and my rheumatism makes me slow, too. So, before I could come down from the porch and nip the young demons in the bud, they had turned the tall dog and little wagon quietly around, and then came raging down this way and on past, with yells both long and wide; and the tall dog had gone crazy, exactly as they had calculated, and tore by, with the little wagon running on one ear and the small boy screaming eerily. In an attempt to cut the corner, the wagon was overset in the ditch and the small boy's trustful head was bumped and his raiment rent. Then the larger boys disappeared, screeching with joy, leaving poor little Mr. Small Boy to go home, covered with mud and humiliation.

"And I thought to myself, how much the episode resembled the usual action of us voters, in persuading some well-intentioned wight that *great things* hinge upon his election to the office of mayor, and then, having got him seated in the Car of Progress, we proceed to upset him and laugh long and raucously when he retires, covered with contumely and shame. As the old song used to say, 'Men are only boys grown tall; hearts don't change much, after all. And when, long years from that day, Katy Lee and Willie Gray'— But, ho! Didn't have my brakes set, and I've run past!"

AT THE BANK.

Clerk—"You must get someone to identify you. Someone who knows that you are Michael Clancy."

Clancy—"Fwat 's th' matter wid yez? Don't yez suppose Oi know who Oi am?"

Epitaph for a Knocker.

He loved the anvil chorus,
Each day his hammer raged—
Loudest of all the knockers,
Look where they have him caged!

THE VACUUM CLEANER'S LATEST USEFULNESS.

Extreme Opinions.

AT THE meeting of the Do or Die Suffragette Club in closed session, July 1st, 1914, each member was requested to respond to roll call with her opinion of men in epigram. The following is the partial result:

Mrs. Smith—"Men are like jobs—when you need them and you want them they ain't there; when you don't need them and you don't want them, they are thicker than berries in a blackberry patch."

Mrs. Jones—"Any woman who can afford a husband can afford a bulldog, and if she has a bulldog, she doesn't need a husband."

Mrs. Brown—"The reason so many women acquire husbands is for the same reason lots of women buy kodaks and poodle dogs—they see other women have them, and don't know what a nuisance they are, nor how expensive to keep up."

Mrs. Black—"All men are liars—the difference is that some back their lies up and some don't."

Mrs. White—"Men are like little boys in front of a bakeshop window. They pretend they don't want any cake and that they would run away awful fast if the baker was to offer them any, but if a woman thinks she is a baker and offers them any she'll find herself with a life job on her hands."

Mrs. Fluff—"Men and marriage are like contracts—if you once sign away your rights, you never get them back."

Mrs. Duff—"If a man hasn't anything he will willingly give you half of it, but if he has anything you can't get a quarter of it without false pretenses."

— Bertha M. Coombs.

AN OVERSIGHT.

Judge—"You are charged with breaking a chair over this man's head."

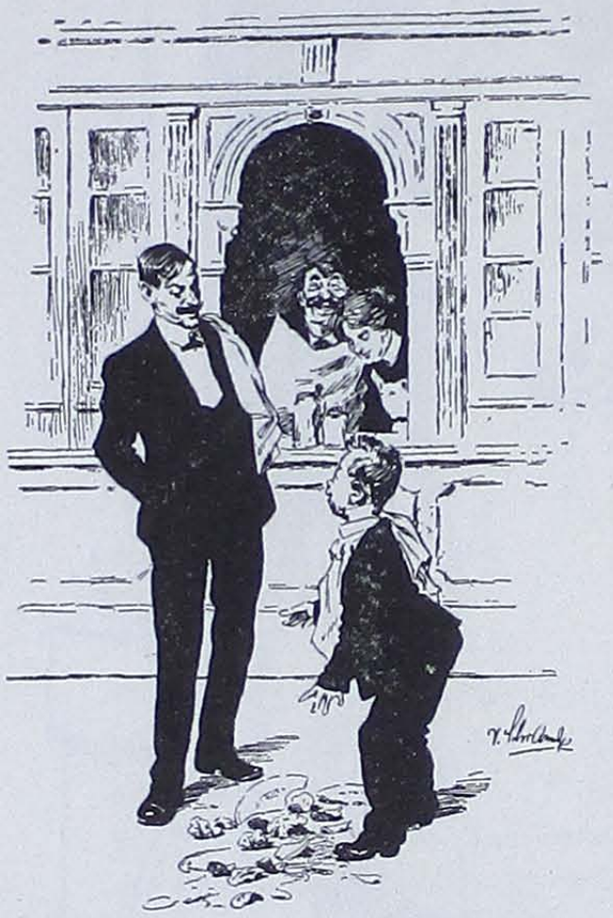
Prisoner—"I didn't mean to break the chair, yer worship."

The Picnic Girl.

She's gold of hair and blue of eye,
She never keeps her hat on,
And always puts the custard pie
Just where it will be sat on.

Smooth words oil the grooves of life.

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS



But the Next Time!

"Diesmal kannst du den Salat meinetwegen wieder zusammenlesen und auf den Tisch bringen. Wenn das aber nochmal passiert, muszt du ihn selber essen!"

Head waiter—"This time you may pick up the salad and take it to the table. But if it happens again, you'll have to eat it yourself."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Competition.

The fashion for Pekinese spaniels as pets is viewed with considerable misgiving by the fur trade, since muffs are being rendered superfluous. — *Punch* (London).

After the Walk.

"Schrecklich, diese Menchen in der Grossstadt! Heut' ist mir schon weider einer nachgelaufen! Ich habe ihn natürlich mit keinem Blick angesehen. . . . Er war ein schlanker Mann mit englischem Schnurrbart und grossen, blauen, schwärmerischen Augen."

"The men in this age are certainly terrible! To-day a young chap kept following me. Of course I didn't take the slightest notice of him. He was a tall man, and looked like an Englishman, with great, blue, sentimental eyes."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Two Kinds.

"Es gibt zwei Sorten von musikalischen Menschen. Die einen machen Musik, und die anderen hören sie nicht gern!"

There are two kinds of musical people: Those who make music, and those who do not like to listen to them.—*Ulk* (Berlin).

The Testy Patient.

"Vous m'entendez bien, docteur, si vous me coupez les jambes, je ne remets plus les pieds chez vous!"

"You understand me well, doctor—if you amputate my legs, I shall never visit you again!"—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

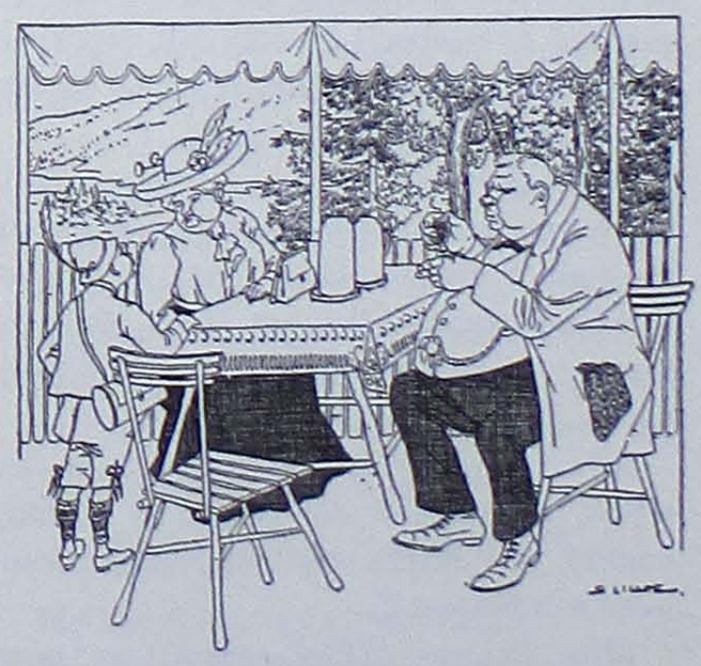
The Windfall.

Old gentleman (to tramp, after their hats have both been blown off)—"Pardon me, but in picking up our hats, don't you think there was some slight mistake?"—*The Sketch* (London).

Safety in Numbers.

He—"You have been seen kissing Bobby on the lips!"

She—"How ungrateful you are! It was so that nobody should suspect that it is you who are my only love."—*The Bystander* (London).



A Young Napoleon of Finance.

"Du, Mutter, gib mir ein Zehnerl für'n Automaten!"

"Ach, die Automaten funktionieren oft nicht!"

"O, ja, Mutter, der funktioniert. Ich hab' es schon mit einem Knopf probiert!"

"Say, mother, give me a dime for the slot machine."

"Go away! Those slot machines are often no good."

"This one is. I've tried it with a button."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

SOME NEW FEATURES FOR THE HORSE-SHOW FOR THOSE WHO ARE TIRED OF HORSES AND CLOTHES.

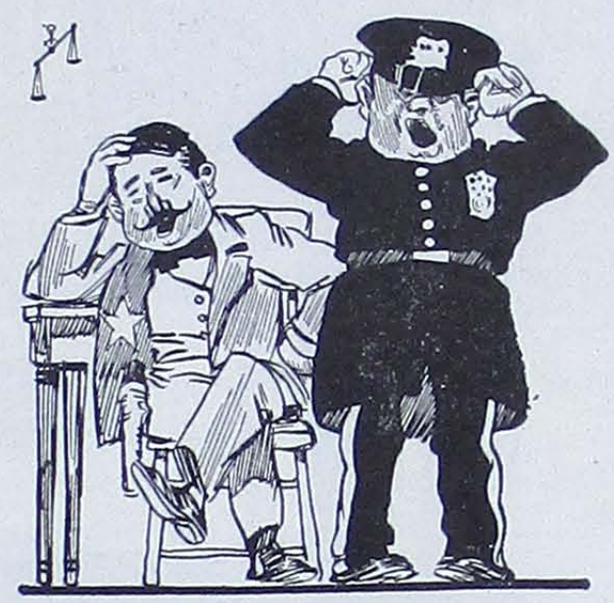
THE PONY BALLET.

FROM THE PHILLY CLASS.

A COACH AND FOUR.

POLO PONIES.

HARNESS EXHIBIT.
National Record Holders for Unhitching and Hitching.



HUNTERS.
From the New York Police Department.

Incongruous.

FARMER JONES and Farmer Brown, being neighbors at home, explored New York together. They had wearied of sign reading, yet finally encountered one placard that spurred their blase attention.

"See, here, Bill!" said Jones. "Thar's something wuth lookin' at!" He pointed and read, "The Merriest Cabbyrat in Town. Visit Our Beefsteak Garret."

"Wall," remarked Brown, "that may be all right, 's fur as th' cabbyrat goes, but I'm dum'd 'f I'd ever eat beefsteak in a garret."

"Same here," responded Jones. "Th' kitchen's good enough fer me."

Pessimism is Worry systematized.

FOR AN ITALIAN TABLE D'HOTE.
The spaghetti course made easier.

Ancient Lineage.

Her progenitors she toasted;
Of her fam'ly tree she boasted.
"On our past," said she,
"I'm posted—
We were known in thirteen-three."

"Well," drawled he, "our fam'ly's older;
We had lots of trees" (he told her).
"My progenitors, the bolder,
Leaped and swung from tree to tree."

—*Harriet Canfield.*

Unhappy Henry.

Mrs. Peck—"Henry, why did you feign sleep last night when I was talking to you?"

Henry—"My dear, I did not feign sleep, though fain would have slept."

"THE WEDDING MARCH"

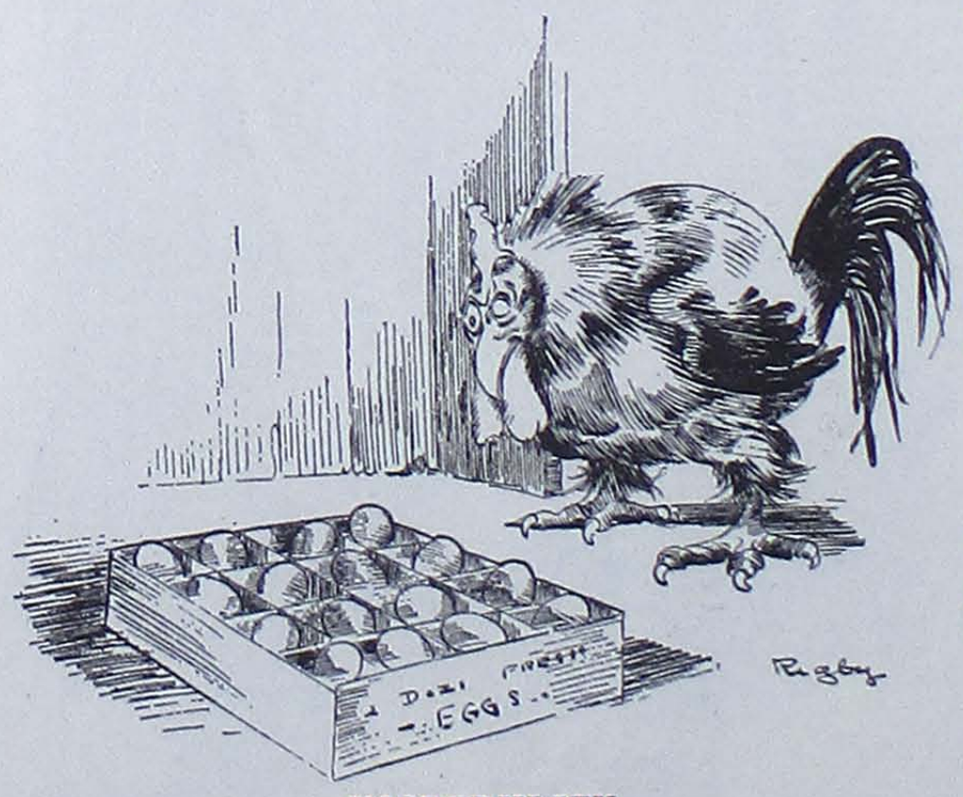
Nature-faking Animals.

THE G. O. P. elephant.
The Democratic jackass.
The T. R. bull moose.
The Tammany tiger.
The wolf at the door.
The bee in the bonnet.
The bulls, bears and lambs of Wall Street.
The fly in the ointment.
The cat of nine tails.
The dogs of war.
The bull in the china shop.
The rat in the hair.
The Welsh rabbit.
The turkey trotter.
The bunny hugger.
The dog in the manger.
The snake in the grass.
The bug in the ear.
The stag party.
The round robin.

—*Harvey Peake.*

Question.

Breathes there a man who'd ask for more
Than one leap year in every four?



INCREDULITY.

Chanticleer—"Well, I'd like to see the hen that lays eggs in that nest."

Conclusive.

The blunt-faced man did not look up from his desk when the woman with the subscription book entered his office.

"I hope, sir," the caller began tentatively, "that you are familiar with foreign missions?"

"Madam," he snarled, his eyes still unraised, "all missions are foreign to me."

Bright Idea.

Townsman—"Yessir, we're aiming to have the best fire department in these parts, I reckon."

Stranger—"What's the latest?"

Townsman—"We're goin' to make 'em practice two days before each fire, by heck!"

FOOTBALL—ARMY *VS.* NAVY

The Suffragette Horse Show.

By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY.

"OH, SUCH a time as I had getting here!" puffed the chairwoman of the board of directresses of the suffragette horse show, as she rushed in thirty minutes late. "My maid was ill, the cook and parlor maid were out, and I had to 'phone for a messenger girl to hook me up!"

The apology was received in cold silence by all except Mrs. Kindert, who exclaimed, "Horrid!"

"The first step in putting the horse show upon the proper basis is to abolish the horse," said the chairwoman, getting down to business at once. (Who said that a woman couldn't do that?) "While for years it has been recognized that nobody went to a horse show to see the horses, the silly brutes continued to get the cups, purses and ribbons. Why?" The chairwoman was growing indignant, when she remembered that anger made her skin look splotchy. "Because men owned the horses and men ran the show. We could but submit to the cruel injustice. Now"—her voice rang out triumphantly—"we'll put on the reverse. We spend thousands of dollars for gowns"——

"Doesn't look it, does she?" whispered Mrs. Fith Avnoo to her neighbor. "That suit cost about $14.98."

"—Hats and jewels; and what do we get out of it?"

"Press notices," piped a directress from the rear of the room.

"And that's all," said the chairwoman indignantly.

"But they are meat and drink to some people I could name," murmured Mrs. Fith Avnoo.

"The chair will now entertain motions in regard to classes for ladies, to take the place of the equine events which we have abolished."

"I move that in lieu of high-school horses ridden by owner," offered Mrs. Kindert, who had two pretty young daughters and none too much money, "we have a class of college fillies, style, conformation and action alone to count."

"That's ridiculous!" cried Mrs. Fith Avnoo hotly. She had a homely daughter and ducats by the barrel. "Appointments ought to count seventy-five per cent. What would a girl be without clothes?"

"A living picture!" "A sight!" "A drawing card!" chorused the directresses.

HIS NERVE.

The queen of hearts she made some tarts, all on a summer's day.
The knave of hearts he ate those tarts, then had the nerve to say,
"The kind my mother used to make were twice as good as they."

The chairwoman gave up trying to get a second. Neither Mrs. Kindert nor Mrs. Fith Avnoo would stop talking.

"I move," said Mrs. de Puyster, "that we have a ring of unicorn filly teams. Must be full sisters."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Giltmore. "If any woman nowadays has three daughters, at least one is by a different father."

The directresses agreed unanimously with Mrs. Giltmore. Mrs. de Puyster, though she could not name any teams eligible for this class, insisted that there were some *somewhere* and refused to withdraw the motion, withdrawing herself instead when it was tabled.

"I move that for polo ponies we substitute ballet ponies," said Mrs. Bronstunfrunt. "Same to be shown in costume and judged upon face, figure, voice and gaits—figure to count fifty per cent."

"I'll vote for that," declared Mrs. Giltmore, "provided barefoot dance costumes are barred. I'm not prudish myself, but, goodness knows! the men have temptations enough already."

"What shall we have to correspond to the heavy harness class?" asked the chairwoman, when suggestions lagged.

"Aged matrons in full jewels," was Mrs. Bronstunfrunt's ready reply. "Weight and appointments to count equally."

REPARTEE.

Miss Dotleigh—"Truly, marriage is a lottery." *Van Smitten*—"Yes; and this is the drawing-room."

A chorus of giggles greeted this. "There will be no entries unless you cut out the word 'aged,'" said Mrs. Kindert.

"What about hunters and jumpers?" asked the chairwoman.

"High kickers and society dancers," suggested Mrs. Bronstunfrunt. "Open to all ages and weights."

"That wouldn't be fair!" protested Mrs. Kindert excitedly. "I can toetickle a chandelier with any woman of my weight, and I can turkey trot and bunny hug twice as long as most women my age; but I'm not going to compete with any 115-pound broiler. So there!"

"Ladies," said Mrs. Bronstunfrunt, trying to avert a storm, "we have forgotten the most important class. I move that we offer a silver loving cup, valued at one thousand dollars, for the handsomest, best dressed woman."

"Loving cups are silly!" asserted the chairwoman scornfully. "Make it a diamond brooch."

"No; I prefer a hair ornament. I have plenty of brooches," said Mrs. Bronstunfrunt.

"I'd rather have a pearl pendant," protested Mrs. Kindert.

No two directresses favored the same trophy, and as each one fully expected to win it, all stood pat. Hence the meeting adjourned itself in great disorder and the suffragette horse show sank into the silent oblivion in which repose the multitude of glorious things that might have been.

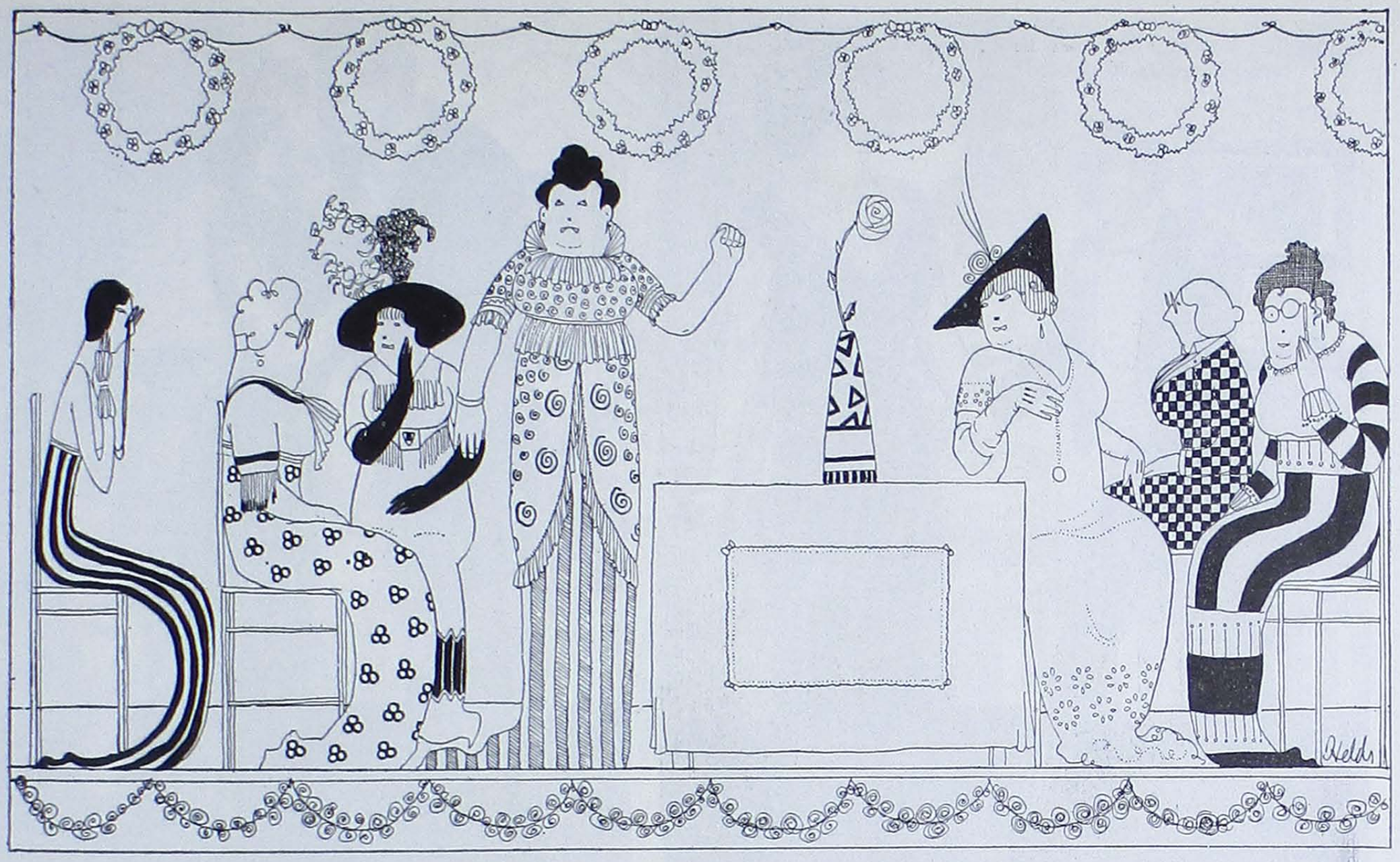
AWAITING DEVELOPMENTS.

November.

There is one day of this dark month,
at least,
On which we all forget its skies
so murky;
Its gloom cannot affect the souls
that feast
On good, old-fashioned pumpkin
pie and turkey!

No Chance at All.

Adam Bede, the humorist of Congress, has a singular way of expressing himself. In opposing a certain measure, he put the house in a roar of laughter when he said, "That bill doesn't stand any more chance than a bow-legged girl in the town where she was raised."



THE ONLY WAY.

Speaker—"The only way we can gain woman's suffrage is by making our appeal through our charm, our grace, and our beauty."

Changed.

NO LONGER does he say "Goldarn!"
"Gewhittaker!" nor yet "Consarn!"
Nor does he chew a wisp of straw,
Or laugh with rasping "Haw-haw-haw!"
Or dress in clothes that do not fit,
Or with fool schemes get often bit.
He drives no shaggy, limping "skate";
His motor car is up to date.
His clothing now is in the style,
Sophisticated is his smile.
His wife wears costumes
in the mode,
And modern quite is his
abode.
His children all to college
go,
And system lets him profits show.
He works, and yet has
time to play—
This is the farmer of today. —*J. A. W.*

Home Early Now.

Mr. Nitekey (mournfully)—"I'm sorry the election is over."

Mr. Keynite—"Why?"

Mr. Nitekey—"No more political meetings—and I've run out of excuses with the wife!"

His Pen Name.

"Here!" cried the hotel clerk, glancing at the register where the new arrival had just scrawled "No. 1,523." "What's the idea?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" explained the ex-forger, as he corrected his social error. "That's my pen name."

Just a Noise.

"Do they have music at this hotel?"
"No; only an orchestra!"

AN INGENIOUS EXCUSE.

Patron—"What took you so long with my eggs?"
Waiter—"Pardon the delay, sir; but they were mislaid."

He Wondered.

"I wonder why old-fashioned people sometimes called a woman a 'baggage'?" commented little Mr. Hennypeck. "I know I could never check my wife conversationally, and I seriously doubt if I could do so in any other way, either."

The Retort Discourteous.

Stranger (looking at the taximeter)—"Nine dollars and fifty cents! I told you I wanted to come in the most direct way, and I think you've been driving me round about!"

Cabby—"Round about, eh? You ought to have hired an aeroplane!"

Natural Curiosity.

Mamie—"Gladys had a decollete gown on last night that was held up by mere force of will."

Helen—"Will who?"

Maternal Pride.

Naomi had sent Ruth out into the barley field.

"I shall certainly go down in history as the first match-making mother on record," she soliloquized, with satisfaction.

" How dare you attempt to kiss me, Mr. Softleigh? You very well know how I despise such silly frivolities."

STRAINING AT A GNAT AND SWALLOWING A CAMEL.

Williams's Waterloo.

PRETTY Mrs. Smith, a refined and rather timid little woman, was taking one of her rare trips on the train. Williams, the conductor, who always had an eye out for pretty women, entered into conversation with her. Finding the journey long and tiresome, Mrs. Smith answered his sallies with quiet dignity.

As she was leaving the train, Williams escorted her out with great attention, and, handing her his private card, said significantly, "I will be glad to have you travel on my train as often as you wish. You will not need a ticket—just keep my card."

Upon returning home, Mrs. Smith related to her husband the incident of the conductor's "kindness" to her, showing him the card. To her amazement, Smith became violently angry, putting the card in his pocket and vowing dire vengeance on the officious conductor.

Shortly after this, Smith had occasion to take the same train on which his wife had traveled. When the conductor came through, he accosted him with, "Your name is Williams, isn't it?" to which the other nodded assent. Smith then produced the card and, looking him fiercely in the eye, exclaimed, "You gave this to my wife—it doubtless includes the whole family!"

A dull red burned in the other's face, and without a word he went down the aisle, leaving Smith chuckling under his breath.

For six months Smith rode on that train without buying a ticket, Williams but glancing at him and passing hurriedly on.

THE BRIBE-TAKER.

Tolerably So.

First drummer—"Is Swampville a very slow town?"

Second drummer—"Slow! Why, they've got frogs there three years old that haven't learned to swim yet!"

SIMPLY A BAD ACTOR.

The lady—"How did you come to be thrown out of employment?"

The thespian—"'Tis a sad but soon-told tale, madam. An ape-like audience threw ancient eggs at muh; a mangy and mercenary manager threw muh down a flight of stairs; a dull-witted doorman threw muh out into the street; and a twice-cursed taxicab threw muh twenty feet. Thus it was lady."

Theory and Practice.

MAN has very little difficulty with his theories, so long as he keeps them in their proper place. The fact is, he is a theory specialist. He can conjure them up in his brain while you wait, and usually they are perfectly good and sensible theories. So with his practices, ministers and reformers to the contrary, notwithstanding. Man, with all his shortcomings and his weakness, is very handy with his practices. It is truly remarkable how easily he can practice the arts of existence and of social intercourse, and thus make his way in the world.

All the trouble comes when he tries to fit his theories and his practices together. Then comes the tug of war, which is apt to be followed by nasty charges of inconsistency and the like. Let not the left hand of theory know what the right hand of practice is doing. It is a safe rule that all theories are indefensible in practice and all practices are indefensible in theory.

A Connoisseur.

"Mother, is father in the fruit business?"

"No, son. What put that idea into your head?"

"Well, when he took me for a walk the other day, he met Mr. Jones, and all they talked about was peaches, pippins and dates."

The Main Question.

The housewife, in these autumn days,
Pronounces no crisp football phrase,
Discusses rarely any phase
Of politics or problem plays;
Her views on art she does not tell,
The suffrage she ignores as well,
And Balkan states, 'mid shot and shell—
Just asks you, "Did your jelly jell?"

—*Grace McKinstry.*

The Reason.

His wife—"What makes you so tired, dear? Weren't you at the chess club all evening?"

Her husband—"Yes, I was at the chess club. But it was just one move after another."

HE SAT DOWN TO WAIT FOR HIS SHIP TO COME IN.

Why She Left.

Sammy—"I thought that Mrs. Mannish was such an ardent suffragette. Why did she leave the meeting the other night when she was billed to make a speech?"

Fanny—"Some one sent word that her poodle was sick."

An Easier Way.

"There is always room at the top," said the sage.

"Aw, yes," yawningly replied the youth with the curly blond front hair; "but it is so blame' much easier to sit at the bottom and make excuses."

Alone!

By Farmer Smith.

The railroads are a-charging
All passengers will stand.
The food is going higher—
We squeal to beat the band!

But each must learn a lesson,
And for each sin atone.
The world will be much better
When *you* let *me* alone!

A FIRM BELIEVER.

Statistician—"Mr. Brown, your wife tells me that you 're a suffragist."
Mr. Brown—"Why, ah—oh—that is, I believe firmly in equal rights."

Reflections of a Modern.

Man is never too old to yearn.

Cupid and cupidity are twins.

Slow husbands make fast wives.

There's no marrying in heaven. That's why there's a heaven.

It is as foolish to destroy a compromising letter as it is to write one.

Men are like violins; they don't get really good until they are old. Neither do women.

Anticipation.

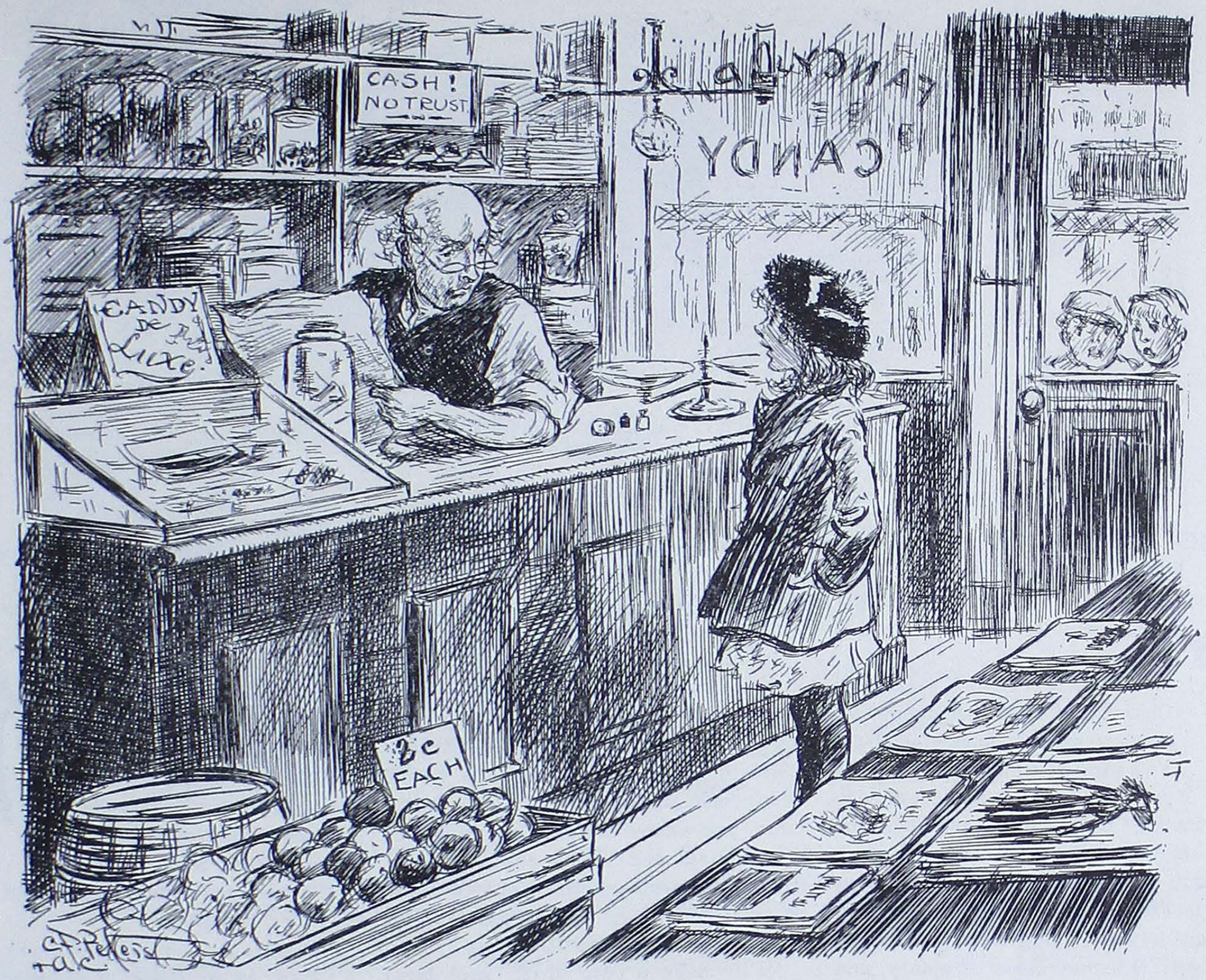
Mrs. Justwed—"Just think of it, dearest one! Twenty-five years from day before yesterday will be our silver anniversary!"

A Case of Swelled Head.

In youth her parents told her she
Was such a matchless maid,
It filled her with conceit, and so
She's forty in the shade.

But Many Avoid It.

Room for improvement—the library.



LOOKING FOR A BARGAIN.

"Have you any special sales of gum drops, mister?"

Embellished

I'VE catalogued the graces of Pauline—
She's gentle ever;
Her face is far the prettiest I have seen,
And she's so clever!
Her eyes are like twin stars, and let me state
How fine her breeding—
So here's one catalogue, at any rate,
That's not dry reading!

—*Nathan M. Levy.*

Playing with Fire.

First bachelor maid—"Miss Singleton is playing with fire again."

Second bachelor maid—"How is that?"

First bachelor maid—"Going with an 'old flame' of hers."

Borrowing Trouble.

Blight—"What is your idea of borrowing trouble?"

Tight—"Letting the neighbors use your telephone."

Covered the Case.

Knicker—"War is hell."

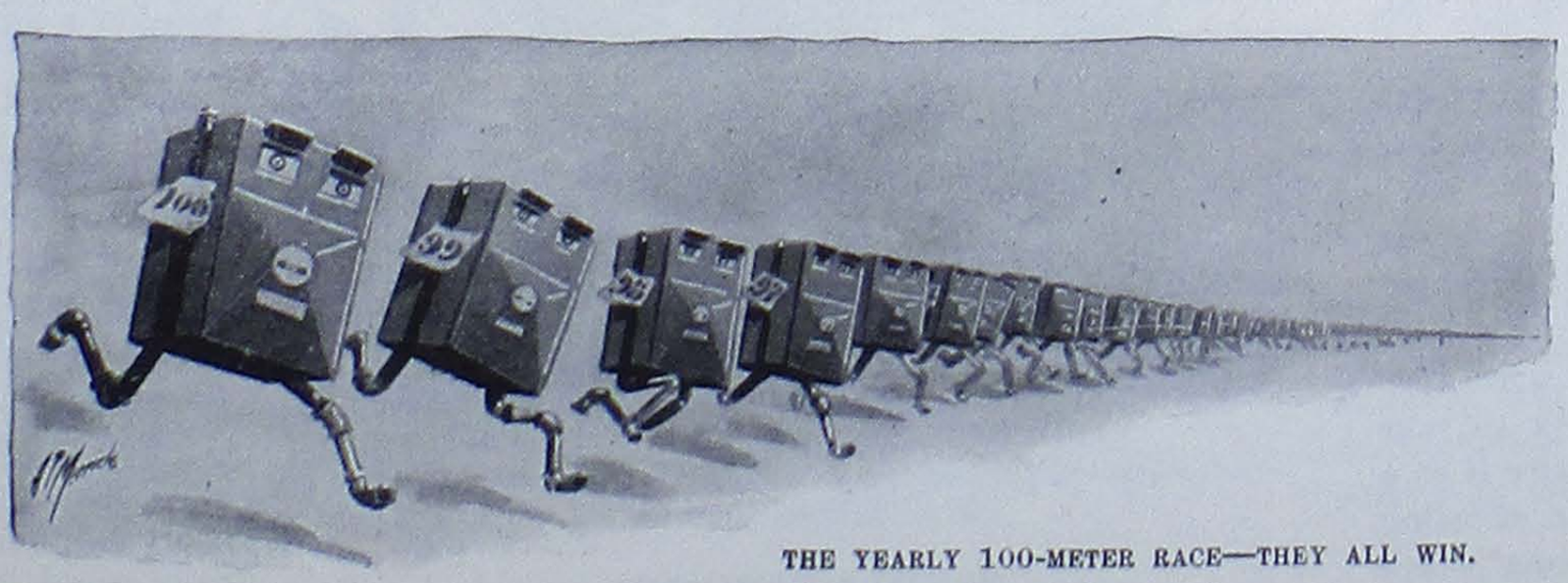
Henpekt—"So is peace."

China.

Wiseman—"Well, China has started off fairly well in the independence business."

Cynicus—"But it had to borrow money right off the bat."

Wiseman—"True. But it doesn't have to go abroad for firecrackers."



THE YEARLY 100-METER RACE—THEY ALL WIN.

"THE MILKY WAY."

The Economist.

MRS. CLOSEFIST had timidly intimated that she would not mind having a little ready cash to meet certain necessities of a personal nature.

"There you go!" retorted Closefist. "It's the same old demand — money, money, money! You seem to think that I have a private pipe-line connected with the Bank of England, and can shell out coin day in and day out, fair weather or foul, on demand. But I'll tell you just one thing—this everlasting hold-up has got to stop! Understand? It's got to stop! I'm not made of money, and there isn't any little tree out in the backyard for me to pick five-dollar bills off every time you happen to have a hole in your pocket."

Mrs. Closefist, knowing her husband, kept discreetly silent.

"The worst part about you," he went on, "is your abominable extravagance and inability to realize the necessity of economy in small things. If you could only learn to save a penny here and a penny there, it wouldn't be so bad. If I could only ding it into your comprehension that it is the odd penny that counts in the end"——

"Well, I don't see just what I can do," said Mrs. Closefist. "I"——

"Well, I can tell you one thing you can do," interrupted Closefist. "Just one—and that is, when you write that idiotic daily missive to your mother, you can write it on a postal card, instead of using up three or four cents' worth of stationery and a two-cent stamp."

"You don't write your letters on postal cards," said Mrs. Closefist.

"I know I don't," retorted Closefist; "but I use club stationery all the time! But, aside from that, you are extravagant on the table. Take dinner last night, for instance. You had three kinds of vegetables, when one would have done just as well; and, what's more, you wasted a whole egg in decorating the spinach. What anybody wants to decorate spinach for beats me, and especially with eggs, when eggs are hitting the heavens and still rising."

"I'll make a note of it," said Mrs. Closefist meekly. "Anything else? I might save money by having my dresses made two inches shorter, and trim my hat with feathers out of last year's feather duster. Then, for toothpicks, I can take wisps of straw out of our"——

"Don't be sarcastic!" said Closefist. "It only makes you funny. But there is one other thing—I noticed, on your last week's account, that you had an item of two dollars and fifty cents for a matinee. Now, of course, you are entitled to entertainment; but why two dollars and a half for a rotten play, when for five cents you can see a dozen elevating films down at the Nickelodeon?"

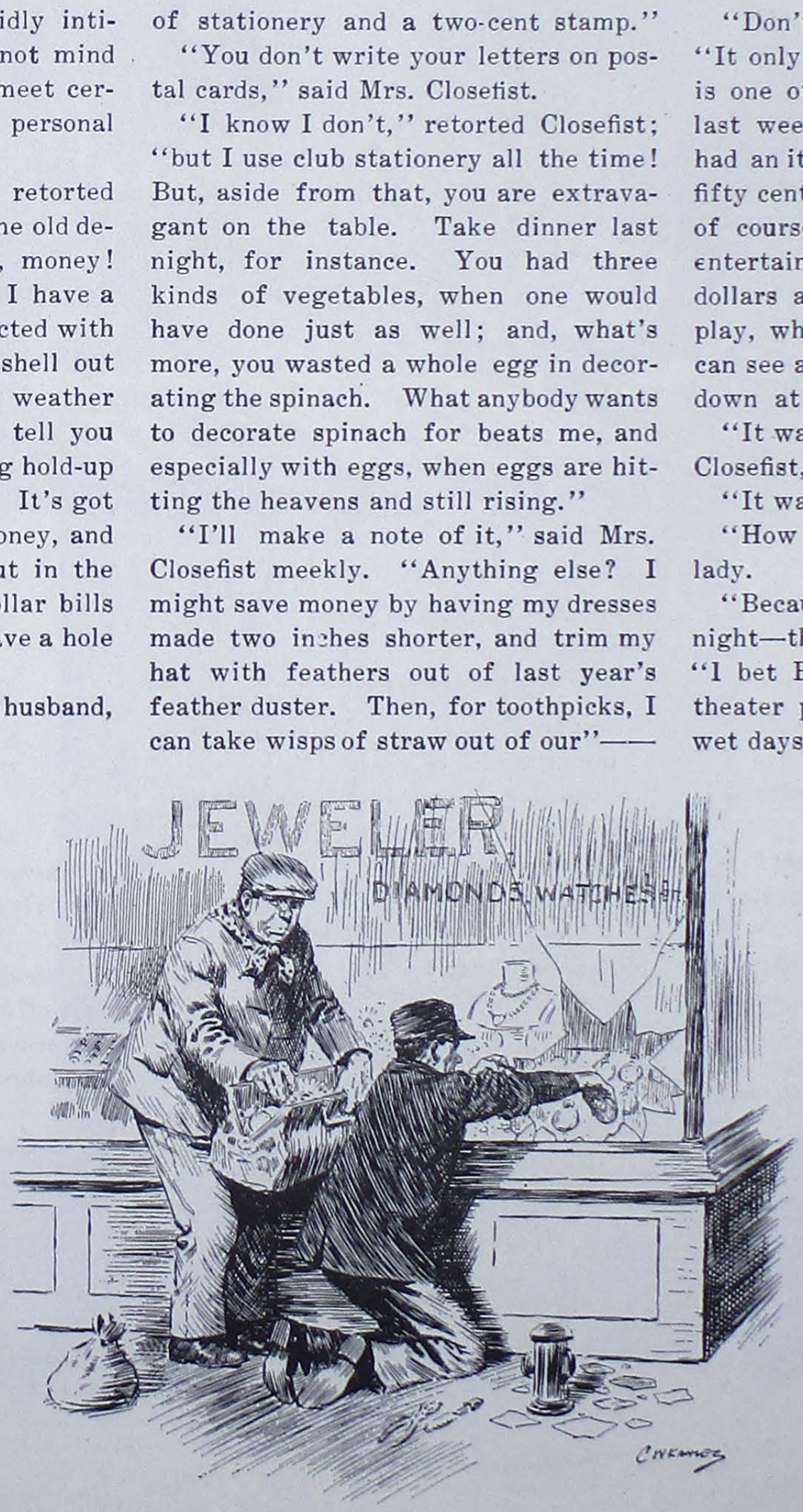
"It wasn't a rotten play!" said Mrs. Closefist, rebellious.

"It was, too!" retorted Closefist.

"How do you know?" demanded the lady.

"Because I saw it myself last Friday night—that's how!" retorted Closefist. "I bet Bill Slabsides a dinner and a theater party for ten there'd be more wet days than dry in September, and I lost. It cost me a good sixty-two dollars!"

Whereupon Mrs. Closefist laughed so heartlessly that Closefist fled to the club where, taking advantage of club rates, he economically purchased a headache for $14.50 which would have cost him $25 if he had got it at a hotel or a corner grocery.



WINDOW TRIMMERS.

Demands of Trade.

"It would seem a flagrantly clear case," said the magistrate; adding, to the burglar who had been haled before him, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Not much, your honor. But I hope you can give me a short sentence. This is my busy season."

WILLING TO BE REASONABLE.

Motorist (after colliding with cow)—"What! Twenty dollars nothin'! Why, there isn't a scratch on the brute!"
Farmer—"Wa-al, mister, she got a turr-ble jounce, an' this milkin's dead sure to be sour. Let 's call it a dollar 'n a quarter 'n quits."

Lines by a Yearner after Economy.

AS PRICES soar, I hope that more
Accounts are seen
Of families of nine who dine
Upon a bean.

I wish to see a recipe
Which bids me buy
One solitary huckleberry
For a pie.

And those who can should wisely plan
A frugal bliss,
Till lovers wary grow most chary
Of a kiss.

But I surmise I'd give the prize,
Beyond recall,
To him whose dime, at Christmas-time,
Gets gifts for all.

—*Louise Seymour Hasbrouck.*

Egg View Note.

Ambrose Crosslots says: "A nice, easy way fur a feller to clean up some money would be fur him to go down to Washington an' git a job where they laundry it."

Another Distinction.

"Is she his first love?"
"Oh, no; just his first wife!"

NO, THEY'RE NOT TWINS.
It 's just a coincidence that they bought the same stylish hat ready-to-wear, $3.98.

Little Doris's Idea.

A cat in Mrs. Jones's family had given birth to some kittens, which greatly pleased little Doris, who wanted to hold them. So one day her mother put one in her lap and continued reading. This is what she heard:

"Oo's a nice 'ittle kitty, oo's a cute 'ittle kitty. I knows oo's muvver very well, but I don't knows oo's fader. He must be a traveling man."

Doris's father was a traveling salesman.

As They Dress Now.

We observe that the fifteen-year-old miss is endeavoring to stanch her tears.

"What is the matter, little girl?" we ask.

"I think grandmamma is too mean for anything!" she sobs. "My new frock came home this morning, and she said it was too daring for me to wear, and put it on herself to wear to the matinee!"

SUBSTITUTION.

Lady—"Is my husband here?" *Clerk*—"No, ma'am. But we have something just as good."

A Duty of Citizenship.

"NOW THAT election is over," remarked Wiseman, "I feel like expressing myself upon one of the duties of citizenship."

"Voting?" queried Cynicus.

"Nay; registering. It is easy enough to vote, unless the election is local and you have personal friends running for the same office, and they lie in wait for you. It is a duty to register, and so strict is the law nowadays that you can't vote unless your name is on the list. But when an ordinary citizen in New York, for instance, goes to the place of registry, he at once is placed in the position of a man arraigned for a capital crime, and must give a strict account of himself and his habits and prove his innocence beyond peradventure."

"True," replied Cynicus. "I have been in that ticklish position myself. And I have thought how greatly the chief clerk or chairman at the booth resembles a young district attorney working on a murder case to win his first spurs. He questions you peremptorily, aggressively and with malice aforethought."

"And you have to sign your name and do other things which the forefathers never thought necessary."

"The forefathers, I have been told," said Cynicus, "used to foregather at the polling place carelessly and at their ease, and they voted with varicolored beans. They did not have to register or declare their ancestry and other facts in the premises."

"What," inquired Wiseman, "do you think this passion for detail will lead to in the end?"

"Well," replied Cynicus, "I should not be surprised if in the near future each voter would have to carry his family Bible to the place of registry, establish his age, previous habits and respectability by a multitude of witnesses, leave his photograph, with the details as to the color of his hair, the shape of his nose in profile, the color of his eyes and other minutæ which casual inspection or the photograph will not reveal, and impress his thumb-mark for comparison when he casts his vote. Of course, in case this particularity shall be required, the polling place may in some respects resemble a rogues' gallery; but we must preserve our liberties at any cost."

—*J. A. Waldron.*

DECEIT.

Mrs. Peque (as the Oriental dancer comes on the stage)—"I shall never speak another cross word to Henry! See how he 's closing his eyes on that disgusting creature!"

Front view of Henry.

Some people are better than they look—and they ought to be.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

Diana (after aiming for two minutes)—"Oh, I just *can't* shoot the pretty creature. Here, you take it—and hurry up, he 'll be off in a minute!"

Green Farming.

THE prosperous farmer from the agricultural West was talking.

"When I first went at it," he said, "I was green as a punkin. I hadn't any money to speak of, either, and as I thought the land close to the railroad was too expensive, I rented a place back in the country. Bully land it was, too; better than the railroad land and not a third the cost. I put in corn, wheat and oats, and raised a hummer of a crop. I had the laugh on the chaps that raised a smaller crop on higher-priced land, and was feeling mighty good, though my money was all gone. But it didn't pan out. I had to give my wheat crop to a man for thrashing the oats, and another party got the oats for cutting and husking the corn, and, by heck! a teamster took all my corn for hauling it to the railroad. After that I quit and moved in closer to transportation facilities."

—*William J. Lampton.*

The Cruel, Cruel Answer.

"See, darling!" and Mrs. Justawed held up for her husband's gaze three mirrors arranged so as to give as many reflections. "I can get a triple view of myself."

"Humph!" gurgled her brute of a man, struggling with his collar. "You seem to be quite popular with yourself!"

THE ARTISTIC LEADER.

"Plees, less notes und more feelings."

What Was the Reason?

I told Josiah to tell Widow Wray,
To tell Mrs. Jones, next door,
To tell Eph Brown, who goes that way,
To tell Deacon Squires at the store,
To tell our old stage driver, Abraham Breen,
To come for me sure and in season.
Now, I've waited all day and no stage have I seen,
So what, pray tell, is the reason?

The Main Thing.

Mrs. Crawford—"The janitor got angry when I told him the apartment was cold."

Crawford—"I hope he was angry enough to answer with some heat."

He Was Rather Stupid.

"Your ears have never been pierced?"
I asked, on converse bent.
"No; simply bored," the girl replied.
I wonder what she meant?

MONDAY MORNING AS WE IMAGINED IT AFTER READING THE MORNING PAPER.

"Good Evening!"

SOME people think that little salutations like "Good evening!" and "Warm day!" are very foolish. But there are not four more important words in the language than these four. We can utter them when we can't say anything else and *have* to say something.

I have a new lawn. It has been sodded. I spend four hours a day squirting water on it. It has been seeded. It has been fertilized. There are nine blades of grass in the thickest of the fight—or, rather, there were.

I kept that oasis watered night after night. The grass almost floated. The other evening, after I had spent my four hours in carefully applying moisture to that jungle, a dog came over from my neighbor's premises and scratched it up cheerfully and with much tail wagging. It appears to have been good digging in the spot which I had cherished.

Just as I was engaged in seeing if I could make a dent in that dog, the owner came out suddenly and confronted me.

"Good evening!" I said, and the situation was relieved.

On another occasion mother made some delicious custard and set it out on the back porch to cool. Two minutes later she saw that the bottom of the bowl was clean and shiny. Just as she was engaged in an experiment to ascertain whether a poker would bounce off a houn' dog's back or not, the minister happened in on a parochial call.

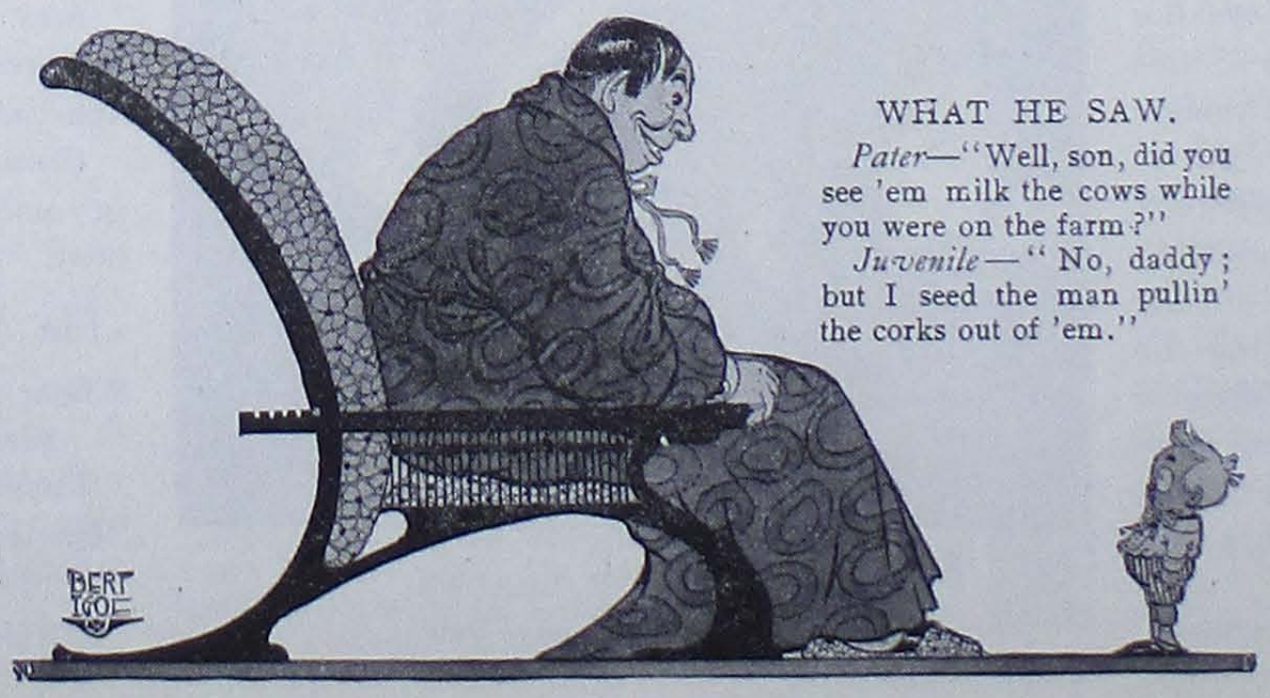
Mother, with great presence of mind, availed herself of the life-saving couplet.

"Good evening!" she said.

"Rather warm!" answered the minister.

Thus was the situation saved.

—*Hamilton Pope Galt.*



WHAT HE SAW.

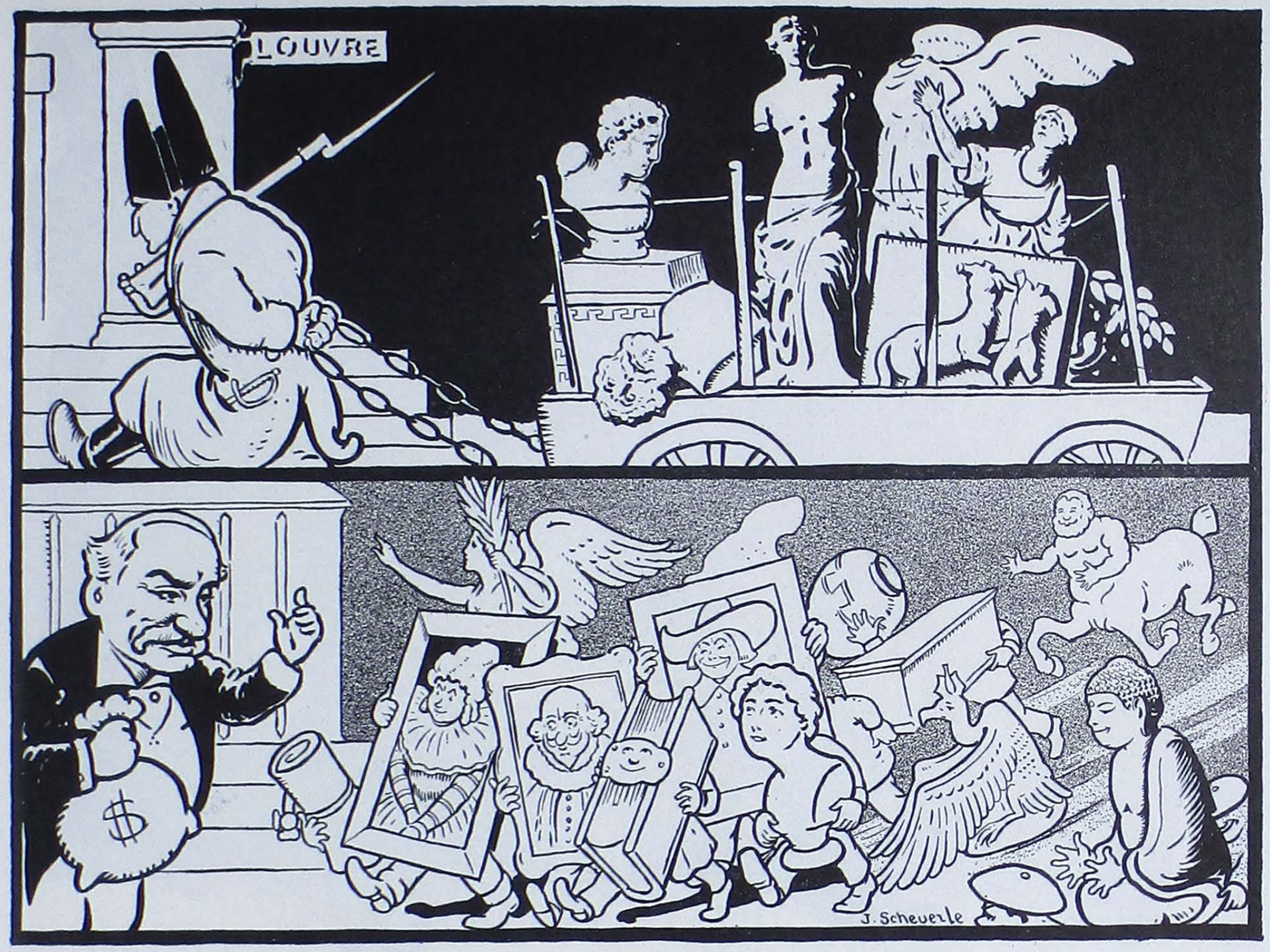
Pater—"Well, son, did you see 'em milk the cows while you were on the farm?"

Juvenile—"No, daddy; but I seed the man pullin' the corks out of 'em."

The Cause.

She searched his trousers
While he slept;
She found a note,
And then she wept.

The note was not
An "X" or "V."
The note was signed,
"Yours, Dottie Lee."



THE FRENCH AND THE AMERICAN NAPOLEONS OF ART.

Filling museums with art treasures one hundred years ago and to-day.

Memory.

IT COST me some thousands to set off
her face,
For naught but the finest pleased
Mabel;
With aigrettes above, and below Irish
lace,
Gems, flowery scarfs, floating gowns
full of grace,
And girdles of ermine (oh, she set the
pace!)—
And I gave her a rare stole of sable.

For the pleasure of seeing her eyes
flash like stars,
I really did all I was able;
But soon came demands for more up-to-
date cars.
The sad scenes which followed a dear
memory mars,
As I gaze through my window (oh, con-
found those bars!)—
For they found out that I stole the
sable! —*W. W. Quinton.*

A New Angle.

"What are his politics?"
"His wife's."

ONE ON HIM.

Mr. Deepthinker—"I need to know a young lady only five minutes, and I can read her innermost thoughts."

Debutante (ingenuously)—"Oh how horribly unpleasant for you."

Repartee.

A perspicacious young man, passing where an old colored man was busy setting fire to the dead grass in a meadow, accosted him thus:

"Don't do that, Uncle Eb, don't do that!"

"Why so, sah, why so?"

"You will make that meadow as black as you are."

"Never mind dat, sah, never mind dat! Dat grass will all grow out an' be as green as you is!"

All in the Draw.

"A spade is a spade," sages say;
But I've found, when it comes to a
rub,
When just one is needed to finish a flush,
That a spade is more often a club.

Cause and Effect.

"I see the Hungarian Parliament opened with a free fight, which nearly wrecked the chambers and left police interference futile."

"Well, I suppose some radical legislation will follow."

THE BABY.

Life's stages men and women change, from youth to sere and yellow;
Some harsh become, with habits strange—some still are sweet and mellow.

But life's first marvel, Babyhood, all other ages captures;
This wonder changes every mood, and every age enraptures.

The Real Thing.

By CHARLES C. JONES.

THE Practical Politician had been admitted to the nether regions without question. As he entered the particular department to which he had been directed, he lowered the brim of his hat a trifle, tilted his cigar at a more aggressive angle, and inquired after a few of his friends.

The imp on guard at the gate answered shortly, "In the back room."

The Practical Politician passed through the door indicated and saw before him a long, dim room, so furnished that it served as an exact reproduction of the famous back room at "Hooley's Place." There was a closed door at the far end. As soon as the Practical Politician satisfied himself that the place was uninhabited, he made for the distant door, congratulating himself that at last he had found a back room behind a back room.

As he opened the second door, he discovered another room exactly like the first, even to the door at the far end. At the thought of a back room back of the back room behind a back room, he was thrice happy, and he rubbed his hands in approbation as he softly opened the new door. "Fine place, after all!" he muttered. "We'll see if Old Nick can hold his job forever. I don't know but what I might find a man to run against him."

"OH, JACK! ISN'T THIS GLORIOUS?"

The Practical Politician went on into the new room and saw that it resembled the others in every detail. He increased his pace and passed through door after door. A thousand years later he came back to the imp at the gate and whispered, behind his hand, "Say, I couldn't make it in the front way, an' I want to find my friends, y' know. Ain't there no back door?"

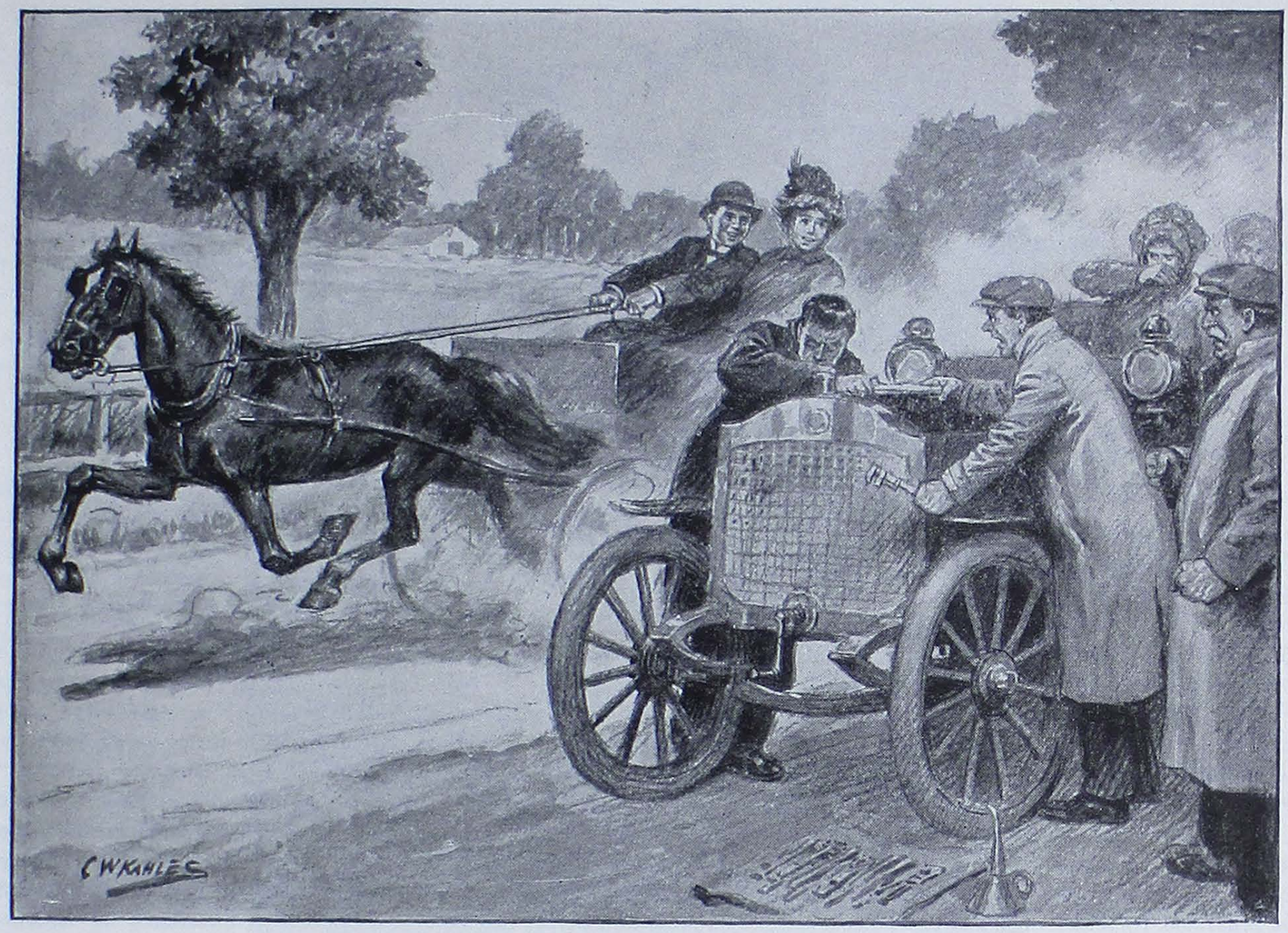
The imp grinned openly. "Sure there is," he replied; "lots of 'em! But they all open into heaven."

Assisted.

"I was so embarrassed that I didn't know what to say to her."

"What did you do?"

"Her father helped me out."



THE PASSING OF THE HORSE

Something the Matter.

THE auto enthusiast—he had owned a car just fourteen days—was consulting his physician.

"What seems the trouble?" the physician inquired, with deep concern. "Do you feel pain anywhere?"

"No; it's not that, exactly," admitted the caller. "Just general disorder. You know a man can't go over a reasonable mileage on his tires—er, that is, my feet are troubling me."

"What else?" asked the physician.

"My clutches are weak," complained the visitor. "I drop my knife, or my fork, or whatever I happen to be holding. Don't seem to be right action in the joints. Must be my bearings need oiling or something."

"Rheumatism," diagnosed the physician.

"That's probably what you'd call it There's something the matter with my carbureter—er, stomach, too. Nothing I eat tastes good to me. I've tried calisthenics. I crank my arms with dumb bells every night and run around the billiard room on third speed, but it doesn't seem to do me any good."

The physician was thoughtful, but said nothing.

"I tell you what's the matter!" stated the caller. "I'm all run down. My batteries are worn out, and my engine won't spark."

The physician scratched his head, still he offered no advice.

"Ought I to go to a hospital and rest up a few weeks?" asked the auto enthusiast.

"Not a bad suggestion at all," replied the physician. "That's just what I'd do if I were you. I'd run into a garage for a little while. When you come out you will find that you have been completely overhauled."

You see, dear reader, the physician was an auto enthusiast too.

—*Donald A. Kahn.*

INCLINATION.

Billie Broadbrim—"When I grow up I wanta belong to a circus."

Johnnie Cap—"Huh! When I grow up I want a circus to belong to me."

THE POET'S PLAINT.

"I don't seem to be able to create anything! Nothing that will live, anyway."

Thumb-nail Essays—Politics.

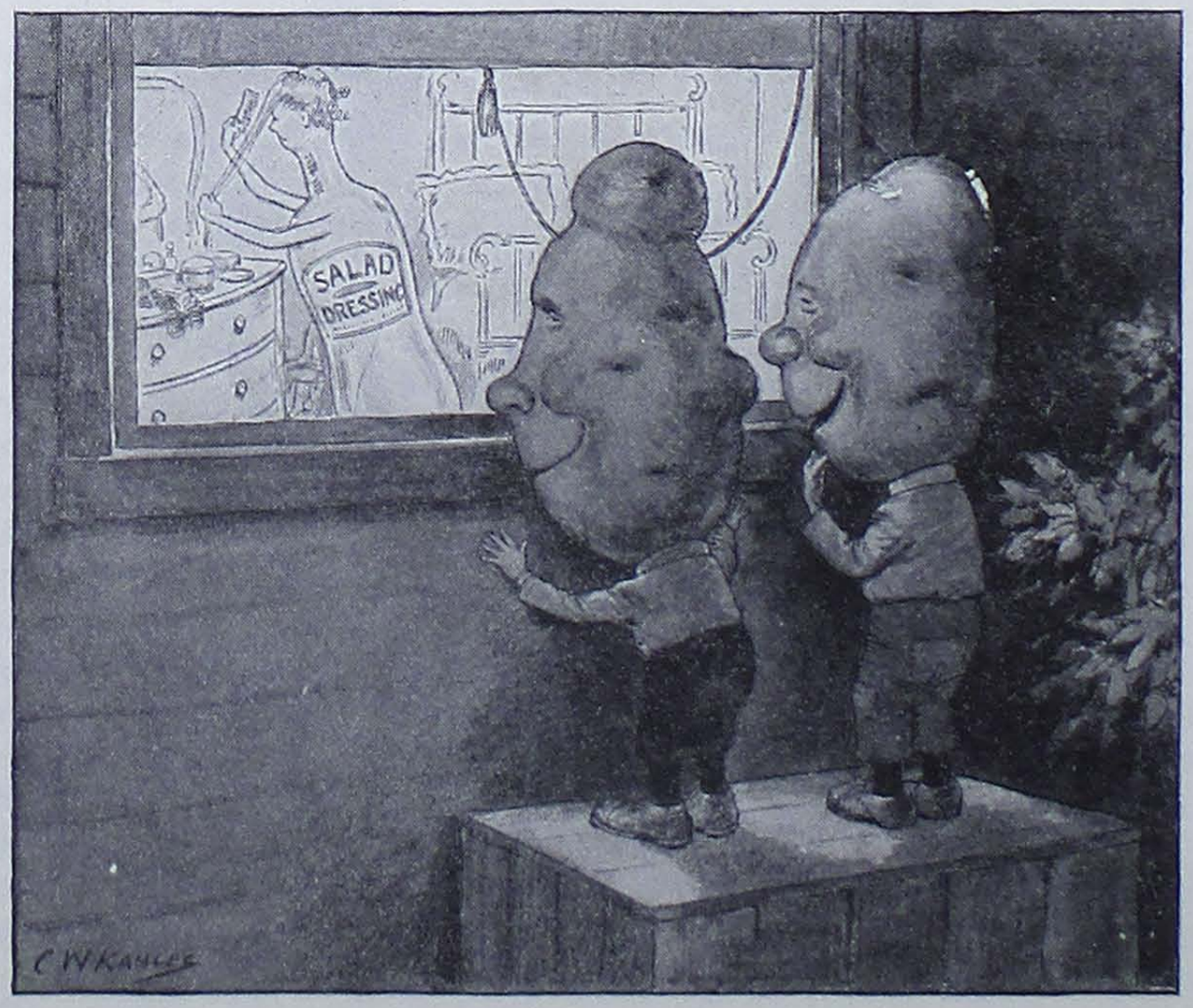
By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

POLITICS is a branch of Civics that treats of Civil Government with a lack of Civility that causes thousands of observers to despair of Civilization. It concerns itself with the Administration of Public Affairs in the interest of Peace and Prosperity, generally with such effect as to destroy the one and seriously to retard the attainment of the other. It is practiced by a large body of men, having no other visible means of support, who are denominated Politicians, and who after death become Statesmen, although during their lifetime they have been regarded with deserved suspicion by either a few more or a few less than half their fellow-citizens. The Rule of Politics is perpetuated by the unruly, and its principles are set forth in a document hastily thrown together and adopted without reading, known as a Platform, which is made rather to ride on than to stand on. (See Plank Road.) The chief result of Politics is to make strange bedfellows, and it requires of its more conspicuous practitioners that they shall either abandon all their principles as previously enunciated for the sake of winning an election, or so explain them as to make their recorded utterances utterly devoid of meaning, and as strong for the Right as a bowl of mush, in order that their followers may get their names upon the Pay-roll of the Government.

In some American Communities that have successfully dealt with Yellow Fever, Seven-year Locusts, Smallpox and Brown-tail Moths, nothing has yet been devised to allay the virulence of the Quadrennial Visitation of Politics which begins to descend with a whirlwind force upon the peaceful vales and industrious cities of the land in the early Spring of every Leap Year, and which continues with devastating violence through Summer and a greater part of Autumn, in order that the Peepul may decide which of two groups of ungovernable men shall govern the Republic. In this branch of human endeavor it is no reflection upon a man's moral character if he be called a Liar, a Thief, a Mollycoddle or a Malefactor of Great Stealth, these terms being interchangeable with such honorary titles as "The New Moses," "The Second Washington," "The Reincarnation of Lincoln" and "The Tribune of the Peeheepul." As no man is a Hero to his Chauffeur, so is every candidate an Ananias, a Benedict Arnold and a Horse Thief to the opposition.

In the pursuit of Politics there are generally two Parties, one the Party of the First Part, constituting the Corrupt Majority, and the other the Party of the Second Part, made up of the Virtuous Minority; with sometimes a Third Party, made up of offshoots from both the others who find it difficult to adapt themselves to the conditions of a suddenly acquired private life. This Third Party is in all cases the Custodian of the Conscience of the Peeheeple, which it guards with such care that even the Peeheeple themselves often wonder as to its whereabouts.

For further information, see Daily Papers.



POPULAR EXPRESSION—"SMALL POTATOES."

Why.

Husband—"In olden times people thought more of their homes."

Wife—"Of course! There were no restaurants worth mentioning to go to."

Viewpoint.

AT 20 he met a girl who was
Wealthy,
Wise,
Witty,
Pretty.
He decided she'd do—but she turned him down.

At 30 he met a girl who was
Wealthy,
Wise,
Witty.
He made up his mind that Beauty, being only skin deep, is not essential in a girl—but she turned him down.

At 40 he met a girl who was
Wealthy,
Wise.
He decided that Wit in a girl may prove undesirable, anyway—but she turned him down.

At 50 he met a girl who was
Wealthy.
He concluded that Wisdom, while needed in men, is superfluous in women—but she turned him down.

At 60 he met a girl who was
Wealthy,
Wise,
Witty,
Pretty.
But by this time he also was Wealthy, Wise, Witty and Pretty much of a confirmed bachelor. She didn't get the chance.

—*Donald A. Kahn.*

Exceptional Child.

First schoolteacher—"Does Edith's little girl ever make any bright answers?"

Second schoolteacher—"No; she always knows her lessons."

A Union Label.

Smith—"No wonder you don't hear of race suicide among the laboring classes."

Jones—"Why?"

Smith—"Well, isn't a baby a union label?"

THE ORIGINAL DICTAGRAPH.

A Regular Meal.

"He eagerly swallowed every word she bestowed on him, he fed upon her every look, he lived upon the smiles she gave him."

"That's what I call an all-consuming passion!"

HE ANSWERED THE AD.

A vaudeville quartet advertised for a singer who could assist them in giving an imitation of an organ. This boy called in answer to the advertisement.

Telltale Marks.

A man who had been reading the details of a sensational criminal trial in his evening paper turned to his wife and said,

"Do you take any stock in this finger-print theory?"

"Well," she replied, with a laugh, "I can generally always detect our Willie that way when he has been stealing the jam."

Retaliation.

Agnes—"I wish this suffragette movement would introduce the custom of girls calling on men."

Gladys—"Goodness! Why?"

Agnes—"I know a few Staylates whom I'd enjoy keeping up until after midnight."

His Tip.

Billy—"Then your engagement with Maud is off, old fellow, eh?"

Tom—"Yes. I'm rather afraid Maud will be contrary in matrimonial harness. She will not care for team work."

Billy—"No? How did you reach that conclusion?"

Tom—"Well, I asked her, supposing we were married, if she would vote as I did."

Billy—"And what did she reply?"

Tom—"She said, 'No; I should vote the other way.'"

Penny Ante.

"The Hon. Thomas Rott declares that he will stake his reputation on"——

"Hoh! He isn't gambling very heavily, is he?"

Hard To Swallow.

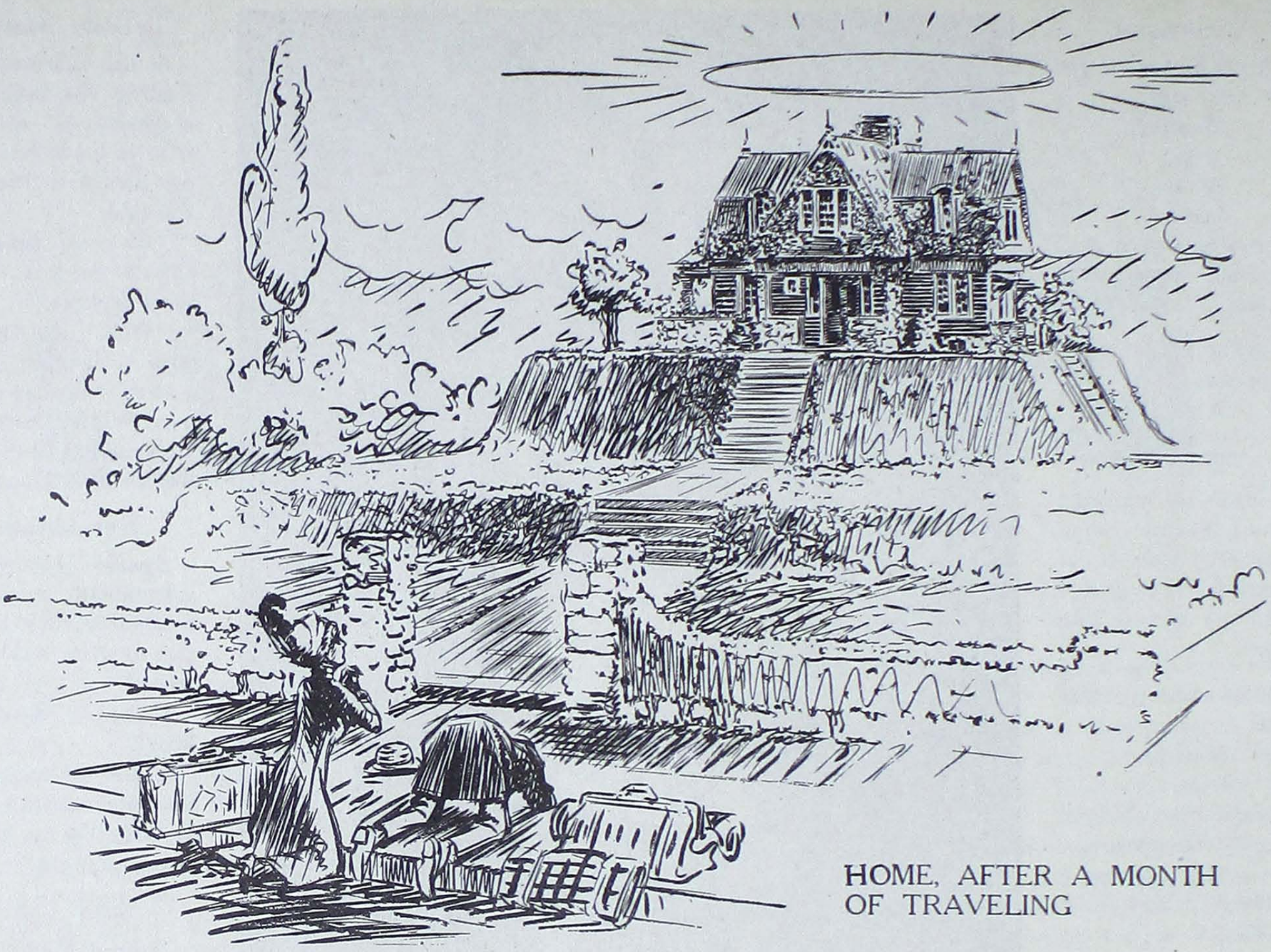
"Shimmerpate is in an awful predicament."

"What's the trouble?"

"He lost an election bet and has to eat his own hat."

"I've heard of that before."

"Yes, but Shimmerpate has been wearing one of those fuzzy caterpillar lids."



HOME, AFTER A MONTH OF TRAVELING

Letters You Will Never Receive.

FROM THE PLUMBER.

YOU WILL notice that the inclosed bill for replumbing your house is $200 less than the original estimate, and includes a few miles of copper piping and other incidentals for which no charge was made.

FROM THE BRIDE.

Heavens! Another berry spoon! Is there anything, I wonder, in which people show so little sense or originality as the selection of wedding gifts? I suppose we can give it away. Again thanking you for the lovely fork, ——

FROM YOUR DOCTOR.

On reconsidering your case, I would advise you to destroy the prescription I gave you and use a little of your own common sense, which is cheaper and safer than drugs. Five dollars consultation fee is returned herewith.

FROM YOUR WIFE.

I can't seem to think of one unpleasant thing to write you about—not one. The maid hasn't left, the children are all well, and—best of all—I have saved enough out of my household allowance to pay the milliner, the dressmaker and the garage bill, besides making a small payment on the pew rent, which was worrying you so when you went away.

FROM YOUR BANKER.

According to our ledger, your checking account shows an overdraft of $13.65. Please accept our thanks. We wish more of our lady patrons understood that the chief function of a national bank is loaning money to its small depositors without security. Trusting that you will continue to draw upon the funds of this institution as if they were your own, and thanking you for past favors, we remain, ——

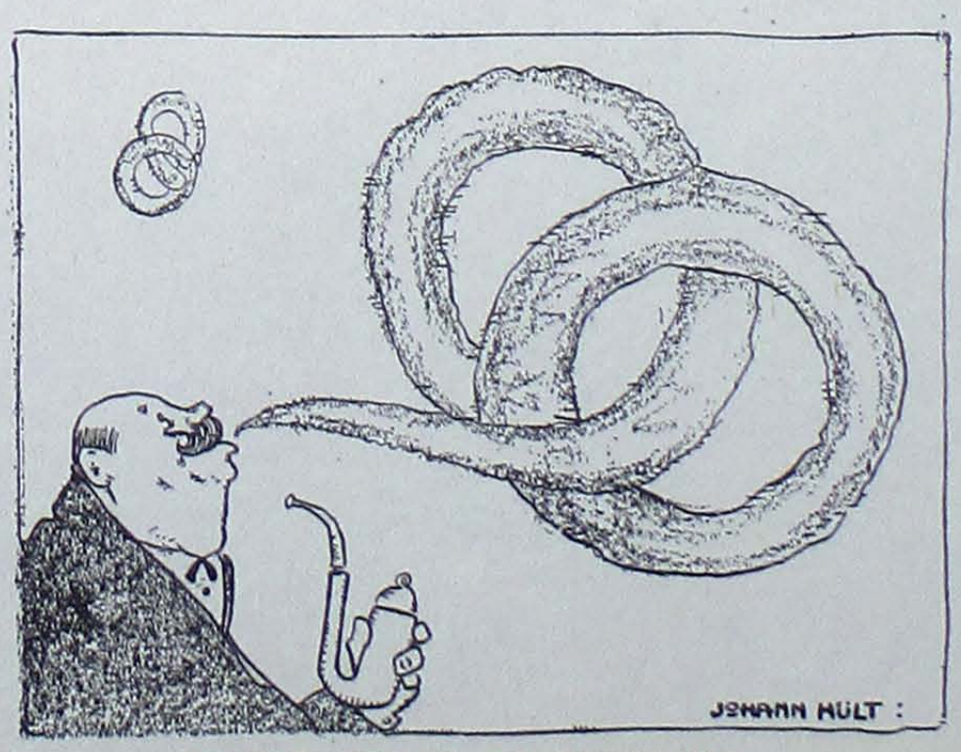
FROM YOUR DAUGHTER.

You are right. In affairs of the heart a daughter's happiness is subordinate to the parental whim. I love Roy and desire to marry him, but have accepted Fred, stupid as he is, knowing that you will find him a devoted and congenial son.

FROM YOUR LAWYER.

Badly as I need the money, I cannot conscientiously accept the case, knowing as I do that legal proceedings would be a foolish and needless expense. The dispute is one that can be easily settled by arbitration. Your generous retainer is respectfully returned herewith.

—*W. F. Rice.*



SMOKE RINGS IN GERMANY.

A Feminine Notion.

Mrs. Post—"But why adopt a baby when you have three children of your own under five years old?"

Mrs. Parker—"My own are being brought up properly. The adopted one is to enjoy."

HALLOWEEN
DANCE
TONIGHT
Y.M.C.A.
MEETING
EVERY
FRIDAY
FOR
SALE
WM. WARDWELL MEAT MARKET
CIGARS TOBACCO
BARBER
STREET CLOSED
FRED BUTTERY - MILL WORK
JOHN
GRUELLE

HALLOWEEN

NEXT!

Philosophy of Life.

A SLICE of Life is seldom served for des(s)ert.

□

Don't try to catch a spider with fly-paper.

□

The call of the wild is the cry of the civilized.

□

Kind deeds are homing pigeons.

□

Cold pie sometimes is a reflection on the cook.

□

Widows or widowers require no rehearsals for a second ceremony.

Ultima Thule.

Crawford—"It seems to me that inventive genius has about reached its limit in wireless telegraphy."

Knowsit—"How about wireless politics?"

GOT HIM GUESSING
"I wonder if I'm going to vote for the winner?"

The Sequel.

First bachelor maid—"I'd rather have a marriage certificate than a college diploma, for it is so much easier to get."

Second bachelor maid—"True; but think of the work after you get it!"

The Lesser Evil.

Daniel had just been cast in the lion's den.

"Thank goodness, they weren't bull mooses!" he cried.

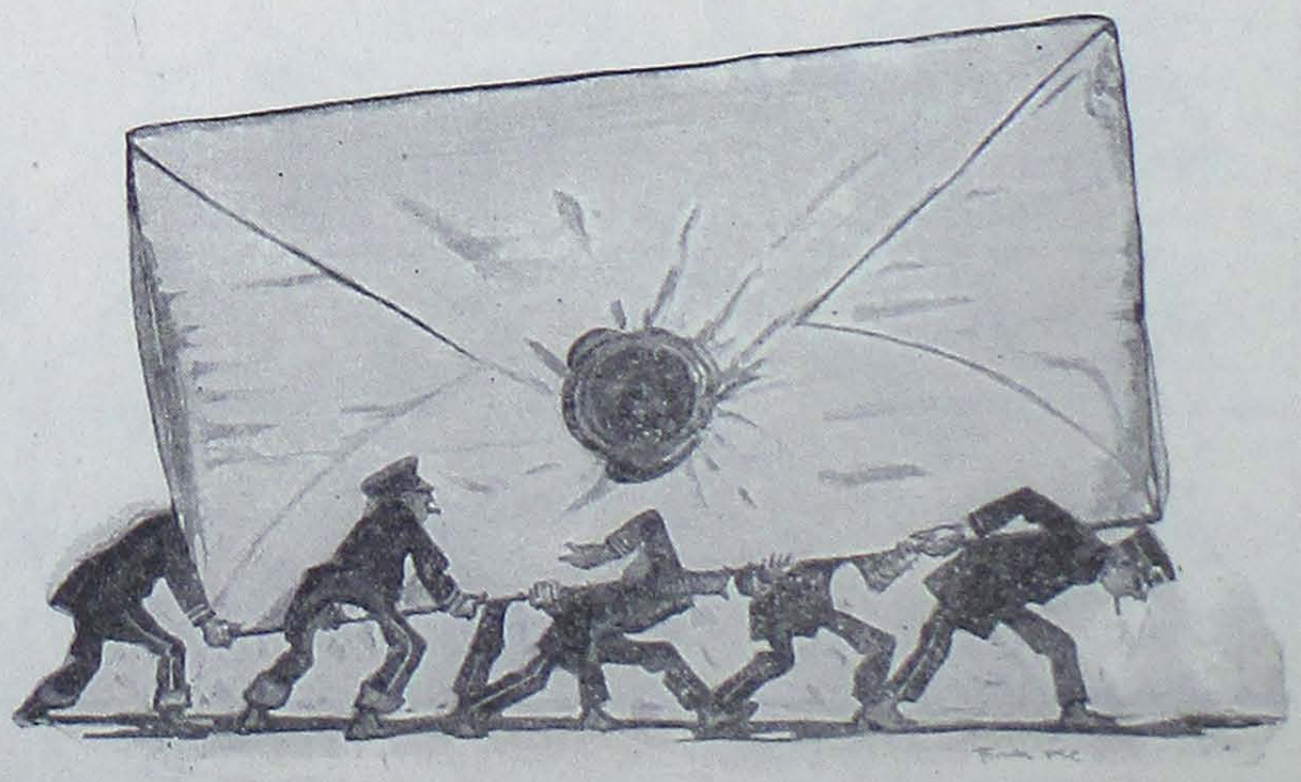
Poor Jack, Poor Jill.

Dear Jack and I would love to wed
And have a flat in town,
But if father doesn't settle up,
We'll never settle down.

Pointed Out.

Ancient mariner (at his first football game)—"Where's the tackle we hear so much about?"

Smart landlubber—"Don't you see the lines all over the ground?"



THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

The World of Elegance.

"In diesem teuren Geschäft kaufen wir ja doch nichts; was schaust du da erst stundenlang die Mannequins an?"

"Ach, weist du, Eduard, man lernt von ihnen so gute Manieren!"

"We never buy anything in this expensive store. Why do you gaze for hours at these dummies?"

"Well, Edward, one learns from them such good manners, don't you know!"—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

The Temptress.

Luncher—"I don't think I'll take anything else."

Waitress—"No sweets to-day, sir? The apple tart is very nice."

Luncher—"Ah, Eve!"—*London Opinion*.

Her Poor Mother!

"Du bist ja heut' entsetzlich schlechter Laune, Melanie."

"Ach, ja, unser Mädchen ist krank geworden, und nun muss meine arme Mutter alle Arbeit allein machen!"

"You are certainly in a terribly bad humor to-day, Melanie!"

"Why, yes! Our servant was taken sick, and now my poor mother has to do all the work alone!"—*Ulk* (Berlin).

Seeking Inspiration.

The above gentleman, with poetic aspirations and no capital, having read somewhere that a running stream was a source of inspiration, gets permission from his landlady to sit beside the sink for a few hours every morning.—*Punch* (London).

Clever Dog.

"Ist Ihr Dackel, der Waldl, wirklich .so gescheit, wie man sagt, Herr Förster?" "Das will ich meinen! Neulich zum Beispiel war eine Tante meiner Frau bei une auf Besuch. Als die nun eine entsetzliche Redseligkeit entwickelte und mit ihrem Geschwätz nimmer aufhören wollte ist mein Waldl hergegangen und hat ihr seinen Maulkorb vor die Füsze hing'legt."

"Is your dachshund really as clever as they say, Mr. Forester?"

"Well, I should say so! The other day my wife's aunt called on us. As she developed a terrible loquaciousness and never ceased her silly talk, my dog went and found his muzzle and laid it in front of her!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich)

Didn't Stay Put.

Irate woman (to bird dealer)—"As for you, you're a thief! All those canaries you sold me yesterday flew away this morning!"—*Sourire* (Paris).

A Countryman's Notion.

Farmer (seeing a water cart for the first time)—"Dang me, Halbert, if these Lunnon chaps ain't smart! Just look what that feller's fixed up at the back of 'is wagon to keep boys from 'anging on be'ind!"—*Sketch* (London).

Gratitude Indeed.

Vicar—"Amid all your troubles, Mrs. Grundy, I am pleased to see that your gratitude to Providence does not fail."

Mrs. Grundy—"No, sir; rheumatiz is bad indeed, but I thank 'eaven I still 'ave a back to 'ave the rheumatiz in!"—*London Opinion*.

The Prompting Mother.

"Ich muss schon bitten,—die Mutter der Braut hat hier gar nichts zu sagen!"

"Erlauben Sie! Wenn ich nichts zu sagen hätte, wären wir gar nicht hier."

Magistrate—"Now, if you please, the bride's mother has nothing whatever to say here."

Mother (who has come to prompt the bride)—"Excuse me! If I had nothing to say, we shouldn't be here at all!"—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

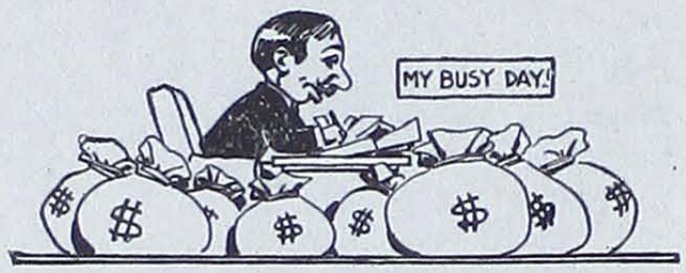
Amusing Stories about Well-known Persons

Side-tracked Genius.

THE late Jacques Futrelle related this instance of the fallacy of heredity:

"There was once a man of such small business ability," said he, "that he almost starved to death. He married a woman with a slight artistic leaning. They had one son, who possessed more and greater artistic inclinations and less business ability.

"He, in his turn, believing that a great genius would result if the strain



was continued, married a woman of very decided esthetic qualities and an absolute abhorrence of business. Their child—how they longed for the first symptom of its future greatness!—was slow in manifesting its inclination.

"'But many of the greatest of them are so,' they maintained. 'They burst with a sudden brilliance that dazzles the world.'

"At the age of nine the child showed an interest in arithmetic, at twelve he begged his parents to allow him to study bookkeeping, at nineteen he had a small business of his own, and at twenty-two is showing such a decided ability for money-making that he is able to give every comfort and luxury to his shocked and disappointed parents."

In the Wrong Political Pew.

A True Anecdote.

When Joseph Messick, now postmaster at East St. Louis, was in the

political game in Illinois, his services as speaker at Republican rallies were in constant demand. At one time in Chicago he was chosen as the "forerunner" for the Republican candidate for Governor, who was campaigning in his own behalf. There were eight halls to be visited in rapid succession. Joe's duty was to hold the floor until the principal speaker arrived, when it was up to him to cut short and light out in a taxi for the next hall. All went well at the first six rallies, and Joe, with ex-State Senator Charles T. Cherry as companion, left for number seven.

The cab stopped in front of a hall where a band and red lights were attracting a good-sized crowd. Joe and his ally rushed up the stairs, edged their way to the stage, where they found seats and waited for the youthful politician, who was pouring forth a carefully prepared stunt in oratory, to finish, at which time, according to schedule, it was up to Joe. He was sitting calmly on the platform, sizing up the crowd, when he suddenly awoke to the fact that the young speaker was saying things which did not sound right at all. At the finish of an especially strong outburst, the speaker brought his fist down onto the handy table with a great deal of enthusiasm. There was a slight applause.

"Look here, young man!" said Joe loudly, leaning forward and shaking his finger at the youth. "Do you mean to tell me that our platform has adopted 'free tariff'?"

"It certainly has, sir!" thundered the one holding the floor. "On June —, in St. Louis, it was adopted as one of our strongest planks."

"Well, that lets me out!" said Joe very distinctly. "I'll have nothing more to do with this party!" He rose and started for the door.

"Me, too!" said the ex-senator, and he followed Joe out of the hall to look for the taxi driver who had landed them at a Democratic rally!

Most Appropriate.

During the last presidential campaign, Augustus Thomas, the playwright, was speaking for the Democratic party in a certain small town. The local band was bravely playing "The Star Spangled Banner" when the electricity failed, and Mr. Thomas had to commence his speech in darkness. "I consider that your band played a very appropriate selection," said he, in opening his address, "for the first words of that song are, 'Oh, say, can you see?'"

His Early Days.

A literary woman of New York tells this story: "I was called by name at a recent great reception, and when the speaker, an entire stranger, saw my bewildered look, he smiled and asked, 'Don't you remember the days when you used to write editorials for the *Tribune* and a little fellow from the office waited sleepily out in the hall till your stuff was ready?' Of course I did remember. 'And are you Dan, the office-boy?' I

cried. He corrected me very gently. 'I was Dan, the office-boy, then. Now I am Daniel Frohman.'"

An Object Lesson in Titles.

A fellow-passenger occupying a seat in a railway coach behind the late Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Bishop Blank, of Mississippi, both members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, became much interested in the fact that other of the passengers accosted the reverend gentlemen by differing titles. Finally he leaned forward and deferentially began to question them.

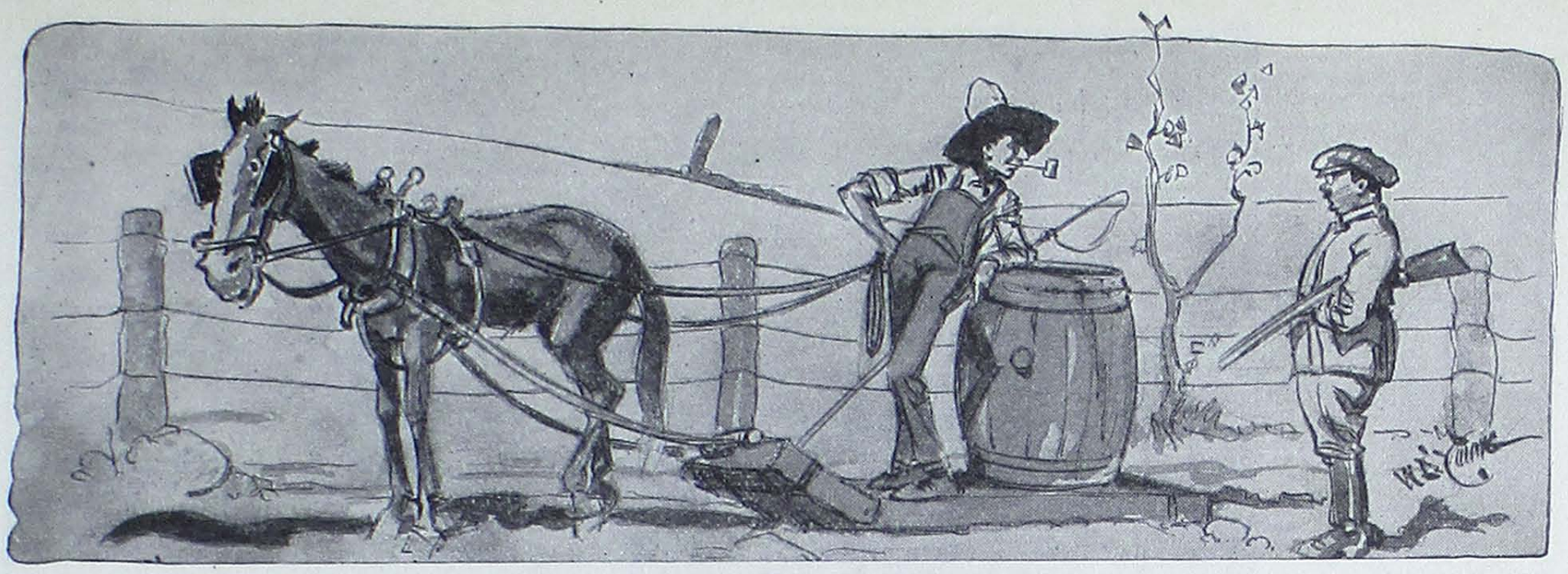
"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "but I would like to ask you a question."

The archbishop turned with the genial smile to be expected from one of his large and benevolent physique and said,

"It shall be answered, sir, with pleasure, if possible."

"Well," said the man, "I notice that you, sir, are accosted both as 'Arch' and 'Your Grace,' while this gentleman," turning to Bishop Blank, whose thin, ascetic figure contrasted sharply with that of his traveling companion, "is always called 'Bishop.' Now, I have noticed, also, that you both wear the same clerical cut of clothes and that you both wear a gold cross, chain and signet ring, and I am puzzled to know just what is the difference between you."

"Why, my dear sir," replied the archbishop, with a broad smile and comprehensive gesture indicating the magnificent curve outlined beneath his clerical waistcoat, "the main difference is, as you see, only a matter of 'arch.'"



NO NEARER.

Stranger—"What! haul water two miles? Why don't you dig a well?" *Dry farmer*—"It 's just as fur that way."

Cupid's Cuisine.

SOUFFLE—A frothy, sweet, light-as-nothing compound of soft words and honeyed kisses, mixed by moonlight and served to two.

Frosting—A cold, white covering, composed of kind words and farewell handshakes, spread upon a cake that has suddenly become all dough.

Roast—Take a bit of jealousy, let it simmer for two or three days, then heat it suddenly with a hot word until it burns brown.

Stew—Occasioned by fiance or fiancee being discovered tete-a-tete with supposedly discarded sweetheart.

Goulash—An old beau's dish. Composed of remnants of various love affairs warmed up and served with a sauce of "Just-as-young-as-I-used-to-be."

Hash—Trifling hand squeezes, idle glances, vagrant smiles and misinterpreted words, with bits of between-the-lines from formal letters, all chopped together and baked dry.

Tart—Acidulated affection served on crusty words.

Ginger Snap—A red-headed girl catching her beau kissing a meek blonde.

Broil—Marrying for money.

Doughnut—A flirtation with nothing in it.

—*W. D. Nesbit.*

A Shining Reward.

Of course it pays one to be good;
Yet goodness' dividends, we think,
Would be appreciated more
Did they but glitter some—and clink.

Means To Be Economical.

Bridegroom—"Isn't five dollars a great deal for that intelligence office to charge for securing us a cook?"

Bride—"Perhaps, love; but I won't change more than once a week."

The men who succeed go after things that fail to come to them.

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

He Knew.

The teacher of a small school was conducting a grammar lesson.

"Now, children," she said, "in the sentence, 'John was struck by James,' there is a person known as the agent. James is the agent, because he is the person that did the act. Now, what is the agent, Mary?"

"The agent is the person or thing that does the act," replied Mary.

The teacher turned her eyes on a little fellow in the corner, who was not giving much attention, and in rather sharp tones asked,

"Tommy, do you know what the agent is?"

"Yes'm; he's de gink dat pop kicked out yisterday."

His Mistake.

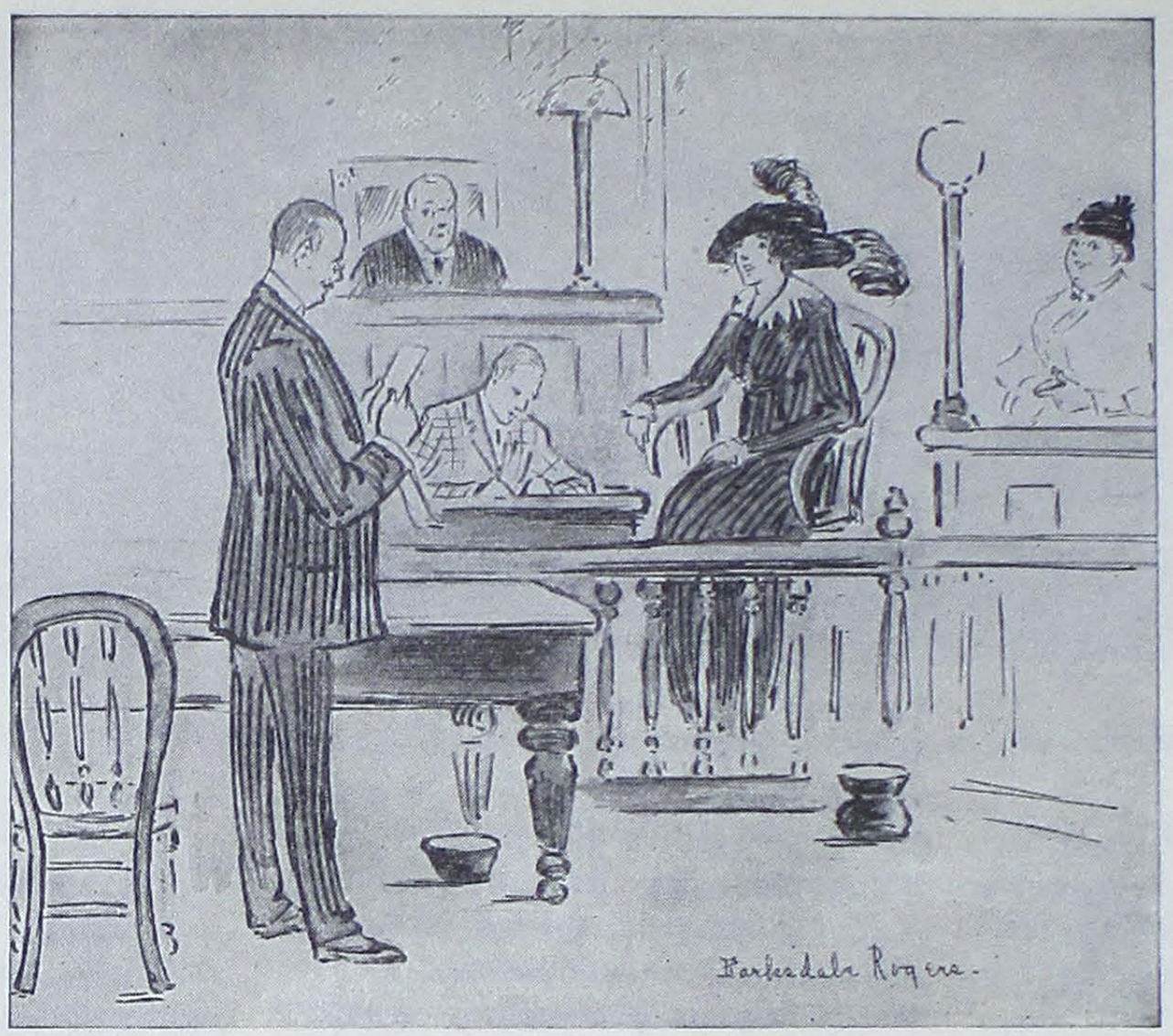
After the services were over, one of the congregation turned to his wife and said,

"On my way to church I picked up a button and put it in my change pocket, where I had a quarter."

"Gracious, my dear!" anticipated his wife, very much horrified. "And you dropped it into the collection basket by mistake?"

"No, confound it!" replied her husband. "I put in the quarter."

The evolution of the stinging bee is all right, if the returns show a normal supply of honey.



HOW OLD IS ANN IN CALIFORNIA?

Lawyer (examining candidate for jury)—"Madam, what is your age?"
College woman (with inspiration)—"Sixteen multiplied by two minus twelve plus six minus four."

Freak.

OH, SAY, have you heard of the wabbly bird,
With plumage all awry,
With legs made wrong, and bill so long
That it reaches from head to thigh?

This wabbly bird is quite absurd;
It sings in a treble key.
Should you see one, upon my word,
You'd pull up your stakes and flee.

This wabbly bird is twelve feet high.
It sings like a soft-shell crab.
It gurgles loud when it tries to fly,
Like the wheels of a creaking cab.

Now, should you meet this wabbly bird,
Do not break loose or scream.
For this creature so absurd
Is simply a birdman's dream.

—*Carleton G. Garretson.*

The Gift-horse Idea.

Wiseman—"I see a dentist says a man intending matrimony should look carefully at the teeth of the young woman selected."

Cynicus—"No doubt a scientific conclusion. But it will not appeal to the foreigner of title in search of American money."

The College Boy.

'Twere naught to him to have his name
Enrolled on Learning's scroll.
To him the pinnacle of fame
Would be to kick a goal.

Let the Option Expire.

"Yes, I was once engaged to a duke."

"And what obstacle came between two loving hearts?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. He just let the option expire."

Two of 'Em.

"Yes, I was a great player in my day," said Jones. "Made a goal from the kick off. Can any of you beat that?"

"I've done the same, you bloomin' liar!" replied Brown.

G. Horn: The bulwarks of a vessel are not used for penning cattle.

DIPLOMACY.

Wife—"To-day is my birthday, and you 've come home and forgotten to bring me a present."
Hubbie—"But, dearie, how can I remember? You look as young as you did last year."

Not To Be Stumbled Upon.

One of the young men attached to the American embassy at London adds to the list of stories with reference to British matter-of-factness.

It appears that the American attache met a Britisher who was smoking a pipe of extraordinary size and beauty, a product of the ingenuity of the Dutch. After silently admiring the pipe for some moments, the American ventured to comment thereon.

"You could not stumble upon a pipe like that every day," he finally said.

Whereupon the Briton took another long puff, slowly removed the pipe from his mouth, and, after a long contemplation of it, rejoined,

"Certainly not without breaking it."

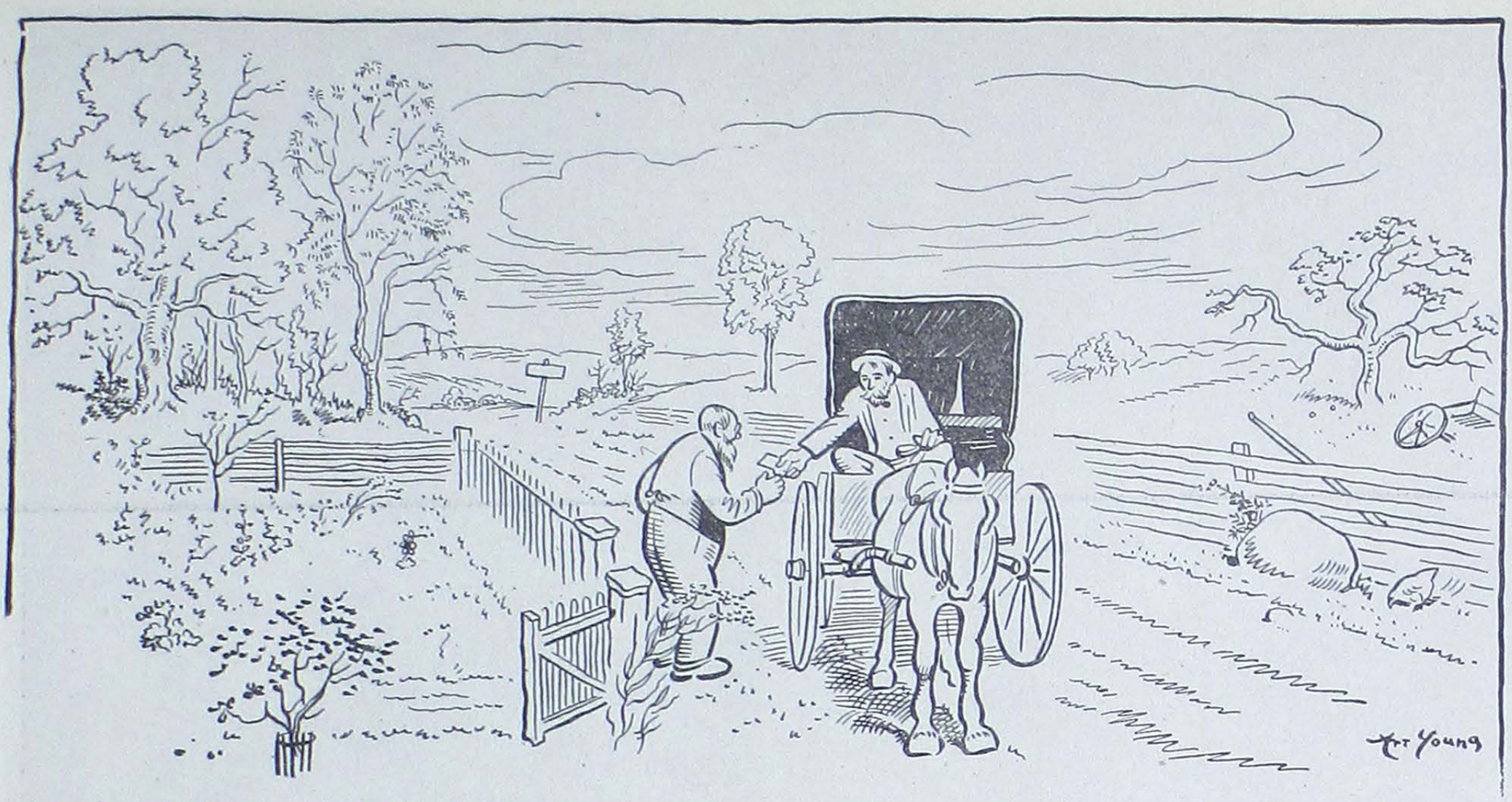
Buried Treasure.

Then to a garret's dark retreat
He quickly went with eager feet,
And seeking in a corner there,
He lifted forth with tender care
An object, too good to be true.
Ah, how the thanks poured from his throat!
For there, almost as good as new,
He found his last year's overcoat!

—*George B. Staff.*

Mary—"How pretty Ida looks! She has just put the hooks into old Gotrox for two hundred dollars at bridge."

Alice—"Yes, she does look winsome!"



EXCITEMENT ON THE R. F. D.

Carrier—" Well, Mr. Jones, here 's another letter for you."
Jones—" It never rains but it pours! Yesterday I got one from Roosevelt; the day before one from Wilson; an' I s'pose this is from Taft!"

Men Never Hear Their Wives Say:

JUST think! I wore a number six shoe when I was married!

No, I don't believe I need any new gowns this winter. I have plenty of clothes.

Don't bother to remember my birthday or our anniversaries with presents for me any more, dear. I'd rather you'd spend the money on yourself for cigars.

No, thank you! I don't care for chocolates.

I don't mind one bit even if my switch isn't the color of my hair or who knows that I wear one.

I think a man looks more distinguished when he has a bald spot and is minus a few front teeth.

Our children are not as pretty or as smart as Mrs. Smith's children.

I don't believe in woman's rights. I think a man's word should be law!

Economic Suggestion.

Louise—"The man that Edith married is a reformer."

Julia—"How did he lose his money?"

Very few brands of face powder taste as good as they smell.

How She Knew.

Mrs. Shopper—"How do you like my new Oriental rug?"

Mrs. Hopper (scanning the rug critically)—"Are you sure it is Oriental?"

Mrs. Shopper—"Sure! Why, I stood by just as it was being finished by a Turk, or an Armenian, or a Persian—I don't know which."

A Shameless Wish.

Slim—"You've a hard-working wife."

Fat—"Yep; an' I wish I had two or three more like her."

SUITABLE TRULY.

Gladys—" Ruth, with her suffragette ideas, must expect eventually to become a man."
Ferdie—" Well I think Ruth would become most any man."

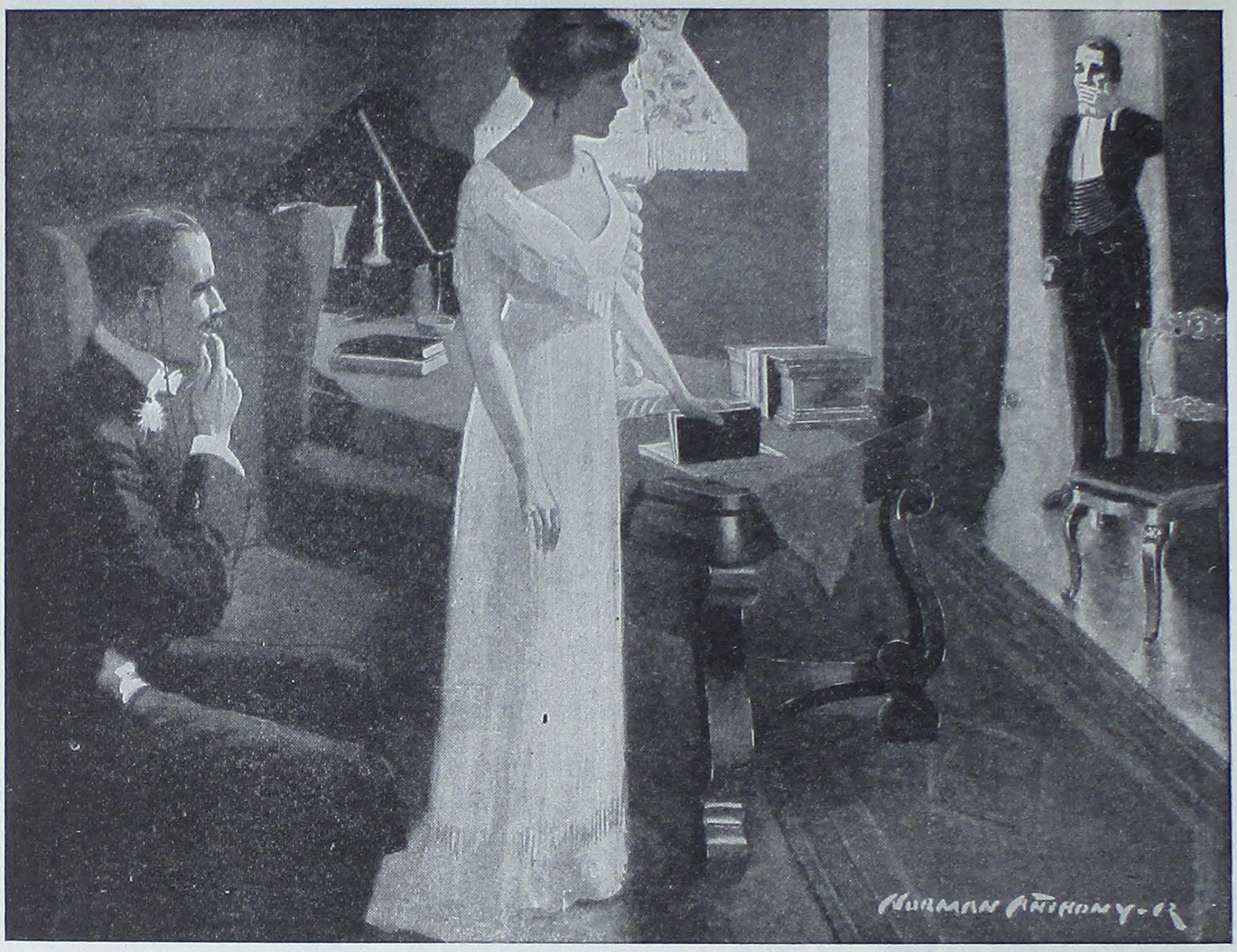
The Skeptic.

"Cah-cah!" cried a hen, in a tone of alarm.
"What now will become of the flock and the farm?
I see by the papers that some men declare
They soon will be picking eggs out of the air!
Cah-cah!" and the hen to this added a "Tut!
Cah- cah- cut- cut- cut- cut- cut- cah- dah- cut!"
An old rooster smiled—just as old roosters can—
"You're a fool!" he declared, "and another is man!
He can hatch eggs, I know, by the use of hot air;
But their making is surely another affair!
And what about broilers, and potpie fowl, too?
Cockadoodle - doodle-doodle-doodle-do-o-o-o!"

—*J. A. W.*

A Touchdown.

Reggie has become a great football man since he started that new mustache. It's a touchdown every few minutes with him now.



THE MORNING AFTER HALLOWEEN.

Mrs. Sightleigh (after all hints have failed)—"James, will you set an extra place for breakfast? I think Mr. Stikker will be here."

Habit Brings Ease.

WHEN ma writes papers for her club,
The house is awful still!
We don't get any fancy grub,
We don't speak to her till
It's mealtime; if we do, she'll say,
"Now, I can't think at all
Unless you children run away!
Hope no one comes to call!"

The *Weekly Journal* editor,
He looks real pleasant when
Folks call—he doesn't mind what for.
His pencil or his pen
Keeps on; but he says, smiling, "Well?
What news? Crops pretty fair?
How do you like this rainy spell?
Wife well now? Take a chair."

—*Grace McKinstry.*

Figuring On It.

First young man—"Then you think you may join a school for chauffeurs?"

Second young man—"Uncertain. I'm figuring out the chances for eloping with the daughter of a millionaire in that vocation."

IT IS a strange freak of nature to clothe limbs of trees in hot weather and expose them naked to the winter frosts.

DID SHE MEAN JUST THAT?

Leo—"Why, it doesn't look any more like a frog than I do!"

Cleo (agreeably)—"No, not so much."

Didn't See Them.

Small girl at a football match scans the scene with eagerness; then in disappointed tones, "Mother, I don't see any cripples!"

"Of course not yet, my dear; the game is young. What did you expect?"

"Well, where are the quarterbacks and halfbacks who were to play?"

Just the Same.

Knicker—"But you can't shoot before the season opens."

Bocker—"It makes no difference; I never hit anything, anyway."

Still Hopeful.

"What's that noise in the cellar?"

"Some one told Miss Unwed, at our Halloween party, that if she would walk down the cellar stairs backward and stand looking over her left shoulder, she would see the face of the man she is to marry."

"But this is the first of December!"

"I know it. She's down there yet."

ROOTERS
SHORT STOP
THE MASCOT
RUNNER SAFE
NO BUTTER FINGERS HERE
THE UMPIRE
COACHING
A FLY CATCH
A BUNT
BATTER OUT
MINDING THE BATS
A SAFE STEAL

GAME CALLED

WILL IT COME TO THIS?

A sartorial possibility that may grow out of suffrage.

Jimson.

"HAVE you seen Jimson? What's the matter with his face? Looks as though it had intervened in a Black Hand outrage."

"Yaas. Jimson, poor old chap, is rather unsightly."

"But how did it happen?"

"At a ball game."

"At a ball game? Fight?"

"Oh, no! Jimson never fights. You must know his chief characteristic."

"I know he is the personification of politeness. Courtesy is his middle name."

"Just that. You've often seen him at the theater, no doubt, in the box of this or that dame of fashion. He never cares for the play, and throughout is Chesterfielding it to beat the band. A sort of public lesson in deportment—of a certain kind."

"Yes. But his face just now."

"Well, as you know, the Countess of Bing-Bang is here on an important mission. She is to 'see America' in a week and write her impressions for a London daily. She came accredited to the set in which Jimson is prominent, and he took her to the first of the world series games between the Giants and the Red Sox as an event she could not afford to overlook."

"Quite right, too. How can one see America thoroughly in a week and leave out a world series ball game?"

"Well, Jimson had a box in the upper tier, and the way he entertained the countess was something for those shy on that art to study. To be sure, as the teams marched on the field to the music of the band, he pointed out to her some of the stars of the contest; but, once the game began, he hardly looked at the players, and the countess seemed wholly occupied with Jimson, amazed, perhaps, that a citizen of this country could show so much gentility, courtesy, urbanity and affability. In fact, Jimson could not have been more absorbed in the countess had they been alone in a drawing-room."

"Yes. But what happened?"

"Well, I think it was in the second inning—although Jimson apparently didn't know whether it was the second or the ninth, he was so busy with the countess—that it happened. A foul tip came like a bullet and hit Jimson square in the face. Knocked him out, and sent the countess into hysterics, for it really was a bloody affair, don't you know. Friends took them both out, and they left in Jimson's motor."

"Served Jimson right, don't you think? What right has a man to jolly about in a social way like that at a ball game? He ought to have had his eye on the ball."

"Sure thing. And it proved to me what has often been declared."

"What is that?"

"That a ball park, during the progress of a game, is no place for polite conversation."

—*J. A. Waldron.*

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS.

Wise—"This is certainly a good cigar you 've given me, old chap!"

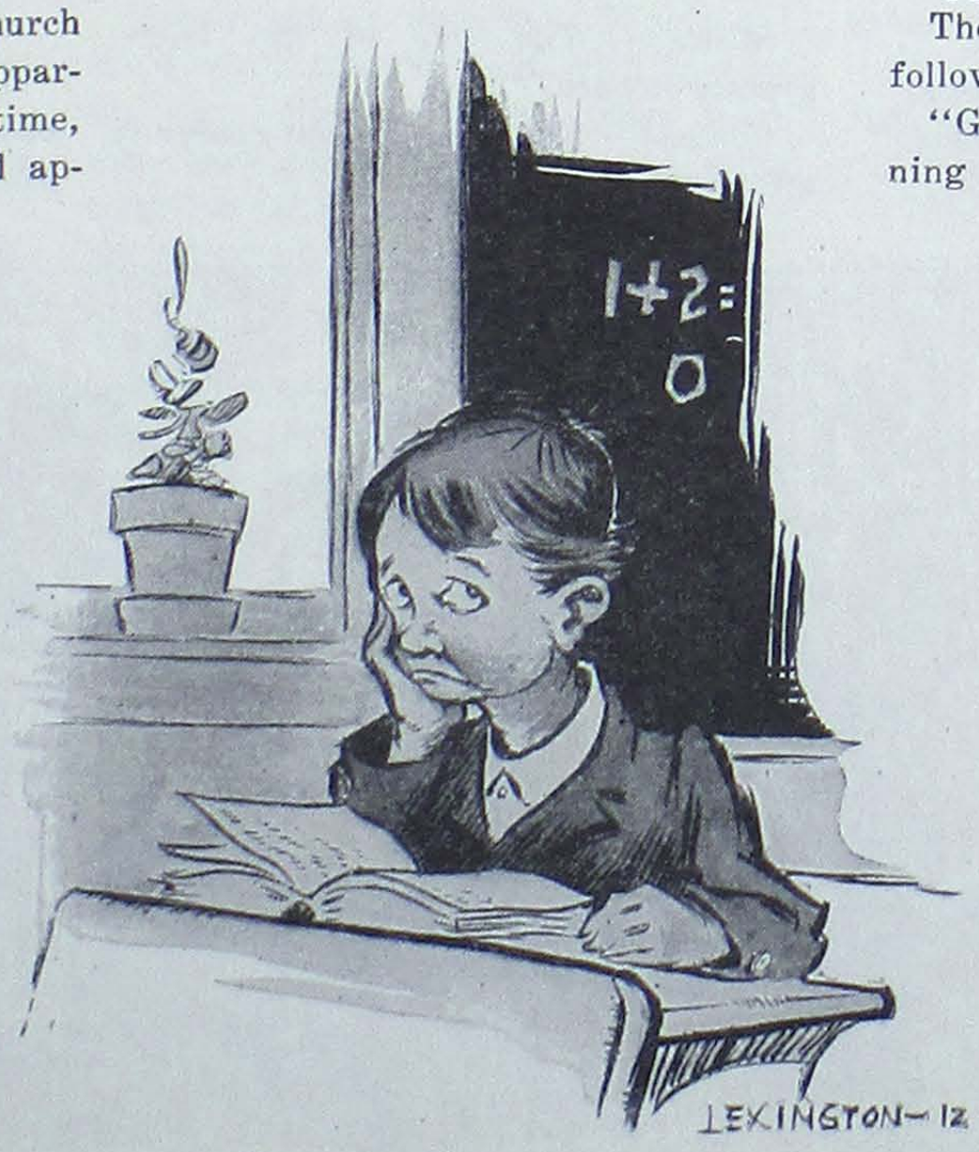
Guys—"Shucks! I bet I 've gone and given you the wrong one!"

WANTED TO HEAR FROM HIM.

Patron (to very slow waiter)—"Bring me some salad, please. And you might just send me a post card every now and then while you 're away."

Respectfully Solicited.

EVERYBODY in the congregation of the little church at Grassdale was much excited when the distinguished-looking stranger entered the building and, with considerable impressiveness of manner, walked down the middle aisle and seated himself in the front pew. He looked like a composite of Uncle John D. Reddymun and the lamented Mr. Midas, of mythological fame. Especially were the members of the church pleased at the advent of one so apparently prosperous at that particular time, for this was the day for the annual appeal for funds to pay the minister's salary and current expenses of the church. Not that the congregation was poor, but that it liked to share its responsibilities with others in that true Christian spirit that is often found in rural communities. Mr. Plugley, the pastor, alive to his opportunity, made the most of it and put vastly more fervor into his appeal than ever before, thereby winning the approval of those whose pursestrings were trembling nervously over the general outlook, as well as that of the distinguished-looking stranger, who, leaning forward in his pew, seemed to drink in with avidity and admiration every word that Mr. Plugley spoke. Then the contribution plate was passed, and necks were craned everywhere in the sanctuary, expectancy being raised to the nth power by the pleasing spectacle of the stranger taking a folded piece of paper from his pocket and dropping it in the plate, after writing on it with his fountain pen. Surely here must be a generous contribution, for one such as he, had he been so minded, could easily have dropped in a coin instead of a check; and the pastor, anxious to learn how much, hastened the service a bit and, in announcing the closing hymn, called for only two verses instead of five—a thing unprecedented in the history of the institution.



JOHNNIE JONES'S SOLILOQUY.

"Gee! I wish I had a history that would repeat itself."

The service over, the deacons hastened to the vestry-room to count up, and, once seated, the pastor himself seized the slip of paper with trembling hands.

"How much, brother?" asked Hiram Wiggles.

The pastor's face fell as he read as follows:

"Gentlemen—I see you have no lightning rods upon this church. As the agent of the Neverstruck All-steel Rod, I respectfully solicit"——

But he got no further.

To a man, the deacons had vanished in a mad pursuit of the iniquitous intruder, who was himself compelled to vanish surreptitiously under cover of darkness later on, to avoid a thunderbolt so righteous that no rod in creation could have averted disaster.

A Dream.

He had a dream, a joyous dream,
That thrilled him to the soul:
He stood, with a receipted bill,
And watched a row of wagons fill
His cellar full of coal!

The man who talks all day and then snores all night is a domestic tragedy.

A BROKEN HEART.

Busyman.

HE'S figured it out to a dot.
Th' electoral college he quotes.
All duties he's shirking,
Has no time for working,
O'er lines of statistics he gloats.
He reads and collates and compares,
Refers to elaborate notes;
His wife takes in sewing,
To keep things a-going,
While he's busy taking straw votes!

He tells you of Jefferson's times
(You mark his frayed linen, worn coats),
How each State is rated
Has nicely collated,
Shows just what its standing denotes.
He dwells on the powers of "the House"
(His pockets lack nickels or groats),
His children are toiling
(Their youthtime it's spoiling),
But he's busy taking straw votes!

—*E. A. Fanning.*

Degrees.

Crawford—"If you don't believe in medicine, why don't you try the faith cure?"

Crabshaw—"My boy, I find that even harder to swallow."

Varying It.

"Er—er—some of the facetious gentlemen in the congregation," says the minister, as the deacons prepare to take up the collection, "have been in the habit of dropping buttons into the plate. Might I suggest that, in view of a recent arrival at the parsonage, they substitute safety pins for the time being?"

The Love Cure.

"Her parents sent her to Europe in the hope that she would get over her infatuation for young Flubdub."

"An easier way would be for them to let her marry him."

Doesn't Mind the Bumps.

Sillicus—"The way of the transgressor is hard."

Cynicus—"Oh, well, he can generally afford pneumatic tires."

JOYS OF MARRIED LIFE.
The prodigal brother-in-law makes a "touch."

Invidious Distinction.

"How does unequal taxation affect you?"

"Just think," replied the old circus man, "of Roosevelt's being permitted to travel all over the country without having to take out a theatrical license!"

Novel, but Unscientific.

When airmen reach the Milky Way,
The little stars will flutter,
And whether it be night or day,
The friction should make butter.

Fewer Optic Accidents.

Wiseman—"I see that in Germany there are laws which dictate how a citizen shall carry his umbrella and forbid women who wear long hatpins to enter railway trains."

Cynicus—"Particular legislation, I admit. But as a result you will find that the Germans possess more and better eyes."

Unequal.

First politician—"So the deal fell through?"

Second politician—"Yes; he was entirely too tight. He wanted to trade a seat on the stock exchange for one on the police force, and he wouldn't give anything to boot."

STRANGE, INDEED.

Minerva—"Isn't it strange, mother, that all the heroines in novels marry poor men?"
Mater—"Yes, my dear; but that is fiction."

Modern Drawing.

MY GRANDMA sits and draws her dainty stitches,
While Uncle Bob draws cartoons by the yard;
My mother draws a frazzled strap across my breeches,
Big Brother Bill draws oft the losing card.
My grandpa draws a very modest pension,
Dear daddy draws a wage—which we annex—
Aunt Edith draws a world of male attention,
And Sister Sue draws alimony checks!

—*Z. M. Ingram.*

Verdant.

Old hand (to new ticket seller at State fair)—"Ever been on the wicket before in a crush?"

"Nope."

"Thought not."

"Why so?"

"You give change first, and tickets afterward."

"What is the difference?"

"Hundreds of dollars, my boy. No one ever passes in and forgets his tickets."

Financially Foolish.

First official member—"What do you think of the new preacher we tried out yesterday?"

Second official member—"Won't do! We'd never lift the debt with him on the job. Why, yesterday, when there were strangers present, he had them sing 'I'm Glad Salvation's Free,' while the collection was being taken!"

The Season's Change.

Gone are the straws, the summer lids,
A toothsome meal for hungry goats.
Cry out the blithesome katydids,
"The baa-baa hats with woolly coats."

Hard-hearted.

"What would you do if you discovered a family living in squalor?"

"Let 'em squall!" replied the pessimist.

No Nose for News.

The new reporter turned in his story about the church bazaar, his first assignment. It was the usual story, with the usual names of committee women.

He lingered around the city editor's desk as the hour for the paper to go to press drew near.

"Funny thing happened at that bazaar to-night," he said casually, as conversation lagged.

"What was that?" asked the city editor.

"Oh, nothing much—one of the booths caught fire and they put it out with lemonade."

He never knew why he was fired.

—*Edward M. Thierry.*

Modern Assistants.

Farmer Burdock—"Wall, John, how're things goin'?"

Farmer Milkweed—"Pore crops, Bill. Rust on th' wheat, an' my corn is only fit fer fodder."

Farmer Burdock—"Then you must dread th' winter, 's I do."

Farmer Milkweed—"Dread th' winter! Not much! Yew seem t' fergit I've got three sons who've been playin' big-league ball!"

PROBABLY NOT AS LOUD.

Small boy (reading)—"'And as Captain Kidd stepped from behind the rock, there came the loud report of a pistol shot.''

Squelching Him.

THE dapper little traveling man looked at the menu card and then up at the pretty waitress.

"Nice day, little one!" he began.

"Yes, it is," she answered. "And so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I am a little peach and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while, and I like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working in a hotel—if I did I'd quit my job—and my wages are satisfactory, and I don't know if there's a dance or a show in town to-night, and if there is I shall not go with you, and I'm from the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is the cook in this hotel and weighs two hundred pounds, and last week he wiped up this dining-room floor with a fresh, fifty-dollar-a-month traveling man who tried to make a date with me. Now, what'll you have?"

The dapper little traveling man said he guessed he wasn't very hungry in this hot weather, and a glass of milk and some nice strawberries and cream would do.

—*O. N. Frankfort.*

Stopped Short.

First fan—"I see that Throwem, who pitched thirty consecutive winning games, has written a baseball story and is figuring in motion pictures."

Second fan—"Yep; but he hasn't won another game since."

"HE READ HIS ANSWER IN HER EYES."

Alas, Poor Venus!

The Venus di Milo is perfect, I'm told,
In pose—and a figure that charms;
But if she has a heart, 'tis marble—and cold,
And how could she hug—without arms?

Journalism.

Young reporter—"These new colleges of journalism will turn out a great number of journalists, don't you think?"

Old reporter—"Sure thing!"

Young reporter—"Some competition in the game, eh?"

Old reporter—"Oh, I guess not!"

Young reporter—"Why?"

Old reporter—"Well, we shall be just as shy of newspapermen as ever."

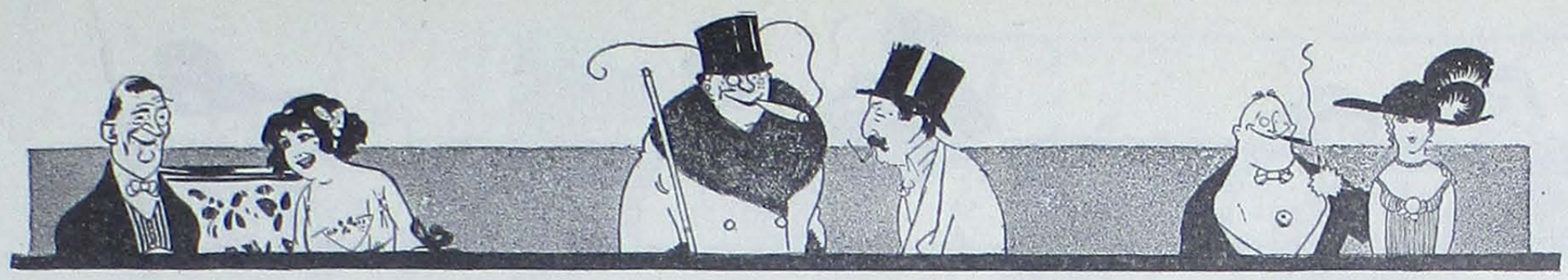
Very Different.

"Father, what is a minor operation?"

"A minor operation, my boy, is one for which the patient cheerfully pays the bill."

"And a major operation?"

"Oh, that's one for which the bill is settled by the heirs."



WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

The Gamblers.

"Naturellement, tu as tout perdu! Moi j'ai eu la force de garder cent sous!"
"Non!"
"Si! ils étaient en plomb."

"You have lost everything, of course. I had the strength of character to save a dollar."
"No!"
"Yes; but it is counterfeit!"—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

His Object.

"Nu halten Se mir nich immerzu die Hand fest, Herr Pachulke, nu küssen Se se schon endlich."
"Wieso—ich will se doch gar nich küssen. Ich taxier' blosz die Ringe."

"Now, don't keep on forever holding my hand, Mr. Pachulke! Do kiss it some time!"
"Why, I don't want to kiss it at all! I'm only appraising the rings!"—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

A Little Too Presuming.

Father—"Mabel, you might give that young man who comes to see you in the evenings a message."
Mabel (blushing)—"Yes, father."
Father—"Tell him that we've got no objection to him running up the gas bills, but we'd rather he didn't carry away the morning paper with him when he leaves!"—*London Opinion*.

No Serious Hurt.

Gastgeber (zum Tenor, der die Treppe hinunter auf den Kopf gefallen)—"Um Himmels willen, sind Sie verletzt?"
Tenor (singt)—"La, la, la! Nine, danke."

Host (to the tenor, who has just fallen downstairs on his head)—"For heaven's sake! Are you injured?"
Tenor (testing his voice)—"La, la, la! No, thank you."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Poems Without Rhyme.

"Mira, Luis, qué hermosos sombreros! Son una monada, una verdadera poesía."
"Lástima que para esas poesías mis bolsillos no tengan rima."

"Look, Louis! What beautiful hats! How cute they are—real poems!"
"What a shame that my pockets have no rhymes for such poems!"—*Sucesos* (Santiago, Chili).

Berlin Bar-barism.

Die Kommunalbehörden planen ein Bar-Verbot. Die exmittierten Nachtkneipen werden mit elektrischem Wage-Mut den Betrieb auf freier Strasse fortsetzen.

The Berlin city authorities are planning the closing of the "American" bars. The banished night taverns may continue to do business on the tramcars in the open street.—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

Incomprehensible.

Herr Lämmchen: "Dieser 'Othello' ist ein verrücktes Stück! — Es ist Sie doch unmehglich, dass ein Mensch wegen eenes verlorenen Taschentuches 'ne solche Wut bekommt!"

Mr. Lambkin—"This 'Othello' is a crazy piece! It is altogether impossible that a man should get into such a rage on account of a lost handkerchief."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

A Salesman's Logic.

"Eine hochfeine Marke—und dann dieser wunderbar langsame Brand! . . Wenn Sie regelmässig davon beziehen, sparen Sie ein Vermögen!"

"They are a very fine brand of cigars, indeed, and, then, they burn so wonderfully slow! If you smoke them regularly, you will save a fortune."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

It Was Embarrassing.

Extract from Blanche's letter to her dearest friend—"And it was frightfully embarrassing, when I went with Will for a walk on the cliffs at sunset, to come amongst a lot of trippers, who shouted: 'Don't be shy with 'im, miss —sit down and spoon the same as us!'"—*London Opinion.*

Simple.

Hausherr: "In meinem Haus darf keine Musik gemacht werden."

Mieter: "Aber erlauben Sie, ich bin Kapellmeister."

Hausherr: "Dann fangen S' 'was ander's an!"

Landlord—"I don't allow any music in my house."

Prospective tenant—"But, pardon me, I am a bandmaster!"

Landlord—"Then do something else for a living."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Had She a Good Time?

The Nut—"Hadn't we better look after your aunt a bit?"

The Flapper—Oh! Aunty's quite good at amusing herself."—*Punch* (London).

The Sympathetic Curate.

Steward—"Can I do anything for your wife, sir?"

Curate—"It isn't my wife, I don't know who it is — poor thing!"—*The Sketch* (London).

A Bit Candid.

First tripper (after lengthy survey of second ditto)—"You 'as got a hugly face, 'asn't you, mate?"

Second tripper—"Corn't do nuffin' abaht it."

First tripper—"You might 'ave stopped at 'ome."—*Punch* (London).

The Mathematician.

"Nun, Herr Professor, wie fühlen Sie sich im Ruhestand?" — "Ganz wohl . . . Früher zog ich Kubik- and jetzt zieh' ich Radiwurzeln."

"Well, professor, how are you enjoying yourself in your retirement?"

"Very well! Formerly I extracted cube roots, now I extract radish roots."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

CHILDISH CURIOSITY.

"Pa, ships have main stays, don't they?" "Yes, Bob."
"An' ribs?" "Yes, yes."
"An' lacings?" "Yes, certainly; but why so many questions?"
"Well, I been huntin' all over an' I can't find th' corset!"

EVERY JACK TO HIS TRADE.

What the gardener did when told to water the horse.

A MAN who cannot reform himself offers a sorry task to the woman who would reform him.

How to Scatter Them.

IT would appear that it takes a canny Scot to disperse a turbulent crowd without reading the riot act. An American in England tells of a street preacher in a Scottish town who called a passing policeman and complained of being annoyed by a certain portion of his audience. He asked to have the objectionable persons removed.

"Weel, ye see," said the officer thoughtfully, "it would be deefficult for me tae spot them; but I'll tell ye what I'd dae if I were you."

"What?" eagerly asked the preacher.

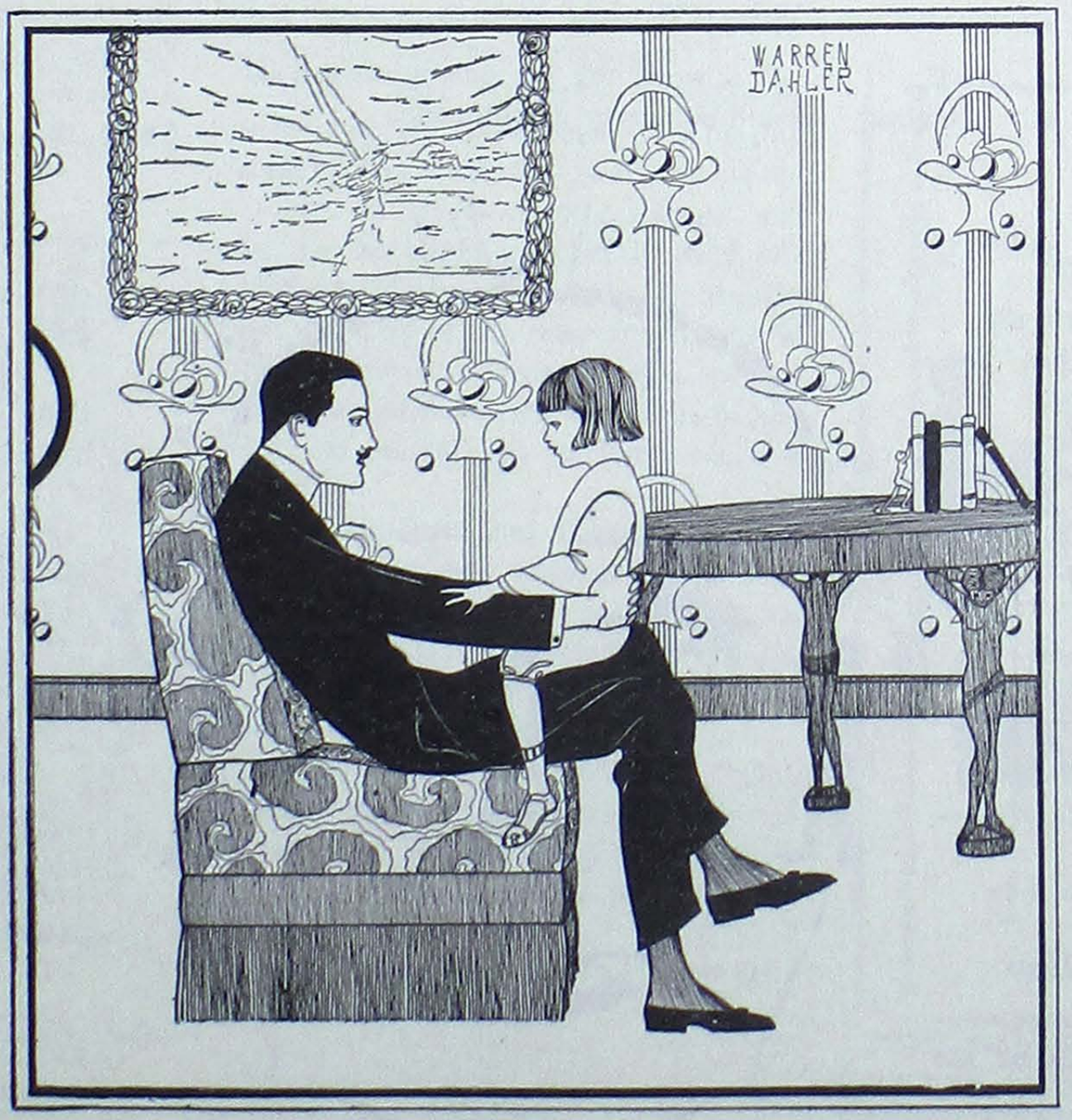
"Just gang roun' wi' th' hat!"

Naming the Boat.

"We've named our motor boat *True Love.*"

"What's the idea?"

"Never runs smooth."



THE MODERN CHILD.

Uncle Ed—"Why, Johnnie, you don't swear, do you?"
Johnnie—"No, I don't swear, but I know all the words."

Shop Talk.

The Inventor was talking to himself.

"What with my Heatless Light, my Leakless Fixture, my Invisible Ashcan and my Disappearing Bed, I have made the life of the urbanite well worth the living."

"Wrong!" corrected the downweighed Benedict. "You have yet to perfect the Footless Meter and the Vanishing Gas Bill."

Her Hit.

It must be confessed that in the chorus Miss Yvette Kayplumpe has rivals, but at the seashore she outstripped them all.

The Awakening.

The cooler days bring reason,
The past is all forgot;
Now oysters are in season,
And summer girls are not.

STILL PRETENDING.

Mother—"Tommy, if you 're pretending to be an automobile, I wish you 'd run over to the store and get me some butter."

Tommy—"I 'm awfully sorry, mother, but I 'm all out of gasoline."

A Modern Lullaby.

YOUR milk is safely Pasteurized—
Sleep, my little one!
Your food has all been analyzed—
Sleep, my pretty one!
I cannot rock you, baby mine;
It's apt to jar your little spine.
So you must lie composed, supine—
By low! by low!

I've boiled and baked all prowling germs—
Sleep, my little one!
I croon to you in doctors' terms—
Sleep, my pretty one!
You're breathing antiseptic air,
I've sterilized the clothes you wear,
And disinfected everywhere—
By low! by low!

No goblin germ can catch you, dear—
Sleep, my little one!
Bacilli dare not enter here—
Sleep, my pretty one!
You're prophylactic head to toe,
Hedged in by every rule I know;
So now to germless slumbers go—
By low! by low!

—*Ella Bentley Arthur.*

Strong Combination.

Knicker—"How does Jones manage to save so much out of his salary?"

Bocker—"Inherited talent; his father was a policeman and his mother was a chorus girl."

What They Were.

Little Bessie had been gazing earnestly at the waxed mustaches of her father's friend. Suddenly she remarked, "Why, my kitty has smellers, too!"

What Would Newspapers Do?

If it were not for our mistakes, life would be pretty monotonous.

FACING THE MUSIC.

Diana's Futility on Broadway.

Diana, goddess of the moon,
What chance have you to give your boon
To Broadway, where the man-made light
Outshines your glory every night?
And how can heaven's stars compete
With those on this skyscraping street?
Oh, moon and sky and stars cast down!
You get no worship in this town.
And so must stay in fields apart,
Away from powder, rouge and art.

—*Charles Harding Divine.*

Worse Than That.

"You intimate that he robs Peter to pay Paul?"

"Dear man, it's worse than that! He robs Peter to pay Pauline."

The Climbers.

Most of us try to win a name,
Though doomed to wiser grow or sadder.
Some try the dizzy heights of fame,
While others storm the social ladder.

Afterthoughts.

A—"The best retorts are never uttered."

B—"No?"

A—"No; I think of 'em ten minutes after the other fellow has gone home."

Where there's a will there a way to contest it.

A donkey quite self-satisfied met with a goat one day.
The donkey oft his wit had tried, and straight began to bray.
In argument the donkey had won many bouts before
With animals that he made sad. Truth is, he was a bore.
A dog the donkey once advised to eschew bones and meat;
The donkey wisely had surmised they were not fit to eat.
The dog had barked a loud dissent and quickly run away,
Though after him the donkey sent a most prodigious bray.
The donkey in the barnyard then had aired his consequence;
He scolded duck and drake and hen for lacking common sense.
He said that corn was quite unfit for food—at least for him—
And laughed himself into a fit because the duck would swim.
The donkey had met with rebuff, as all reformers do;
And some had said he was a chuff, and added blows thereto;
But nothing could his zeal abate—he saw his duty clear—
And thus he went on quite elate to pound the public ear.
The donkey had observed the goat ate with but little care,
And for him purposed to promote a seemly bill of fare.
"If on a little hay you 'd lunch," in dulcet tones he brayed,
"You would not like tin cans to crunch, or need the doctor's aid."
"And if I ate what pleases you"—he mildly cleared his throat—
"Would I not be a donkey, too?" replied the simple goat.

—*J. A. Waldron.*

A Street-car Romance.

THE crowded car swung round the street
And swayed them; for a moment sweet
She touched him—for a moment fleet
That made his poor heart leap within.
She left the car, and, riding on,
He felt a strange, new feeling dawn—
A sense of something that was gone—
It was his watch and diamond pin!

—*George B. Staff.*

Eccentric.

Gillet—"Anything eccentric about Macy's children?"

Perry—"Yes; they all mind."

He Carried the Sign.

Wiseman—"What does Upstart remind you of?"

Cynicus—"Chiefly of one not to the manner born."

HIS WAY OUT.

She—"What! With all your debts you have bought an auto?"

He—"Yes, that 's the reason—had to have some way of escaping my creditors."

The Modern Way.

I see," said Wiseman, "that the electric signs on New York theaters have taken another development."

"Yes?" responded Cynicus.

"And to me a strange one," continued Wiseman, "though I may be a bit old-fashioned. Before electricity aided theatrical publicity, simple signs in front of a theater denoted the play. Then came the names of 'stars,' so called, and these in some cases overshadowed the drama itself, although for some time it had been thought that the play was the thing."

"It used to be," remarked Cynicus; "but that is another story. What is the novelty that has struck you?"

"Well," said Wiseman, "on one of the big uptown playhouses you will note at night the name of the play there running, in large electric letters, and with it the name of the theater; but added to this is a sentence, apparently from a notice of the play in one of the local papers—of course the sentence is highly favorable—with the name of the critic, so called, also in large electric letters."

"Well," remarked Cynicus, "what critic is there now writing that would refrain from a booming sentence if he thought there was a chance that it might be picked out in electric letters in conjunction with his own name?"

"But," responded Wiseman, "that seems to me to be a strange managerial conception. The public is interested in a play or its actors—not in critics as persons."

"And yet," said Cynicus, "some critics are also actors."

The survival of the fitist may be seen in the modern dressmakers' art.

One Viewpoint.

Wiseman—"What, to your mind, most clearly represents the ephemerality of fame and the vanity of human wishes?"

Cynicus—"Blazing electric letters spelling the name of the proprietor over the portal to a bar."

It Would Depend.

She—"And if I should marry you, what could I expect?"

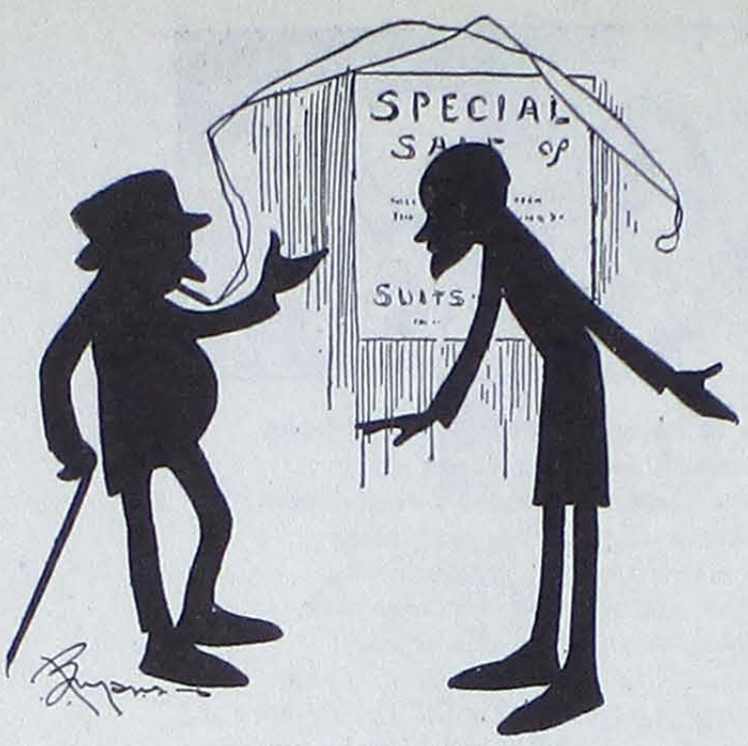
He (excitedly)—"Anything you wish, dear, anything you wish!"

She—"And would I always get it?"

He—"Oh, that would depend entirely on your father."

THEY ROSE TO THE EMERGENCY.

Some young married couples have been greatly inconvenienced by being obliged to move into new apartments before they were finished.



HE WAS OUT.

Customer—"I wish you 'd show me the thinnest thing you have in a blue serge suit."

Floorwalker—"I would with pleasure, sir, but he 's out to lunch just now."

His Choice.

OH, Helen's eyes are velvet black,
Her brow is like the snow,
And wonderful embroideries
Beneath her fingers grow.
But Milly bakes the lightest bread
A man could wish to eat,
And biscuits white as powder puffs,
And muffins hard to beat.

And Helen paints divinely, too;
Her water-color scenes
Are perfect in their tender tints
Of restful grays and greens
And glowing pinks and silver blues.
But Milly has no match
With thread and needle when it comes
To putting in a patch.

Although I linger near entranced
When Helen sings and plays,
And though enraptured when we meet
Upon her charms I gaze,
And often in her dainty ear
I whisper speeches silly,
Yet Milly makes delicious pie,
So I'll propose to Milly.

—*Minna Irving.*

The Way of It.

Abel—"Pa, what gave you the dyspepsia?"

Adam—"The woman tempted me and I did eat."

A Superficial Attempt.

Wiseman—"I see Englishmen are resuming the habit of wearing whiskers."

Cynicus—"Yes. A superficial attempt to revive the ancient virility of the nation."

The Idea!

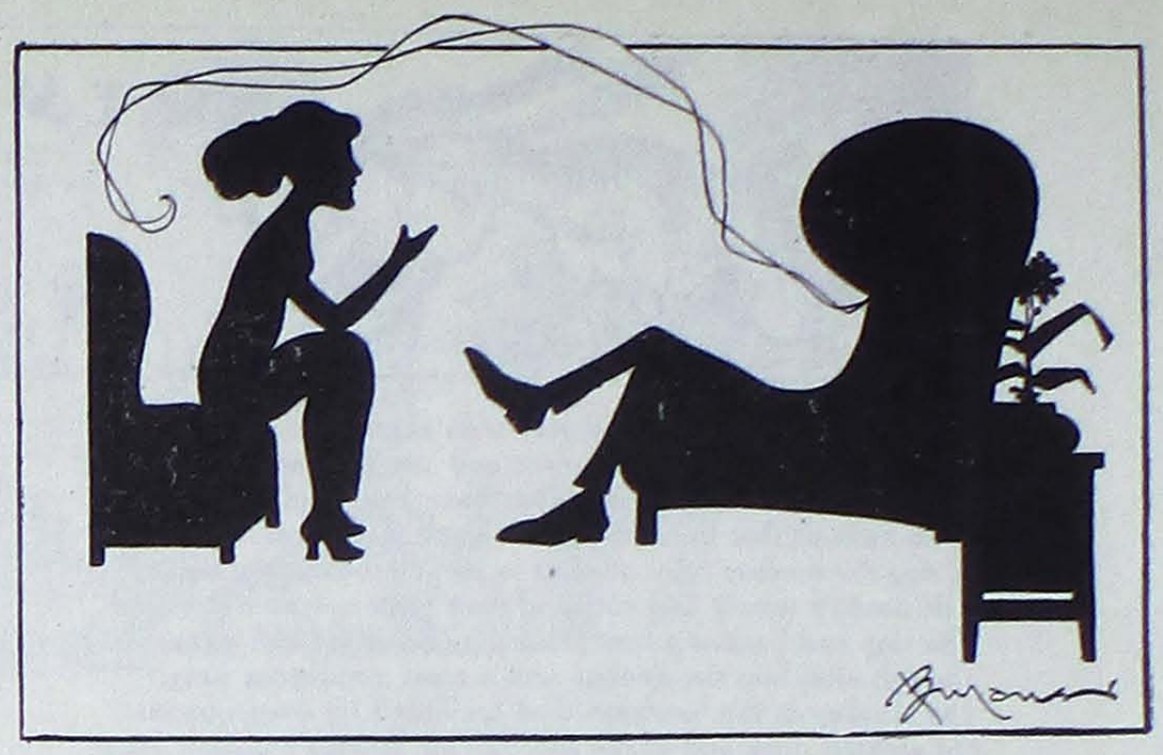
Stranger (to young lady behind counter of general store in inland town)—"Have you silk underwear?"

She (shifting her gum)—"On five dollars a week, in this dead hole? I should s-a-y n-o-t! What do you think?"

If.

"Oh, the beautiful moonlight!" murmured the enraptured maiden.

"Yes," replied the practical young electrical engineer. "Think what we could get for it if we had it bottled and on meter!"



A TRUE SIGN.

"When did you first discover that you loved me, sweetheart?"

"It was when I found myself getting angry every time anyone called you a fool."

FOOLISH QUESTION.

Unprepossessing stranger (holding pipe in one hand)—"I say, friend, could you give me a match?"

The careful one—"A match? What would you do with a match?"

Unprepossessing stranger (sarcastically)—"Why, commit arson, of course."

The Influence of a Joy Ride on an Automobile.

The battery started feeding currents to the engine and sparking with her in a most shocking fashion, under her hood. Then the gears fell to embracing each other; the tires, too, took on lots of airs, and, becoming much inflated, kept hanging around the wheels, and the cushions got to acting so soft with the gasoline (which was "tanked") that the flywheel got cranky and so exhausted the engine that she choked and they had to fan her. The headlight was so provoked that it flared up and went out, leaving them in total darkness. The scandal was an odorous one, but was quickly muffled.

—*Ralph H. Peirce*

Dilatory Tactics.

Wife (about to prepare meal)—"The question of what to eat is never settled."

Husband—"Well, why don't you settle it, then, instead of laying it on the table every time?"

An Inappropriate Machine.

Detective—"Did the cashier do anything to divert suspicion while his subtracting operations were going on?"

The president—"Yes; the hypocrite persuaded the directors that the bank needed an adding machine."

MODERN BEAUTIFYING.

Barber—"Wouldn't you like to have an electric massage or a compressed air frazzle, or a vibratory admonisher, or a singed shingle, or a "——
Client—"Say, look here! You 'd think this was the Supreme Court and I was the steel trust."

She Was a Debutante.

THAT Washington, D. C., has a well-advertised social life and an up-to-date colored population is illustrated by the following:

Young Mrs. H—— required a nurse for her children and advertised to fill the position. From among the applicants she selected a neat and attractive young colored girl, soon arranging most of the preliminary details of hiring.

"You may have two nights a week out," Mrs. H—— said kindly.

"That wouldn' do foh me," the colored girl answered quickly. "Ah must hab ebery night out dis wintah."

"Out every night!" replied Mrs. H——, in astonishment. "And why this winter?"

"Well, yo' see"—the colored girl hesitated a moment—"yo' see, Ah'm a deberatante dis yeah, an' Ah mus' be out at night."

Off and On.

First drummer—"Have you traveled much over the breakneck railroad?"

Second drummer—"Off and on—yes."

SO THOROUGH.

Clarice—"Well, aunt, how do you like your new doctor?"

Aunt—"Oh, immensely! He 's so thorough. He never comes to see me without finding some little thing the matter with me."

Lacks Material.

Jones—"What's the matter with Poorley? He's been going with Miss Budd for some time. Hasn't he got the 'sand' to propose?"

Brown—"Oh, yes; but not the 'rocks' to get married."

Girls.

The way they act shows love is blind,
And makes one jealous as Othello;
For when they fall in love, you find
It's always with the other fellow.

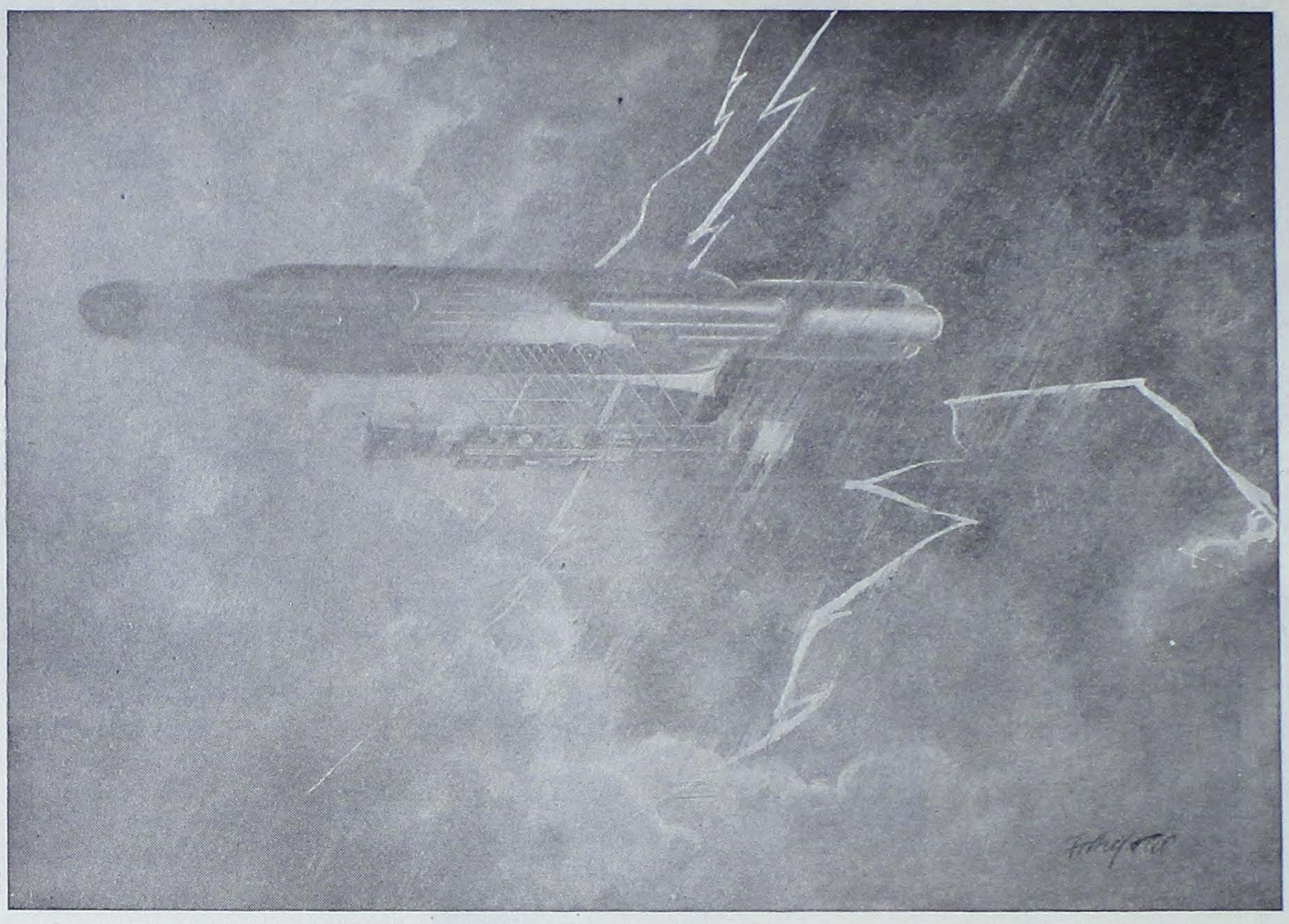
A Difference.

"And the footpad relieved you of your valuables?"

"He took 'em, but darned if I experienced any relief!"

Quite So.

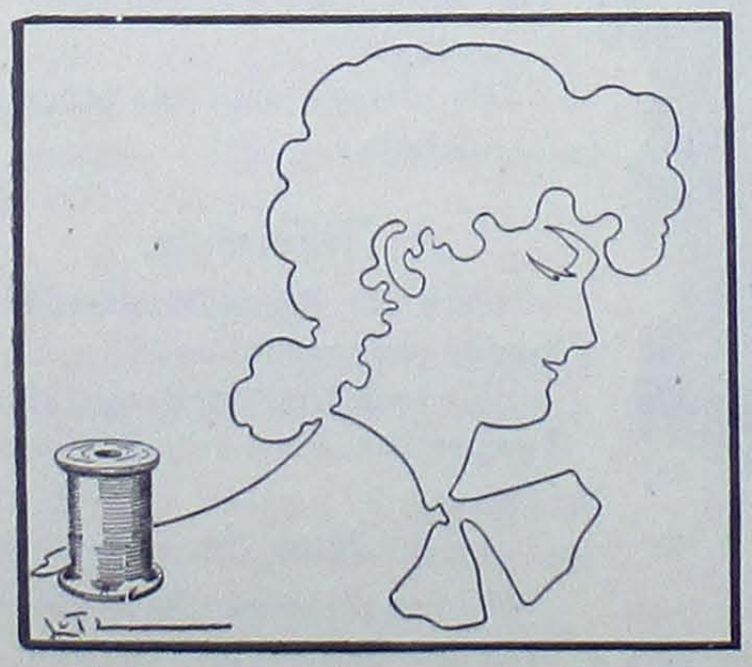
We can measure the meter of music and rhyme, but the one on gas is beyond compute.



PERILS OF THE AIR.

Sufficient Excuse.

"I ONCE had the pleasure," remarked the Erratic Thinker, "of knowing a man and his wife who raved and wrangled and ripped and rumpused over whether certain small physical annoyances were 'hang-nails' or 'agnails,' until they finally came to blows and the divorce court. If poor, frail humanity would accept as little as being a good reason for behaving themselves as they do as sufficient provocation for misbehaving, the ordinary home, no matter whether furnished on the installment plan or not, would be more salubrious than a bungalow in Arcadia."



BEAUTY DRAWN BY A SINGLE THREAD.

In the Old Days.

"Mr. Methuselah," says young Ishbomush, the Gileadite, "I came to ask your permission to marry your granddaughter Kezoorah."

"What! Little Kezoorah!" exclaims Methuselah. "Why, what nonsense, boy! She's only a hundred and twenty years old, and you're barely turned a hundred and eighty. Wait about a hundred years, lad, and then you will learn whether this is merely calf love or the enduring affection that should warrant matrimony."

A Fixed Habit.

Smith—"Has your son any fixed habit that worries you as to his future?"

Jones—"Yes. He fights about ten rounds every morning with the alarm clock."

Egotism is an incurable disease of the I's.

Periodic Industry.

Now politicians sweat and work,
In sunshine and in rain;
But soon all labor they will shirk
Until the next campaign.

BUT ONE THING INEVITABLE.

"Mandy, you 've simply got to be more careful."
"'Deed, miss, I ain't got to do nothin' but die."

OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

Home Town Honors.

JAMESWORTHY MONTMERENCY SMYTHE, as was freely suspected by the townspeople, had been named out of a book; that is, all except the latter part of his name had been given him by a doting mother. The Smythe part of it had originally been plain, every-day Smith, and Jamesworthy Montmerency's father before him had been content to let well enough alone.

When Jamesworthy was a youth in Pokeville, his companions had refused to take the trouble to respect his mother's wishes. "Jim" had been sufficient unto the day and the evil thereof, and Jim he had remained until such time as he found Pokeville too restricted for the full play of his peculiar genius and departed for the city. There he dragged out of its obscurity the rest of his name and altered the Smith part of it, until it looked as if it had discovered a grandfather who was too cunning to be caught.

From time to time, as the early years went by, reports of the progress of Smythe filtered back to Pokeville. Jamesworthy had become a painter—an artist, not a useful, barn-door decorating member of society. And he saw to it that the filter was in good working order. He made friends with the editor of the home paper, paying regularly for six subscriptions; and the editor returned the favor by boosting the stock of Jamesworthy Montmerency.

Contrary to all of the regular rules laid down for the guidance of youths who run to good clothes and artistic impulses, Jamesworthy, for all his flyaway methods, began to get on and managed to achieve quite a reputation in the big town of his choice. He was really something of a great man, as the home-paper editor regularly took pleasure in saying.

Then Jamesworthy Montmerency paid a flying visit to Pokeville. His coming was heralded in three full columns of the four-page sheet, but it was of little use. Everybody in town was down at the depot when the train came in, but everybody greeted Jamesworthy with the familiar appellation which he had chosen to discard. Jim he was still, and they would not see his greatness. Physical greatness they would and did see, but only to remark upon it in a joking, fun-poking vein. "We know him," they argued to themselves, "and so he can't amount to so very much."

Jamesworthy began to miss the attention which was his in the city. He was at the stage where the returned wanderer decides that distance lends enchantment, when he met one whom in his youth he had known as a romantic maiden lady. She alone seemed enthusiastic. "I'm simply delighted to see you again," she said sweetly. "I always knew that you would amount to something, and I just wanted to tell you to your face that I think you have the finest color sense that I ever met. And I have changed little Reginald's name to Jamesworthy Montmerency."

Jamesworthy Montmerency's shrunken heart resumed its normal size. "I appreciate the honor,"

ALSO CONSTERNATION.

Bert—"Women are not essential to the welfare of the country. Don't you think the nation could get along without them?"

Bertha—"Probably; but it would be a case of stag-nation."

APPREHENSIVE.

Scrubwoman—"I 'm afraid my son Johnny is going to be an artist."
Artist—"Why?"
Scrubwoman—"He is always making marks on something."

COME TO THEM.

Summer boarder—"Don't you ever long to see the sights of a city?"
Farmer Medders—"Oh, no; we see 'em every summer."

A Mistaken Signal.

CAMPING in the Maine woods, a New Yorker was awakened from a deep slumber by a strange knocking just outside the tent.

Listening a moment, he said to the guide,

"Wonder if that can be a member of my lodge. It sounds like the signal of a brother Owl."

"No," replied the guide; "unless I am greatly mistaken, that's brother woodpecker."

Too Easy.

"Of course you believe in the efficacy of prayer," remarked the fashionable clergyman.

"Not entirely," replied the senior warden, who was a man of affairs. "If all prayers were answered, most people would quit work."

His Day Off.

He really thought that it was night,
And that the moon was shining bright.
In fact, 'twas daylight, and the sun
Its course had only just begun.
He asked, "What is this running hence—
A railroad or an old rail fence?
Is this a pumpkin or a squash,
A kidney stew or plain goulash?
Is that a horse or just a goat?
Is this a shoe or some one's coat?
How far is it to Rockaway
Or Timbuctoo or Labor Day?
Is that the wind that makes such noise,
Or some one making Christmas toys?"
And other queries quite as strange
He voiced, while fumbling
for his change.
He was not blind or deaf
or daft,
Nor was he touched by
witch's craft.
An umpire, he enjoyed the
day,
Because the players didn't
play. —*J. A. Waldron.*

Got the Stuff.

Bingle—"I see they are regilding the Goddess of Justice on the city hall in New York."

Jingle—"So? Well, from recent accounts in the papers, I guess they've got the stuff to do it with."

A poem of a girl is often wrong in the feet.

Back Home.

Stranger—"Who is that suspicious-looking fellow who slipped off the back of the train just now and ducked into the bushes?"

Native—"That's the local baseball 'phenom' that we escorted to the depot with the big parade and the brass band last spring."

The Peace Conference.

Father—"Ethel, did I not see that young man put his arm around you as he said good-by last evening?"

Ethel—"Yes, father; but you don't believe in absolutely universal disarmament, do you?"

ECONOMICAL.

Mr. Newlywed—"Darling, there is too much salt in the cooking."
Mrs. Newlywed—"Yes, dearie; but salt is so cheap."

A PRETTY MAID.

A pretty maid,
With blush and smile,
When all is said,
With naught of guile,
Shows wealth galore
Her to enhance
If she 'll encore
A merry glance.

COMFORTING.

Barber (confidentially)—"The boss fines me a quarter when I cut a customer's face. But I don't care to-day—I just won two dollars!"

Childish Ignorance.

I CAME to New York and saw a horse car.

I went back to Keokuk and dreamed a dream.

I dreamt I called aloud, "I came to New York and saw a horse car! I came to New York and saw a horse car! I came to New York and saw a horse car!"

As I dreamed, in Keokuk, the voice of my infant son recalled me to the twentieth century, saying,

"Papa, what *is* a horse car?"

Vocabularies.

A cop's range of language is spacious,
A ball player's blue and pugnacious;
A conductor can cuss,
A stage driver is wuss,
But as for a sailor—good gracious!

Ruinous.

That talk is cheap she used to think,
But now she sees it puts a kink
In one's bankroll;
For she, poor soul!
Once met a friend and stopped to gab
While riding in a taxicab.

Why?

Daughter—"Mother, why do people think business will be better after the election?"

Mother—"Because then men will have more time to give to it."

A Child's Question.

Boy—"Pa, what is the difference between a humorist and a funny man?"

Father—"A humorist, son, plays with ideas and a funny man with words."

Still, It Would Be Noisy.

Child—"What's a stag party, mamma?"

Merry widow—"A party where there are only gentlemen, dear."

Child—"And what do you call a party where there's only ladies?"

Merry widow—"I should call it a stagnation party."

Too Much Warming Up.

Ball fan—"How do you account for the slump in McFogarty's fielding average?"

Sport writer—"He goes after too many high balls."

A FITTING TERM.

Culinary lady—"Yes, ma'am, I call myself a fireless cooker."

Mistress—"Why a fireless cooker?"

Culinary lady—"I'll dare you or your husband to fire me."

A Satisfactory Reply.

"Why are the woods so full of trees?"
Cried little Wilby Goode.
And Wilby's poppa said, "Because
The trees are full of wood."

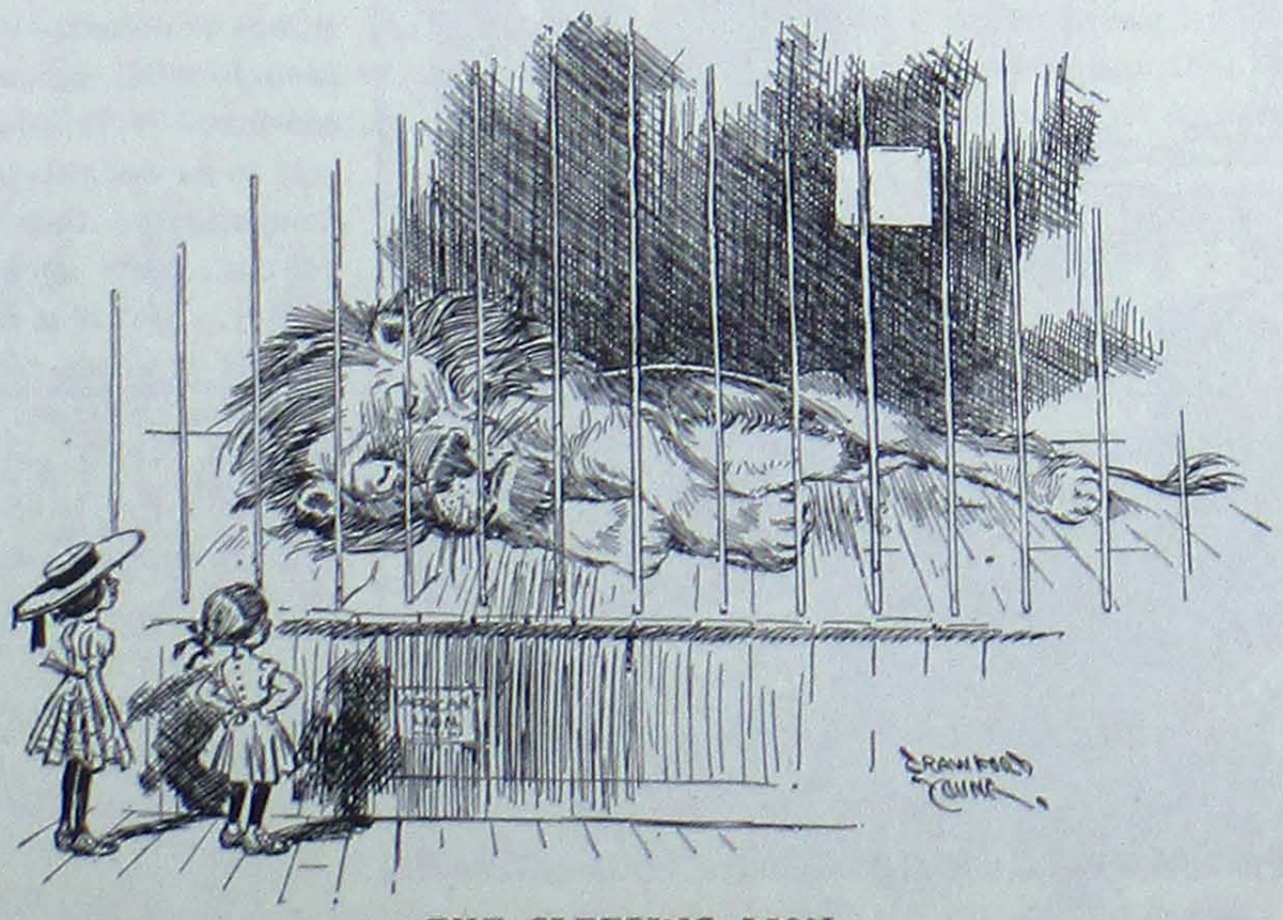
Of Course Not.

"Anything remarkable about the theatrical performance at State's prison?"

"Yes; none of their audience had their coats checked."

Seasonable.

Comes spicy autumn, freshly fair,
And fickle as a hen:
We doff our summer underwear,
Then put it on again.



THE SLEEPING LION.

Nan—"Aw, come on, Mag, he's no fun."

Mag—"Naw. Gee! Ain't it fierce he 's so tame!"

ON THE RIALTO.

Modern player—"Well, Antonio, do you look for a good season?"
Ancient mummer—"Season, say you, youngster? By me halidome, and eke me rusty armor, I 'd be pleased to get a good one-night stand!"

he smiled happily; "you don't know how much. And I must admit that I didn't know that you were married. I will have to come and see your little boy Reginald—I beg your pardon, Jamesworthy Montmerency."

The lady blushed and stirred uneasily. "I'm not married," she answered, "and I have no little boy. Jamesworthy Montmerency is my dearest little pet pug doggie, and just this morning I made him a bow of ribbon for his cute little neck, and it is just the color of the tie you wore yesterday. I think you have such splendid taste!"—*Charles Campbell Jones.*

His Impression.

Farmer Carrot—"So you've been t' th' city, Si—your fust time thar?"

Farmer Beetroot—"Yep."

Farmer Carrot—"Wa-all, how was it? What impressed ye most?"

Farmer Beetroot—"You know how it sounds in th' barn when a thrashin' machine's goin' licketty split?"

Farmer Carrot—"Yep."

Farmer Beetroot—"Wa-all, th' hull city's jes' like that."

Sad, but True.

Some women have such unfortunate dispositions that they don't dare put cold cream on their faces, for fear it will curdle.

Of Course He Liked 'Em.

Little Hoosier (to little Boston boy who is visiting him)—"D'yuh like movin'-picher shows?"

Little Boston boy—"If you mean photographic illustrations of animated nature displayed on a screen, why, I have witnessed them with some satisfaction."

Differentiation.

True poets are born, say the wise ones, who know;
But rhymesters, more common and active, just grow.

IT BROKE THE PEACE.

Grace—"Our new Peace Movement Club has broken up."
Lulu—"Gracious! Why?"
Grace—"Somebody put one of those horrid dictagraphs in the committee-room."

By Questionable Means.

"What is the charge against him?"

"I'm not certain as to the specific charge, but the trouble is that he exceeded the speed limit in getting rich."

Theories.

Theories should not be judged by the ease of acquiring them. Some good theories come hard. Some bad theories come easy. All theories are somewhat obtrusive and quite apt to meet one more than half way, and they usually look good at first sight.

To judge a theory properly, one must wait until one gets it and observe how it acts. If it makes itself at home and seems to be congenial with the Lares and Penates, if it fits in without upsetting things too much or interfering with accustomed comforts, if it allows itself to be assimilated and domesticated, then it may be put down as a good theory. But if it is restless, if it needs constant attention and frequent inspection, if it gets you and itself into trouble and you are worrying about it all the time, if after it has been with you for a considerable period you still feel uncertain of it and hesitant about showing it off to your friends, then it is a poor theory, and that is worse than none at all. Dismiss it and look around for something else.

—*E. O. J.*

Amusing Stories about Well-known Persons

Dog Was on the Job.

WHEN Giles Farris, State printer of Oklahoma, was making his campaign, he heard of a ferocious dog at the

home of a farmer in a western county. At the home of this farmer were four sons and three hired men who were voters, and Farris, hearing that they were political bellwethers in the community, determined to brave the beast to present his claims.

A woman met him at the door. Farris's face had fear writ over it.

"I heard you had a bad dog," Farris told her, "and I feared I couldn't make it safely to the porch."

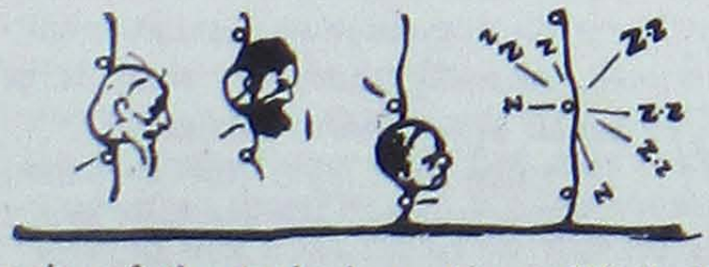
"That dog's lookin' fur you neow," growled the woman. "Heah, Tige! Heah's another candidate!"

The woman's form in the doorway was small obstruction to Farris as he entered the room.

An Amusing Climax.

Professor Grosvenor, of Amherst College, president of the national association of Phi Beta Kappa, tells the following story:

"I had just attended the installation of a new chapter of our society at a small college in the middle West and was upon my way back East when an amusing incident occurred. It was about one o'clock in the morning when our train came to a stop in some small place. The silence seemed almost uncanny, in marked contrast with the



noise of the train in motion. We had been still for perhaps a minute when one of the passengers began to snore, at first mildly, then becoming stronger and stronger, until at last the whole car fairly shook with the vibrations. Sleep was impossible, and after a few moments I peered from between my curtains to try at least to find where the guilty one was located. I did not have the slightest trouble in finding who was responsible for our discomfort, for every one in the Pullman had his head out, glaring at a berth toward the other end of the car, the curtains of which were drawn fast together. A small German in the upper berth across from mine seemed even more angry than the others. His looks were now pleading and now threatening. Finally the snoring became irregular. A guttural sound was followed by a whistle, and then sounds resembling faulty plumbing did not add to the small German's comfort. At last came several titanic rumbles, short wheezes, a gasp, a long groan, and then all was still. I breathed a sigh of relief and was just pulling the curtains back in place, when the small German exclaimed, 'T'ank Got, he vas ded!'"

She Was Rattled.

Mrs. John Sanchez, of Placer County, California, went down to register for the first time.

"You are compelled to tell your age,

madam," insisted the registration clerk.

Mrs. Sanchez was so awed and surprised that she told the truth about it, but her awe died out and her anger increased the farther she got from the city hall, until she could stand it no longer. Turning around, she retraced her steps, and by the time that she reached the office she was in a fury. Sailing up to the clerk, she said, "I was excited when I was in here a little while ago. That was not my age that I gave you. Thirty-six is my bust measure."

It Looked It.

Secretary Knox noticed Governor Clark, of Alaska, wearing a rather conspicuous pearl.

"How much did you pay for it, Governor?" the Secretary of State inquired. "About seventy-five cents?"

"No, Mr. Secretary." Governor Clark drew himself up with pride. "That cost me three dollars and fifty cents!"

"Well," was the retort, "it looks it."

Slang Undefiled.

Henry N. Cary, one of whose latest managerial tasks was to reorganize the 104-year-old St. Louis *Republic* and put

new life into its ancient bones, tells this one:

"One of the briefest and most expressive sentences in slang ever recorded was framed by a cub reporter in St. Louis. This beginner, whose duty it was to 'cover' the South Side police court and the Carondelet police station, called up the office one morning and excitedly informed Wild Bill, the rewrite man, that a certain South Side citizen, in a moment of haste and extreme unkindness, had secreted the edge of a hatchet in his wife's head and had then shot himself in the stomach. The woman had died instantly and the man was not expected to live.

"The lively cub, with all the enthusiasm of a journalistic beginner, ran back to the house, fondly hoping the man would die, so he would have a still better story to report. In an hour or so he got his wish, and the delighted cub hastened to a telephone and shouted to Wild Bill,

"'Hey! That guy that nicked his wife on the bean and then binged himself in the pantry is a croppie!'"

And Wild Bill understood it perfectly.

One Good Turn.

At a recent Christian Endeavor convention at Springfield, Mo., the juniors

were reciting Scripture verses. All was going well, with no worse mishap than an occasional stumble over some big word, and the audience was giving silent but sympathetic attention as each wee tot delivered some familiar passage.

Suddenly the piping tones of one little miss rose clear and distinct:

"Turn up a child in the way he should go"—she began, but was immediately drowned in the thunderous applause from those who had "been there."

FRENCH PASTRY.

Downtrodden.

I WISHT I was a grown-up man, as big
as brother Jim;
He smokes cigars, goes out at nights,
an' does what pleases him.
He's got a girl, an' once a week they
go down to the show.
His job downtown is somethin' swell;
he makes a lot, I know.
Pa says that Jim's just like he was, an'
surely will advance;
But better still than all them things, he
wears

Long

Pants!

I dassent let 'em see me smoke; an'
once I did inhale,
Ma made me swaller castor ile because
I looked so pale.
An' when my chum an' me snuck
out a giggin' fish last week,
Pa made me stay in bed all day
fer fallin' in the crick!
They laughed because I fell in love.
A kid ain't got no chance.
Oh, gee! I wish 'at I was Jim an'
wore

Long

Pants!

—*Herman Da Costa.*

Just Had To.

"Married again! But she distinctly said that her experience with the count would be her last."

"I know; but she couldn't afford a maid, and she just had to have some one to button her up the back and wash her dog."

Why?

Louise—"Why do you think the widow wants to marry again?"

Julia—"She keeps her age dark and her hair light."

Penalty for Looking Pleasant.

"Mr. Forthyle Downe must be under fifty, yet see how wrinkled he is!"

"Yes; a man can't be the most popular floorwalker in town and go on cracking smiles eight hours a day for twenty years without more or less cracking his countenance."

Literally True.

"Say, Chimmie, wot's a suffragette?"

"A suffragette's a woman who wants a chance to knock the stuffing out of the ballot box."

Revised by a Banter.

Whom the gods would destroy, they first make fat.

EXAGGERATION.

"Say, waiter, take this egg out and wring its neck."

He Was Dubious.

A Boston woman, interested in matters pertaining to prison reform, formed a member of an investigating commission that visited a penal institution in Massachusetts. The heart of the Boston woman was bursting with pity for the poor prisoners. She passed them one by one with a sympathetic air, and finally paused for a while in front of one poor chap listlessly sewing shoes.

"Oh, my poor fellow," said she, "isn't it most monotonous doing that? Won't you be glad when your sentence has expired?"

"Well, I dunno, mum," answered the convict dolefully. "Mine is a life sentence."

Yes and No.

"Anti, may I go out to vote?"
"Yes, you darling soul;
Dive in the world like any man,
But don't go near the poll."

Significant.

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth juryman still unconvinced.

"Well, gentlemen," said the bailiff, entering quietly, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?"

"Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

The Eternal Impulse.

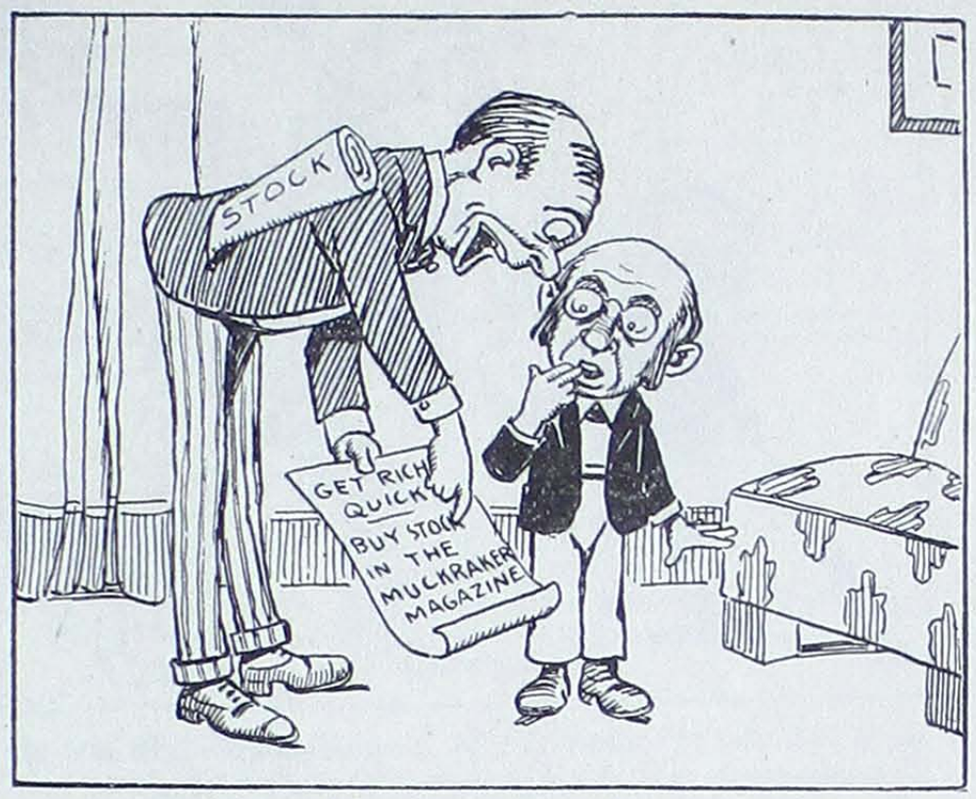
Fair suffragette—"And now, if any one who has heard my speech wishes to ask a question, I shall be happy to answer."

Masculine voice (from rear of hall)—"If you haven't any other company, may I see you home this evening?"

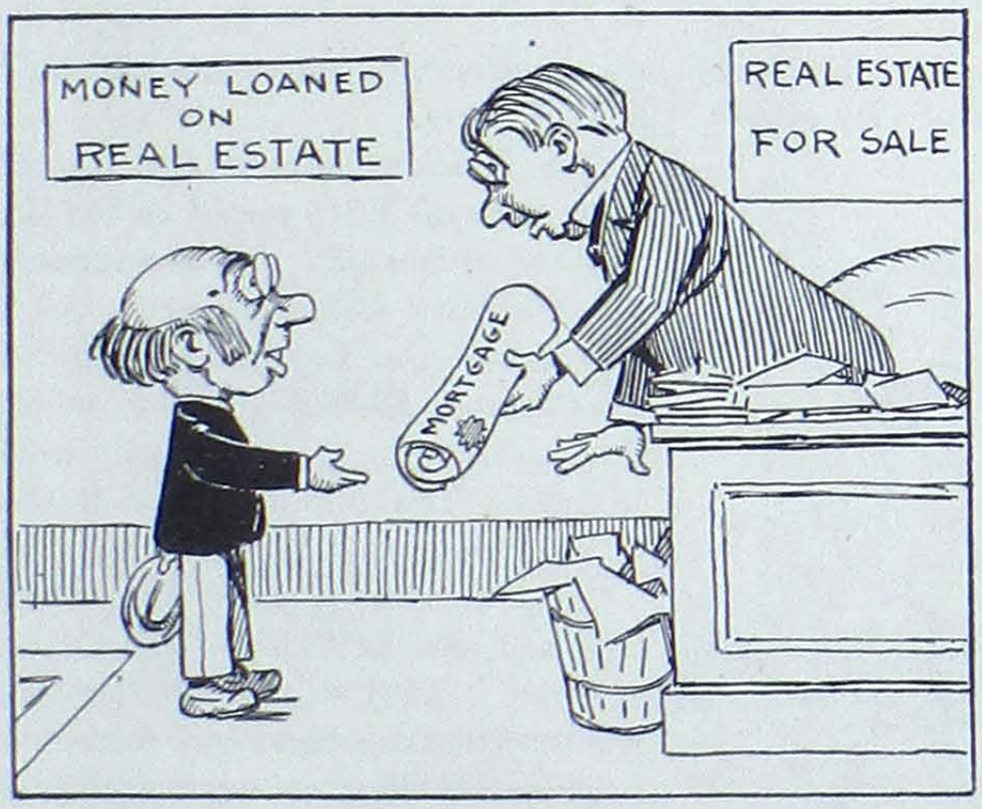
Town talk—Slang.

IN DREAMLAND.

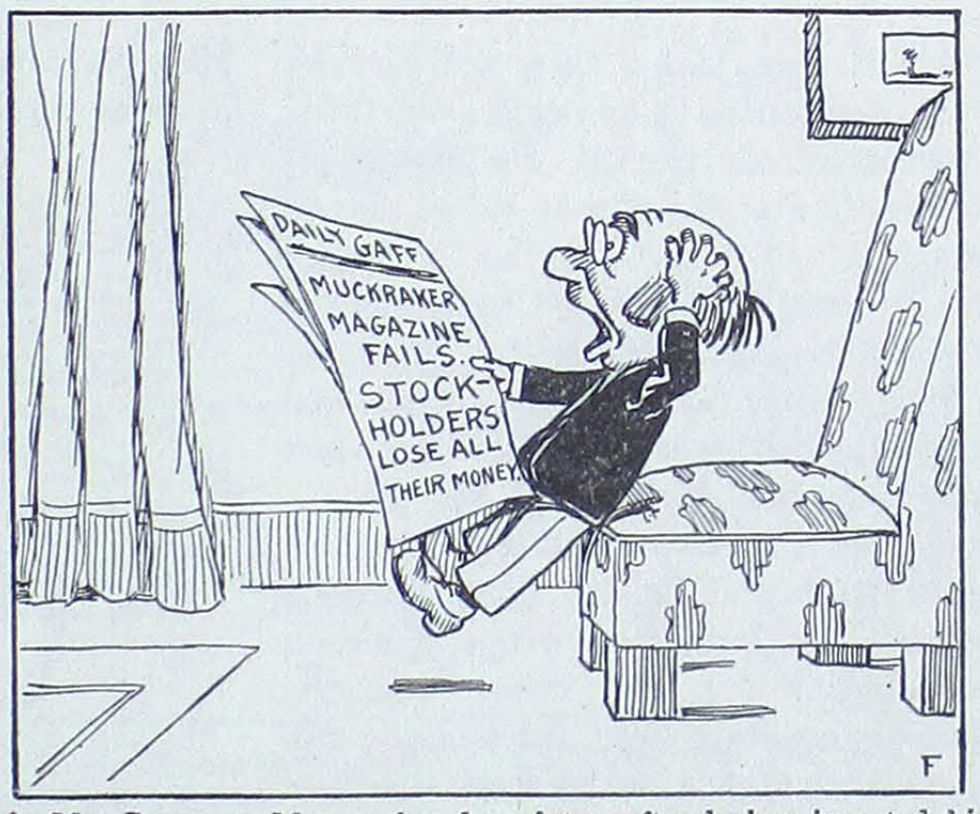
1. Mr. Common Man reads with wonder in *The Muckraker*, a magazine published in the interests of the dear people, vivid stories about the wickedness of captains of industry and railroad magnates and how they rob the public.



2. A promoter of *The Muckraker* tells Mr. Common Man of the great work being done by his magazine, and dwells upon the immense profits to its stockholders, convincing Mr. Common Man that its stock is a good investment.



3. Mr. Common Man gives a mortgage on his home to raise money with which to buy stock in *The Muckraker*. He has been assured that the profits will be so large that he can cancel the mortgage in a short time

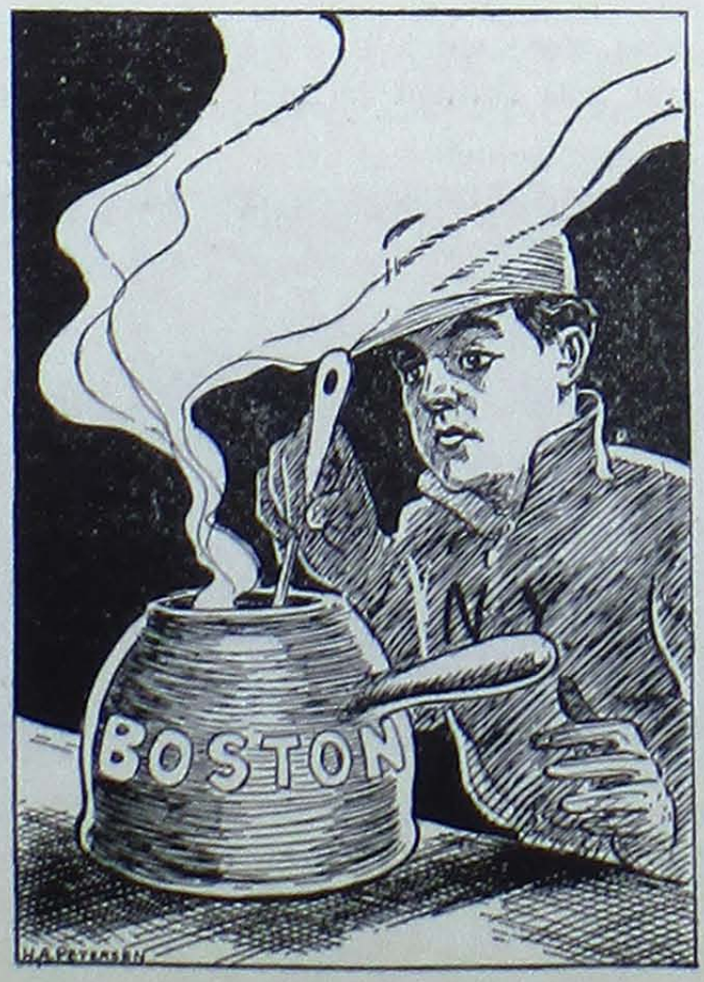


4. Mr. Common Man a few days later, after he has invested his good money in *The Muckraker's* stock, reads that the promotion was a swindle, and that millions have been taken from the public by the magazine. Mr. Common Man wakes up!

THE BASEBALL FRENZY.

THE BASEBALL frenzy, which makes millions in this land wild-eyed and in some respects irresponsible for those months in the year that are most trying in excitement, will come to its annual climax in a few days. The respective champions in the two greater leagues will meet for world supremacy, and the quiet part of the public that does not care for baseball—a feeble minority, by the way—should not be amazed at any development of idiosyncrasy or even of violence on the part of "fans" of their neighborhood or acquaintance before and during the contest now impending.

The laws are reasonably strict as to eccentric individual behavior related to anything but baseball. The game is so popular that personal peculiarities developed in its followers are overlooked even by stern judges on the bench, while the police pay no attention to



eruptions consequent upon close games or the aberrations of umpires.

In two centers—New York and Boston—the fever is at its height, as the Giants and the Red Sox are to contend for universal fame. In other cities, of course, the same sort of lunacy in milder form prevails, and there is no place in the country small enough or remote enough from baseball scenes to escape the contagious excitement of the sport which this meeting of the leviathans of the game will generate.

A prodigious sigh of regret will escape the public when it is all over. But, really, it will not all be over even after the decision of this particular championship, for immediately afterward will begin speculation as to next year's contests, while hope will gradually be fanned in all the major cities which aspire to championship teams, but never seem to get them.

THE INCORRIGIBLE.

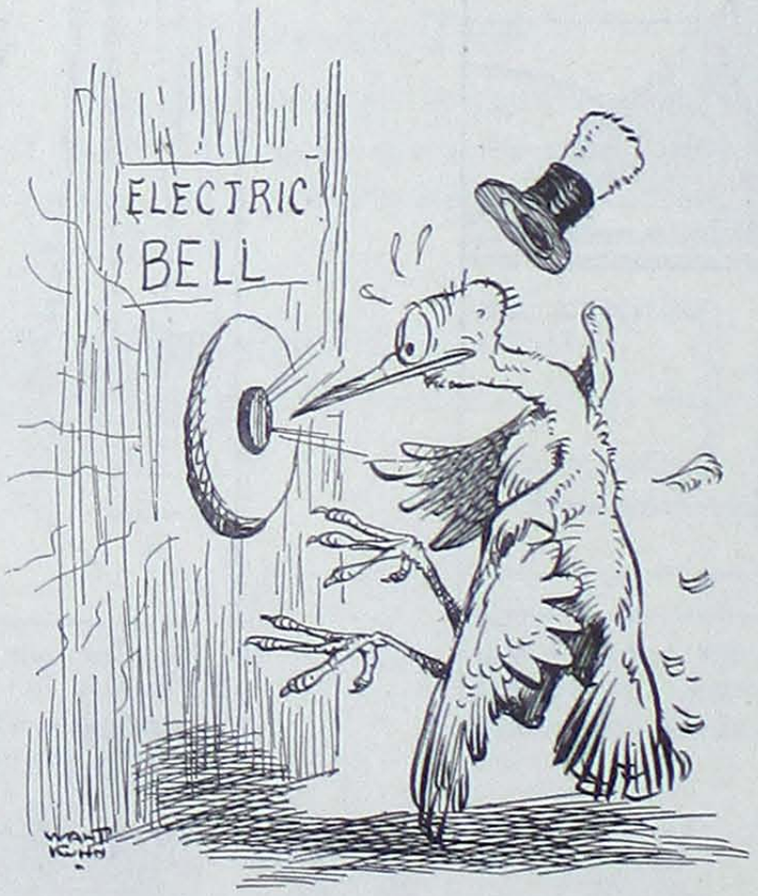
Tommy—"Pa and ma are fightin' all the time."
Caller (shocked)—"Oh! oh! oh!"
Tommy—"That 's right. If pa ain't fightin' with me, ma is."

The Lady Who Knew.

ONCE there was a Lady who had the Reputation of knowing everything that went on in the Neighborhood. Some of the Neighbors called her a Busybody. Others called her a Snoop. The Village Wag referred to her as the Human Encyclopedia and Mrs. Sherlock.

Her facility for gathering curious and rare information about the Doings and Intentions and Motives of the Neighbors was illimitable. She knew how much Rent the Smiths paid for their house. She knew how often Robinson beat his Wife. She knew why the Browns couldn't keep Servants. She knew what nights in the week Harrison came home late and where he had been and what he had had to drink. She knew who paid their Bills promptly and who didn't.

One of her Specialties was the Amount the different Neighbors spent for food. No one knew exactly how she compiled these Statistics, but she would go over to Mrs. Harrison's and discourse for hours on what Big Eaters the Johnsons were. Then she would tell the Gordons how the Mercers stinted themselves on Fresh Vegetables and ate Canned Stuff all summer. Then she would tell Mrs. Smith how the Hendersons always had the best of everything on their own Table, while providing the cheapest possible Fare for the Servants. By some she was considered a Pest. By others, who were much like herself in spirit, but less skillful in fact, she was used as a convenient substitute for the Village Weekly.



One Evening one of the Neighbors went with his Wife to call on the Gossip and her Husband. It was Summer and the Windows were all open. As they approached the House, they could hear the Gossip's Husband talking to her in a Loud Voice in the Brilliantly Lighted Library. The Callers yielded to the inviting Temptation to Eavesdrop.

"It's terrible!" said the Gossip's Husband, who held in his hand a package of Bills. "They're getting bigger every Month. Take this Meat Bill, for instance. It's nearly twice as much as it was in August. How do you explain it?"

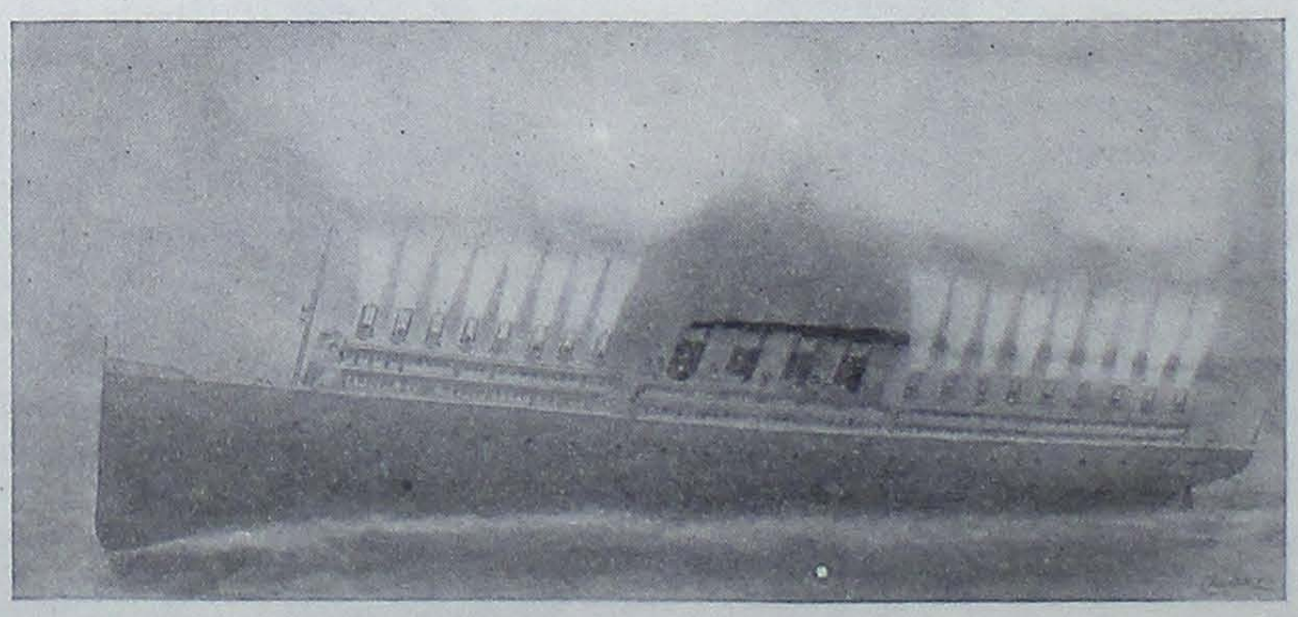
"Really, dear," replied the Gossip meekly, "I have been so busy I didn't have the time to"——

"Busy! Busy!" roared the Husband. "Are you too busy to know what's going on in your own House? Didn't you know how big these Bills were?"

"I should know," answered the Gossip, "but I left it to the Maid; I supposed"——

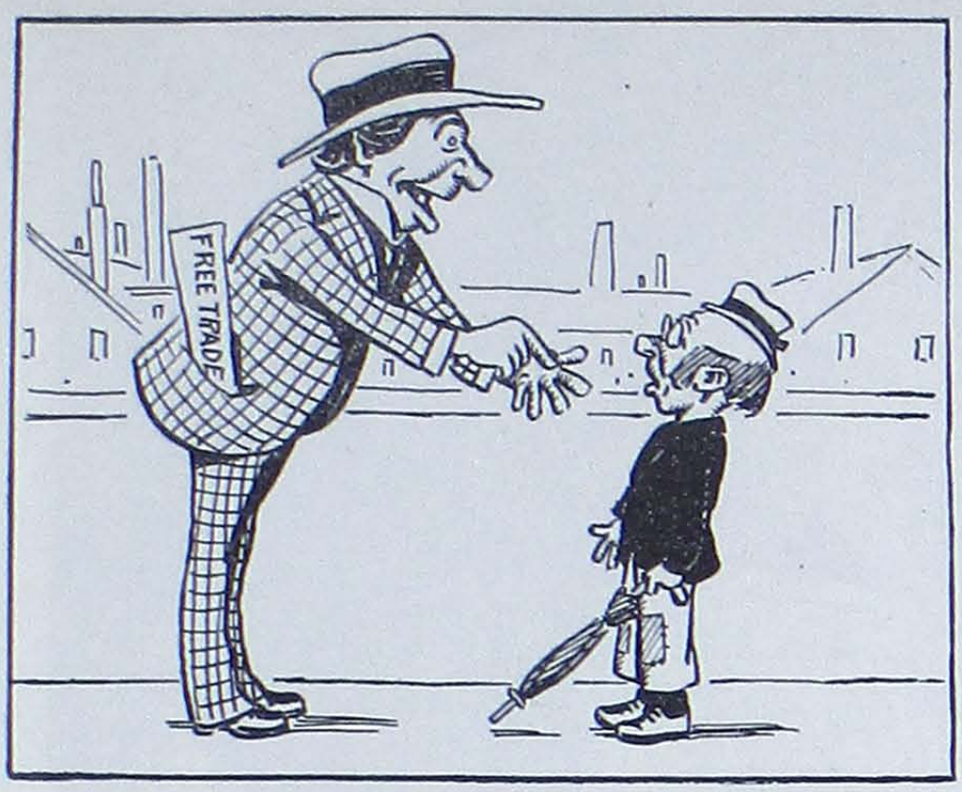
"Left it to the Maid"—began her Husband contemptuously; but the Callers did not wait to hear any more. The Neighbor plucked his Wife's Sleeve and whispered, "Come away. It is too good to be true."

Moral — Everybody's Business is not your Own Business.—*Ellis O. Jones.*

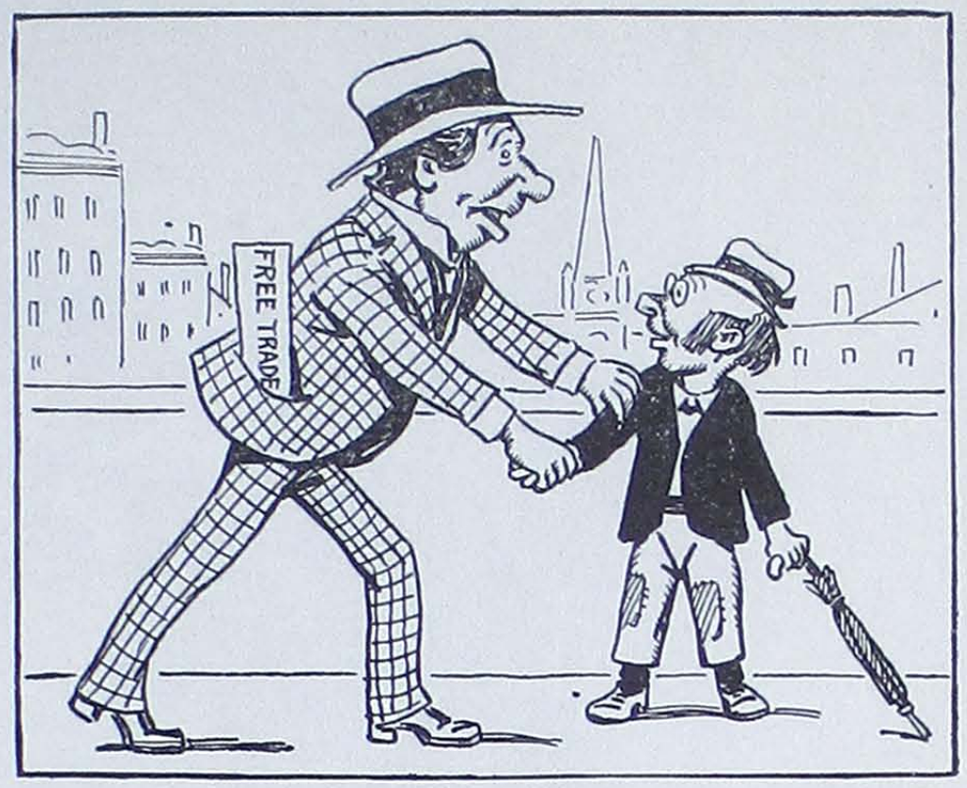


NEXT MORNING EACH PASSENGER COMPLAINED THAT THE FOG WHISTLE WAS OVER HIS STATEROOM.

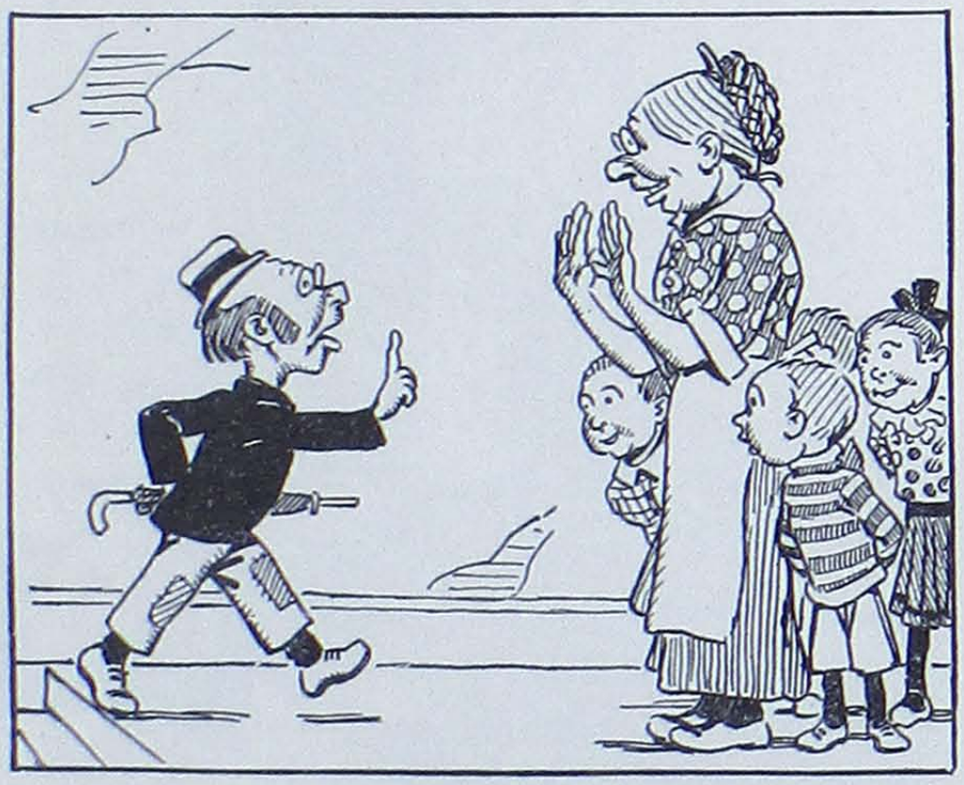
D R E A M L A N D



1. Mr. Free Trader tells Mr. Common People that unless the tariff on leather is removed he and his wife and children will have to go barefooted, the prices of shoes will be so high.



2. Mr. Free Trader assures Mr. Common People that if he will vote against the tariff, shoes and all other necessities will be much cheaper. Mr. Common People promises to so vote.



3. Mr. Common People, after election, gladly tells his wife that the tariff has been removed, and shoes will be cheaper. Mrs. Common People is delighted, as the children need shoes.

4. Mr. Common People takes his children to the shoe shop to benefit from the removal of the tariff from leather and finds that shoes are dearer than ever. He wakes up!

A Young Doctor's Troubles.

THE young doctor was in a disconsolate frame of mind as he sat in his tiny office, which also did duty as a country drug store. "Gee!" he sighed. "Two weeks without a single patient! This is a distressingly healthy community, and old Doc Swan gets what few patients there are! I wish"——

His thoughts were cut short, however, by the violent ringing of the telephone. In answer to his "Hello!" he heard, from the other end of the line,

"Hello, doctor! This is Brown. My wife's dyeing"——

Without waiting to hear more, the doctor hastily hung up the receiver, grabbed his medicine case, and hurried in the direction from whence had come the call.

Arriving some fifteen minutes later, he was astonished to find both Brown and his wife at the gate to meet him. "Awfully sorry you wouldn't wait to hear me through," said the former. "You see, my wife was dyeing some old clothing and wanted to get two more packages of dye."

A Leap-year Proposal.

Howell—"What did she say when she proposed to you?"

Powell—"She said that she would like to select my neckties for life."

They Help the Cause.

There is much charity that would be missing if there were no newspapers to publish the names of its promoters.

In These Days.

In these days of uncertain waist-line, it is as difficult for a woman to tell how high up on her back to pin her skirt, as for a bald-headed man to know where to stop washing his face.

Not New.

First neighbor—"Have you heard tell of them newfangled trial marriages?"

Second neighbor—"I don't see nothin' newfangled about 'em. Mine's been a trial to me for the last twenty years!"

His Method.

Gillet—"How do you accomplish your great success with the ladies? Do you keep giving them things?"

Perry—"Nothing on earth but encouragement, old man."

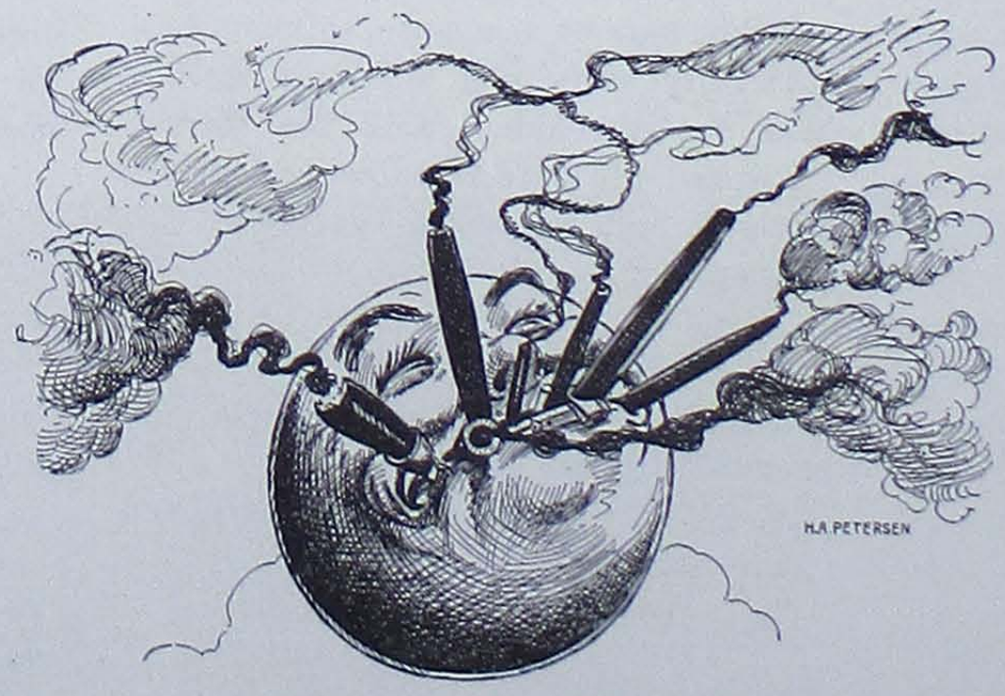
A NEWSPAPER PUFF.

The Indian.

THE hardest lot it seems to me
Can fall to any man
Is that endured by Lo, the poor
Cigar-store Indian!
All day he holds a box of choice
Havanas in the sun
To tempt the passing throng, and yet
He never samples one!

Long cut and navy plug alike
Are joys he must forego,
Not e'en a little cigarette
His wooden lips may know;
But when his service as a sign
Before the door is past,
I mean to buy and burn him up,
That he may smoke at last!

—*Minna Irving.*



WHERE THEY MAKE IT.

The World—"If it wasn't for Pittsburgh what would I do for a good old smoke?"

He Knew.

"Do you know where the ball ground is?" asked a stranger in the neighborhood.

"Say, mister," returned the kid, "I know every knothole on the four sides of it."

The Girl with the Cigarette.

She seemed so dainty where she sat
There with a slender cigarette.
Ah, she was well worth looking at!
In fancy I behold her yet.

She seemed so dainty, sitting there,
A lovelier maid I ne'er shall see!
With fingers that were slim and fair,
She held the cigarette for me.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

Customer—" Say, that 's a dandy cigarette for five cents. Why don'tcha put the price up, so 's respectable folks can be seen smokin' 'em."

Pipe Dreams.

IN THIS attic, hushed and dim,
Pipe of mine, let's dream a space.

Here's a picture, "Madge to Jim,"
Penned beneath the roguish face.

Ah, how clearly I recall
This first love of long ago!
Then I thought her queen of all,
And one night I told her so.

After that, with you I'd stroll,
Pipe of mine, beneath the moon,
Weaving dreams from out your bowl,
Humming marches heard in June;

Till at last there came the day
When this girlie promised to
Love and honor and obey.
(Business of the rice and shoe.)

In this attic, hushed and dim—
Hark! a voice I can't forget
From below is calling, "Jim!
Gracious! are you smoking yet?

"Here are pots for you to wipe!
Really, you're a plain disgrace!
Come on down and leave that pipe
Where it won't smell up the place!"

From this attic, hushed and dim,
I must fly beyond a doubt;
Little wifey calls to Jim—
Good night, sweet dreams—my pipe's gone out!

—*Ella Bentley Arthur.*

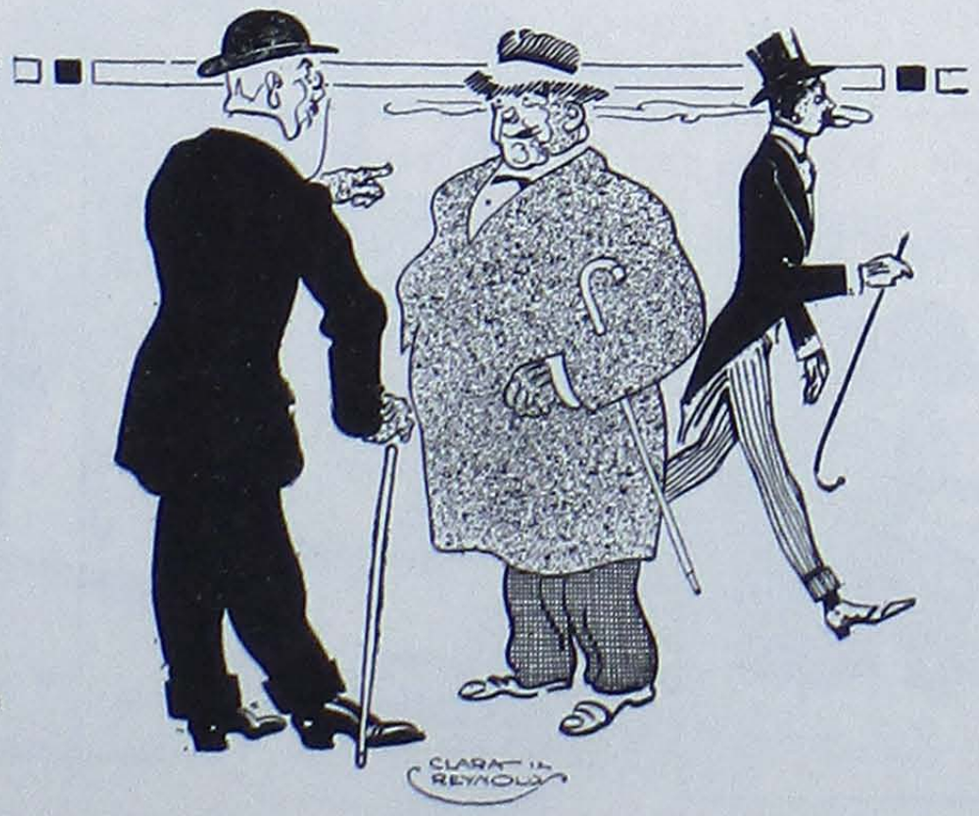
Those Boxes.

Wills—"How are the new cigarettes?"

Gills—"Fine! This last box I bought contained a flag, two pictures of ball players, a cardboard paper knife, a toy balloon and a puzzle."

Wills—"But how do the cigarettes themselves smoke?"

Gills—"I don't know. You see, I had to cut each one to pieces to see whether it contained the Great Grand Free Coupon which would entitle me to the next box free."



GIVE HIM TIME.

Roland—" There 's goes young Swift. They say his wife has money."

Oliver—" Well, that isn't his fault. They 've only been married a short time."

A Matter of Atmosphere.

"My husband was at a 'smoker' Saturday night and never got home until about one o'clock!"

"Was that why he wasn't at church Sunday morning?"

"No; he says the ventilation is so poor in church and the atmosphere always gets so heavy that he can't keep awake."

Boating.

(To the Girl Who Sat on My Coat.)

I loved you for your blushes ripe
And tempting lips—ahem!—
Until you flounced upon my pipe
And crushed the amber stem.

Acquiesced.

Charlie—"The doctor says I have a tobacco heart."

Madge—"I knew it all along, dear. You always cared more for your old pipe than you did for me."

One Way.

Pipeleigh—"Do you know how to judge a good cigar?"

Miss Peachy—"Yes, indeed! By the man who smokes it!"

A man is known by the cigars he keeps.

ALL IN ONE.

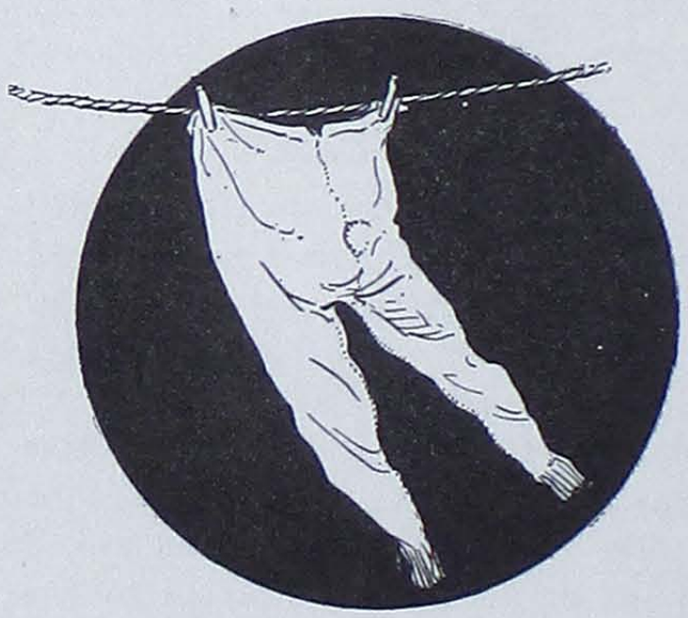
Nurse (to young doctor)—"Your practice is waiting, sir. Shall I show him in?"

Science versus Tradition.

GONE are the good, old, careless days,
When every dame wore hoops and stays,

And cooking was an artless art,
Where recipes were known by heart,
And, sounding somewhat hit or miss,
Were retailed orally like this:

"To short'nin' the size of yer fist when it's tight, add sugar as much as will stick; then break sever'l eggs (if they're cheap) and beat light, into clabber that's tasty and thick. If clabber ain't handy and's trouble to get, take sody enough on a spoon and mix it with sweet milk sufficient to wet (and mind you don't add it too soon). Now grate enough nutmeg to cover a dime and choc'lit the size of yer wrist, and throw in some flour, a bit at a time, and knead it up smooth with yer fist. A sensible number of nuts is required and crumbs you might otherwise waste, then raisins and allspice as much as desired; vanilly, you flavor to taste. Now mess up together and slap in a tin, well buttered with cottonseed oil; be sure that your batter ain't any too thin, and if it's too thick it'll spoil. And place in



A PAIR OF INNER TUBES.

the oven (not too near the back) and keep the fire high (if you wish), and bake until done and remove from the rack and turn out on some sort of dish."

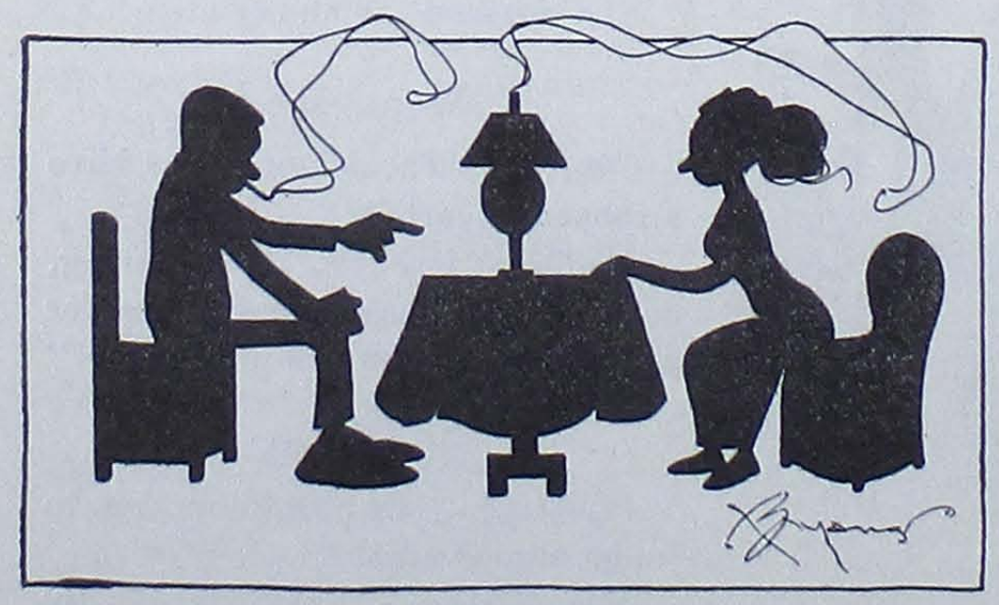
Come is the age of weird surprise,
When even babies syllogize;
Where "isms," "ologies" and "atics"
Turn simple folk into fanatics.
It takes a college-bred to see
Into a modern recipe:

"Carefully, in thirty strokes, beat up forty grams of yolks; add one kilo sugar, then beat for thirty strokes again. Drip one liter milk that's made hot at eighty centigrade. Steadily, for half an hour, sift two kilograms of flour. Fold the whites when inspissated to a gram of walnuts, grated. Stir four times and introduce one cl. of lemon juice. Pour the batter slowly in to a patent bottom tin. Keep electric oven right up to ninety Fahrenheit. Bake till sixty minutes pass; turn it out on sterile glass."

I dine on scientific cake,
But, oh, the things maw used to make!

—*Jane Burr.*

Many men wouldn't know what to do with Opportunity if it came around.

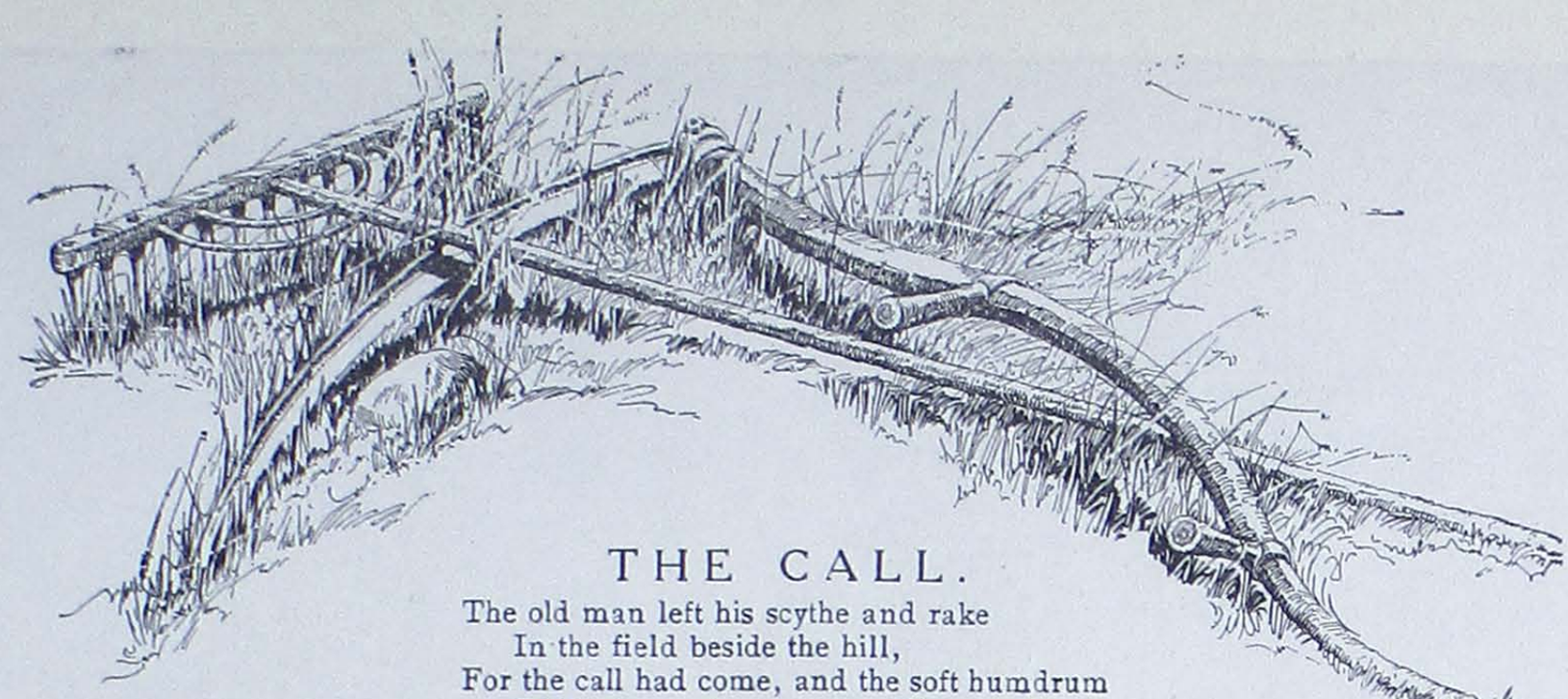


PREPARED.

Clarence—"Why don't you keep something for a rainy day?"
Clara—"Don't be silly, dear. Haven't I the prettiest raincoat and umbrella you ever saw?"

EXPERTS.

"Talking of cooks, my wife can make a veal cutlet look like a turkey."
"Huh! My wife can make me look like a lobster."



THE CALL.

The old man left his scythe and rake
In the field beside the hill,
For the call had come, and the soft humdrum
Of the harvest song was still.

The summer breeze sighed through the trees,
And the uncut grain bowed low
Where the hand was stayed, and the weary blade
Of the scythe had ceased to mow.

Oh, task undone! his race is won—
The old man ran it well.
And I marvel yet at the pace he set,
For he heard the dinner bell.

It Might Not Have Been.

HAROLD had started wrong. He had married a girl who thought that, as long as there were airships, there was no reason for getting down to earth. She had seven-by-eleven tastes, and Harold had a three-by-four income. The inevitable happened, and the bride went back to her father for a continuation of his esteemed favors of the past, and Harold drifted. Before he had come to a place of anchorage, his wife brought suit for divorce, alleging non-support, intolerable cruelty, incompatibility of outlook, and a few alternates in addition to these regular delegates. Mrs. H. tried to get his gross receipts for alimony, leaving him to buy his meal ticket with what was left. Harold decided at first to fight the case, but concluded to give his ex-wife his money, rather than to support a firm of lawyers in idleness and fool around in the courts.

Time has gone on, but Harold still makes an unconditional surrender of his pay envelope and has grown gray in the service. He expects that some day he will get real reckless and keep back a dollar, and then get into trouble with the courts of justice on account of his contempt of them.

Moral: Men, like horses, should not enter in too fast a class.

—*Harry Irving Horton.*

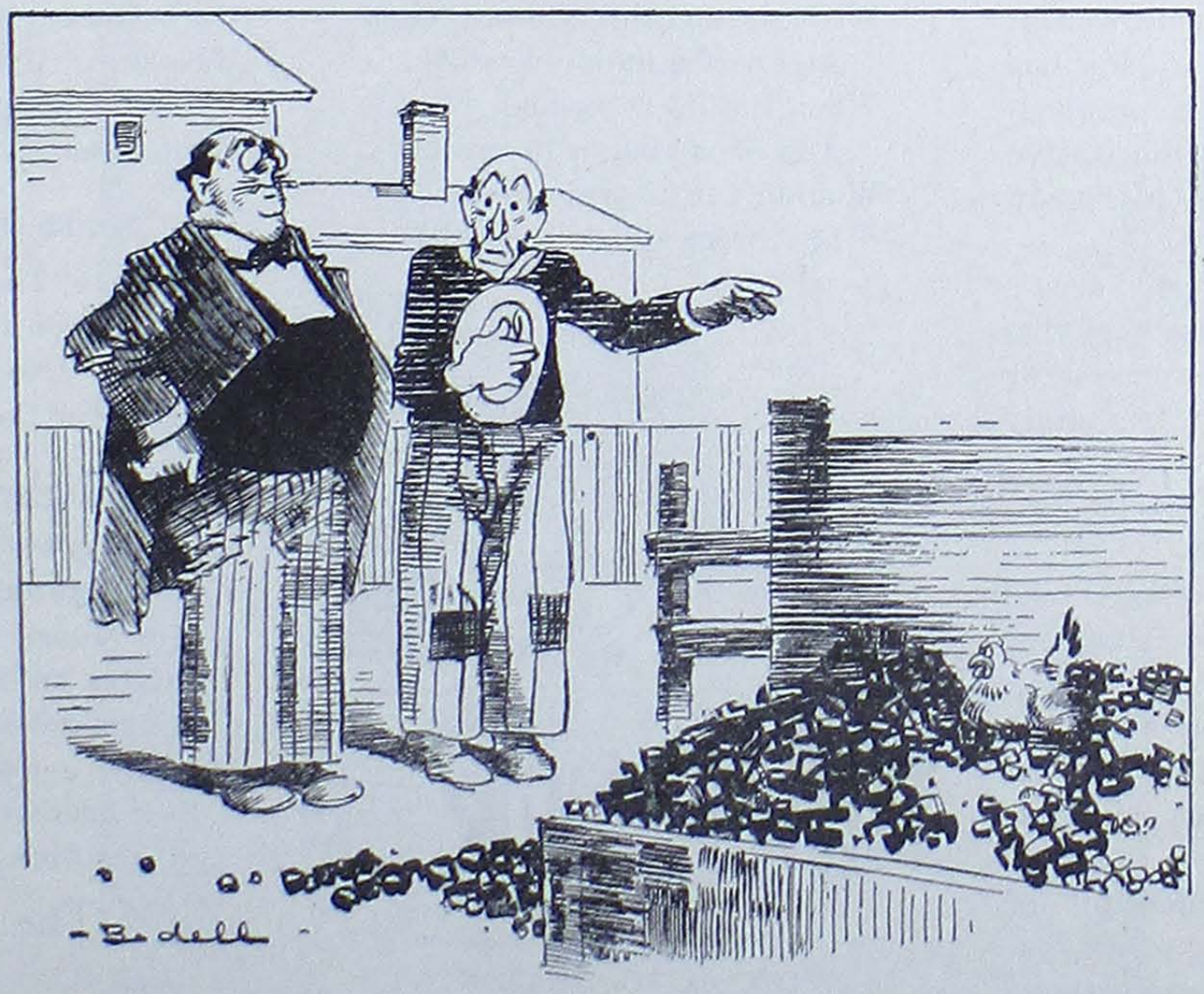
Colored Pie.

A Westerner visiting in Boston was much surprised, when served with jelly cake, to have it called Washington pie. He made a mental note of this, and when in Washington asked again for "Washington pie." The waiter brought him a piece of chocolate cake. He eyed this for a moment and pushed it from him, saying, "No go! I want George, not Booker T."

A Reversible Proverb.

"Too bad Mrs. Smartleigh always has such abominable weather for her afternoon teas!"

"Yes; she never pours but it rains."



Squire Briggs—"James, why do you suppose that old hen persists in laying in the coal yard?"

James—"Your Honor, sir, I think she has seen the advertisement on the barn, 'Now is the Time To Lay in Your Coal.'"

Broke the Monotony.

"Yesterday," complained the Sunday-school superintendent, "you boys sat through a twelve-inning game and you showed no signs of uneasiness. Yet here you cannot listen to me for thirty minutes without becoming restless. I can't understand why the ball game receives more serious attention."

"Because," came in a stage whisper from a seat of husky boys, "they change pitchers occasionally."

A Counter Question.

"Nannette, dearest, can you cook?"

"No, Willoughby, darling. Can you?"

Caustic.

Miss Yellowleaf—"Yes, ours is a very old family. You know, we came over in the *Mayflower*."

Miss Caustique—"Indeed! And did you—er—have a pleasant voyage?"

More Like It.

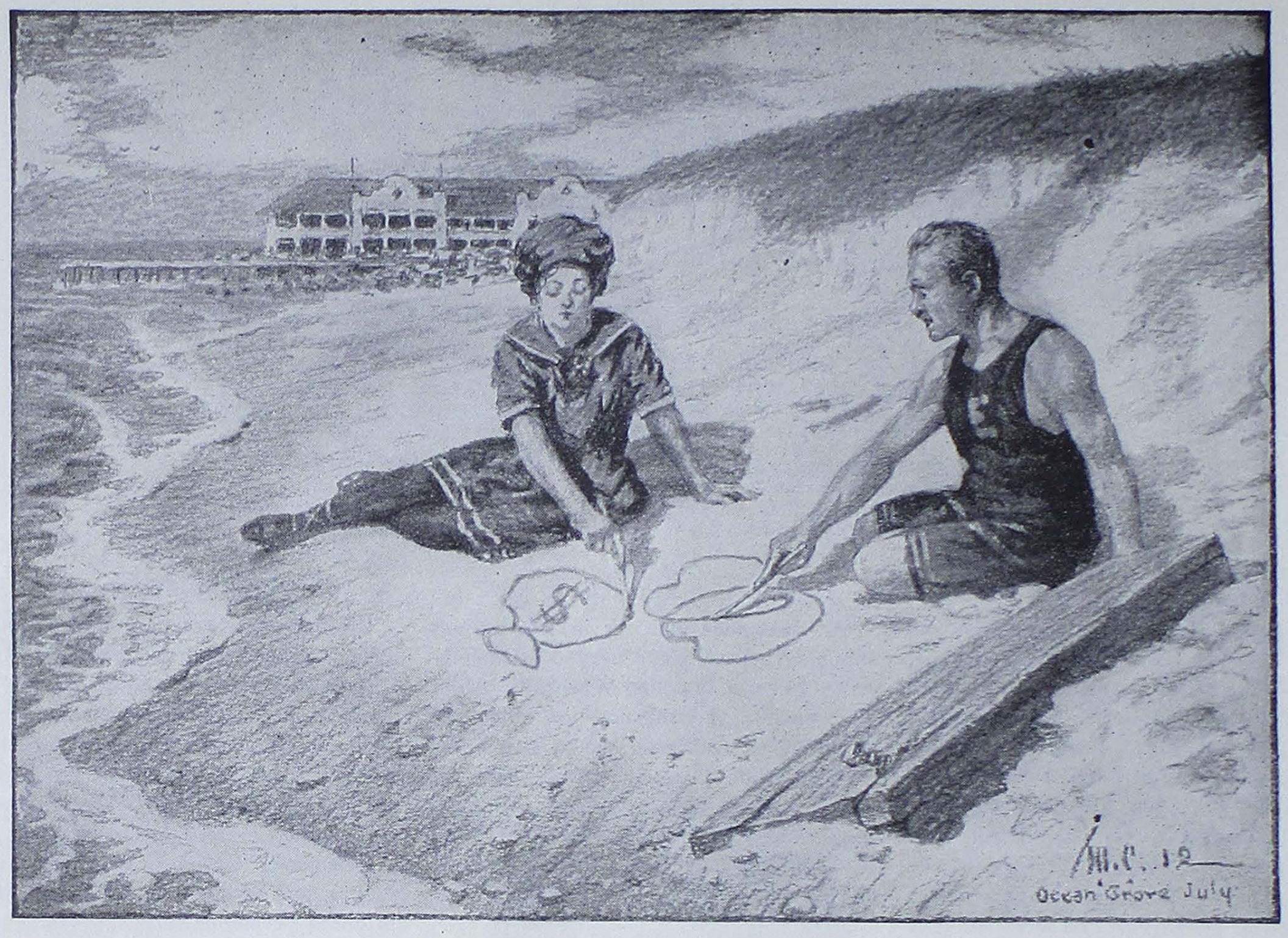
"That young Galey is a chip of the old block, isn't he?"

"Rather a tooth of the old rake!"

No Fool Questions.

Madge—"Charlie is very poetic."

Marjorie—"I know it, but he's just too mean for anything. When he took me to the ball game, he said, 'Speak to me only with thine eyes.'"



SAND ARTISTS.

Pests.

WE HAVE ten commandments, seven or more true wonders, and a host of other notable series; but as yet no one has compiled a comprehensive and authoritative list of pests in human form.

Five suggested are:

The plain, ornery, every-day fool who inquires if you are sick, working or going away, when the fact is plainly obvious.

The educated biped who marks passages in other people's books.

The intellectual Aleck who thinks that the other fellow's face is funnier than his own.

The blatant son of Balaam's braying steed who insists on talking to you and the entire neighborhood simultaneously.

The genius who coins a new bit of slang daily.

Psychological researchers are actively engaged in selecting appropriate addenda from the 999,995 others.

—*E. J. Collins.*

The Piano.

Sing a song of music,
And especially that blight
With six and thirty black keys
And half a hundred white.
When the lid is opened
And hands begin to thrum,
Wouldn't it be truly great
If it were stricken dumb?

STOOD TO REASON.

Housewife—"How will I save by it if I give you the dinner before you chop the wood?"

Tramp—"'Cause arter I do all dat work, mum, I 'll be twice as hungry."

What Did the Bride Think?

The three-times widower, with his newest choice, was once more making the necessary visit to the city official in Hoboken. Upon receiving the fee, the clerk exclaimed heartily, "Thank you! Come again!"

Sport in the Metropolis.

Smith—"There doesn't seem to be any closed season for game in New York."

Jones—"No. And they're always hunting for the man higher up."

Higher Aspirations.

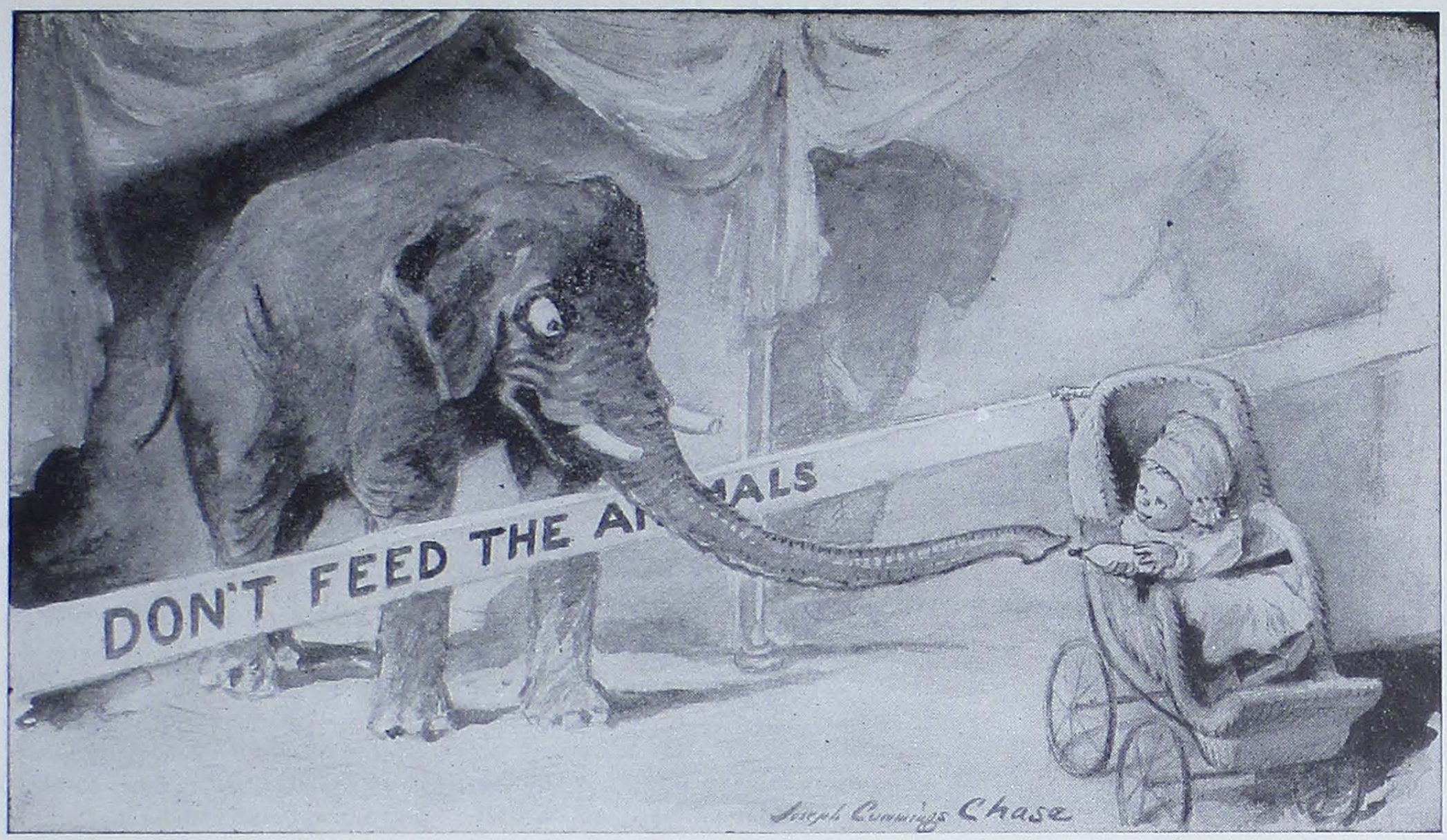
Daddy's got a mowin' machine,
Auntie's got a sewin' machine,
Mis' Jones has one that laughs an' talks an' cries;
Granny's got a knittin' machine,
Mother's got a washin' machine,
But Brother Bill, he wants the kind that flies.

The Wifely Way.

"I offended John dreadfully."

"Have you made up?"

"Oh, yes; I succeeded in getting him to ask my pardon."



"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW."

Changed His Drink.

A RESTAURANT keeper hung out this sign: "Coffee: Such as Mother Used To Make."

One morning a man entered the cafe, and as the waiter approached him he inquired, pointing to the sign,

"Is your coffee really such as mother used to make?"

"It is, sure!" replied the waiter convincingly.

"Then," said the man, with a reminiscent look, "give me a cup of tea."

An Example.

"Mamma, teacher says we must bring an example of an 'awful predicament' to-morrow. Can you give me one?"

"Yes, dearie. Going into a shoe store with a hole in one stocking, and not being certain as to which one."

His Fear.

Maude—"But father is very approachable."

Cholly—"I know it. The —er—difficulty will be in getting away from him."

A Speculative Term.

First bachelor—"Why do they say 'high noon' when applied to the time of a wedding?"

Second bachelor—"Another way of saying a 12-to-1 chance."

LUCKY.

Polly—"Isn't it lucky, Miss Blake, that the new baby is a girl! We haven't any boy's clothes in the house."

A Fleeting Shade.

"By jove, I am glad to see you looking so gay and festive!" said Mr. Olde Frend. "You were all in black the last time I saw you."

"Yes," demurely replied Mrs. Brown, who had just taken a second husband; "but it wasn't a fast black."

Prefers a Horse.

Mrs. Flynn—"They do be afther sayin' thot old man Kelly has got locomothor ataxy."

Mr. Flynn—"Well, he's got the money to run wan av thim if he wants ter, but fer my par-rt I'd rayther have a good horse anny day."

Different Now.

Little girl (reading about Cornelia)—"Mother, are we children jewels?"

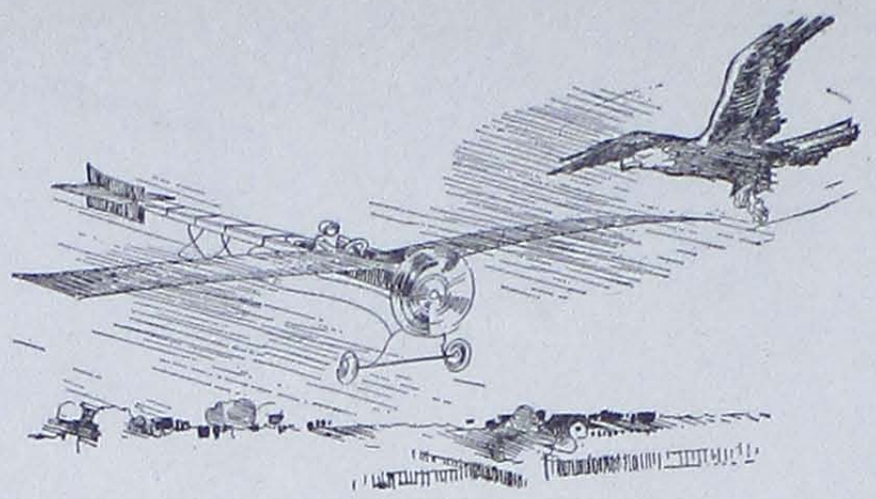
Modern mother—"No, darling. If you were, I'd pawn you all and go abroad."

As Usual.

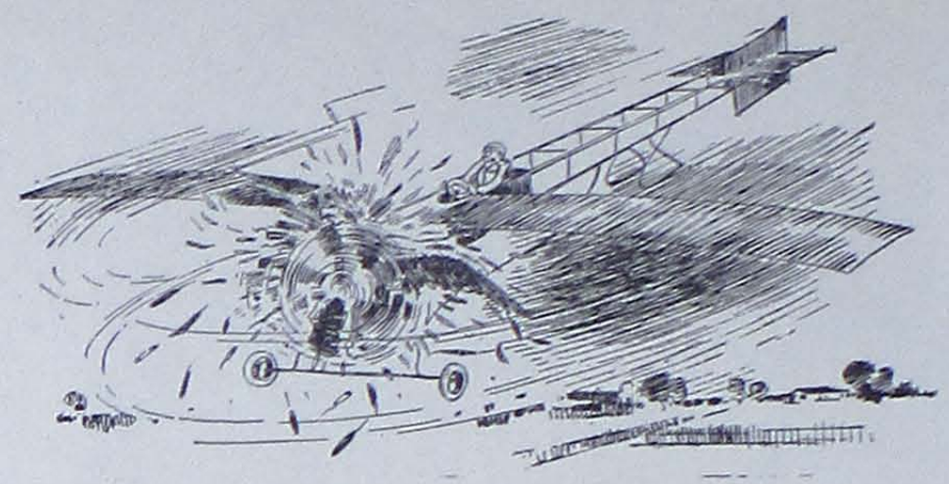
"Did she tell her age?"

"Partly."

A NEW BIRD IN THE SKY.



1. The Eagle: "I thought I was king of the air.——



2. ——Well, we shall see.——

The Fourth Girl.

IT WAS not entirely unexpected to Dr. Femmes.

He had been in apprehension of it for some time—as most men would. And he, being a doctor—well, it was only a matter of professional prognostication, anyway.

He had been hopeful, too—and quite optimistic. The recurrence of incidents in his family life had been of such a nature that he had bred an optimistic trait in self-defense.

There had been three girls—successively.

Dr. Femmes had welcomed each, none the less happily in view of his intense disappointment. But he never had felt entirely satisfied. He considered girls perfectly all right in their place, but he privately told himself that he believed there was such a thing as overdoing it.

So he had pined for a son and heir, but always the youngster eluded him.

Undiscouraged, he continued to hope, each time swearing by all the tomes in his library that, if disappointed "this time," he would give up in despair.

Now the expected day had arrived. Dr. Femmes beamed on his three little daughters and built castles for them of the time when they would have a little brother.

The door opened and a nurse came in. She smiled. So did Dr. Femmes.

"Isn't it a darling?" she cooed.

The doctor looked at the bundle in her arms—optimistically.

"Well?" he asked.

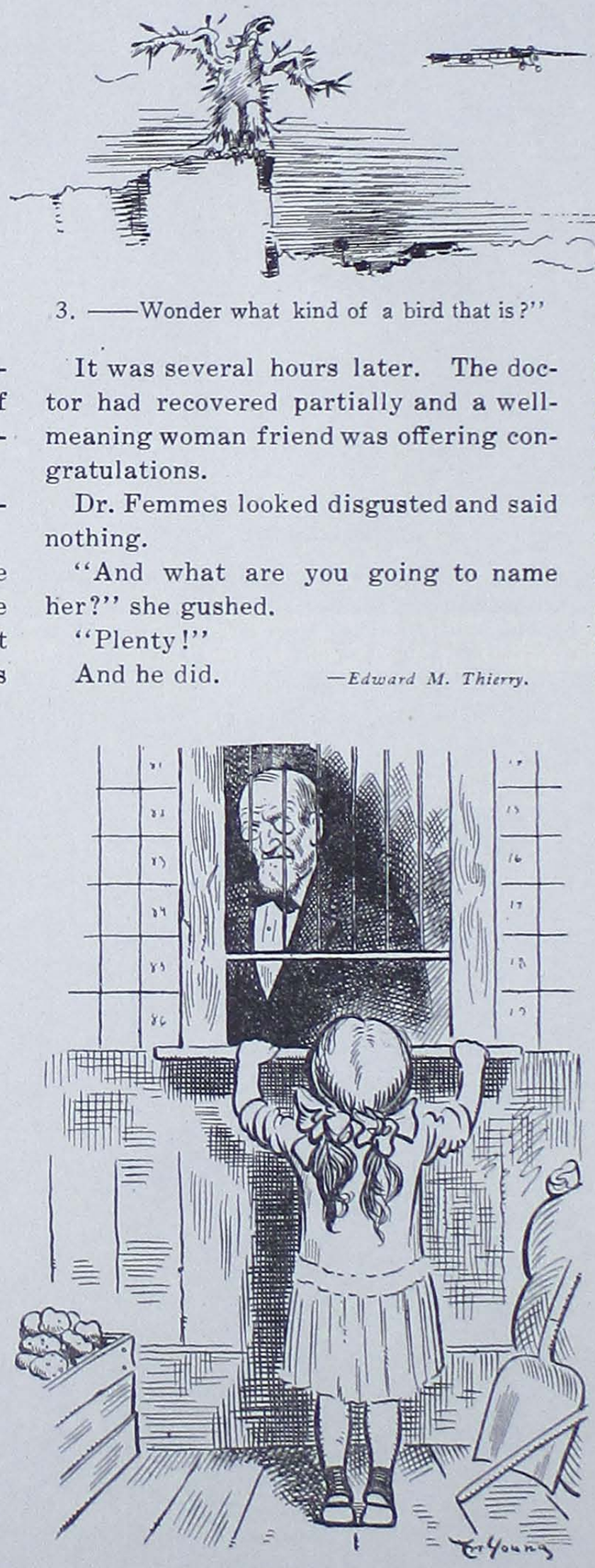
"Just seven pounds, and so"——

"Yes, yes, I know!" he said impatiently. "It's a boy, isn't it?"

"Oh, no; a dear, sweet little girl!"

Dr. Femmes collapsed.

"A girl? The fourth, too! How nice!"



3. ——Wonder what kind of a bird that is?"

It was several hours later. The doctor had recovered partially and a well-meaning woman friend was offering congratulations.

Dr. Femmes looked disgusted and said nothing.

"And what are you going to name her?" she gushed.

"Plenty!"

And he did. —*Edward M. Thierry.*

A PROPHET WANTED.

Mildred—"Is there any mail for mamma?"
Postmaster—"Not to-day."
Mildred—"Well, when will there be?"

Handy To Have Around.

HAROLD had not used due care in picking out his parents, and, as a result, the old folks were not up to concert pitch. They persisted in getting into close communion with the simple life, much to the mortification of their only son, who considered anybody a "tightwad" who lived within his income. Harold had a place in a bank and he had the proper regard for the reputation of the institution and didn't want it injured in any way by having it said that one of its trusted employes was the child of "hayseed" parents. It finally became necessary for Harold to divorce himself from the old folks and to leave them to shift for themselves in their suburban home, while he installed himself in city apartments in keeping with his importance in the financial world and his pride.

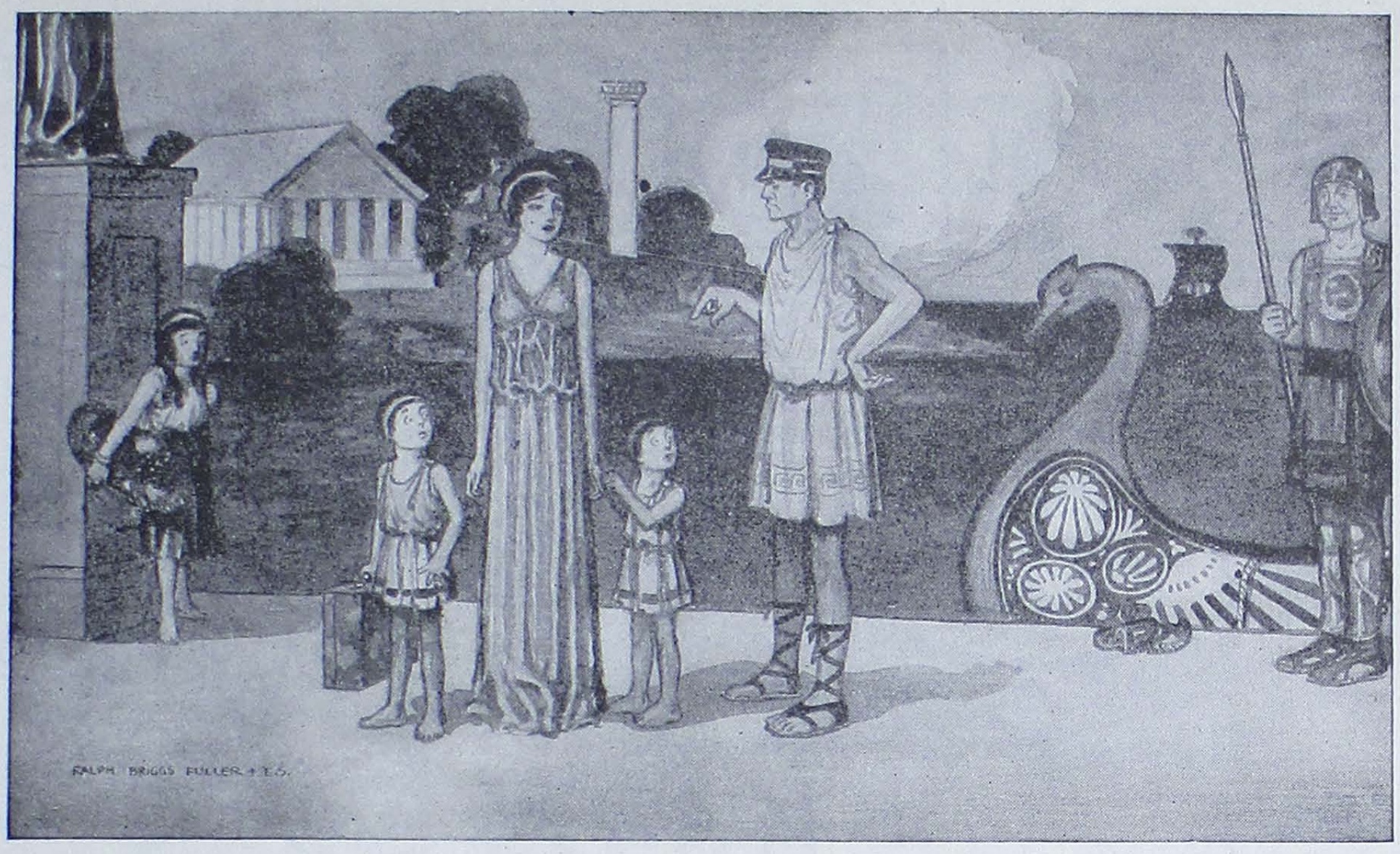
One day it was discovered that Harold had been "overdrawing" his salary account and might have to earn his next money in the shoe shop of a penal institution conducted under the auspices of the State. Then it was that he remembered that he had a father and mother. The old folks were sent for and they did not deny the relationship existing between them and the erring young man, but returned home and dug down into the family stocking for the amount necessary to save Harold an unpleasant trip, ending in confinement too close for his health.

Moral: You can't judge parents by the company they keep, even if the company is an only child.

Not Recently.

"Have you kissed the bride?" Bob asked the unhappy looking usher.

"No," the u. l. u. replied; "eh—well—that is, not recently."



ONE ON CORNELIA.

"Sorry, madam but you 'll have to pay duty on these jewels of yours."

The Cheap Man.

"DE CHEAP man!" contemptuously said square-headed old Parson Bagster. "De cheap man—de bullfrog o' humanity—allus makin' consid'able mo' dan his share o' noise, and doin' a heap sight less dan his pro-ratty o' hahd work!

Out in de world, yo' never 'skivers him in de brickyahd breakin' his back wid honest toil, or cleanin' out de white folks' well, nor nuth'n' o' de sawt; yo' finds him tryin' to raise side whiskers and mowlin' 'bout de rights o' de cullud race, or suppin' fully as repulsive. And in de church, when de revival comes on, he never goes for'ard at de fust invitation, but hangs off and pulls back and argifies twell he gits de 'tention o' everybody; and den, dess at de pizzy-logical moment, when all eyes is fixed on him, he lets loose his holt on sin and goes to de bench amid de hozanners o' de 'semblage, and purt' nigh putts all de rest o' de mo'ners out o' bidness wid his howls. He 'magines dat de hymn o' de 'Ninety and Nine' was writ' 'bout him, and dat he's not on'y de one dat was lost, but de yudder ninety-eight, into de bahgain. He comes th'oo like a circus p'rade, wid flags uh-flyin' and troomboons playin'. De Lawd has done drapped all udder bidness to welcome de cheap man into de fold. And two weeks atter he gits into full fellership he's poutin' unless he's puhmitted to pass de hat. Dar ain't no sadisfaction in savin' de cheap man. In de fust place, he ain't got no mo' gratitude dan a tarrapin; and, den, ag'in, he won't stay saved. I don't hanker none atter de cheap man!"

—*Tom P. Morgan.*

If one swallow don't make a spring throw a stone at him and watch results.

KEEPING FAITH.

Hungry man—"Waiter, I thought you said you served *two* vegetables with this meat?"

Fresh waiter—"We do, sir. That 's succotash!"

Didn't Concern Him.

The tramp sat under the grateful shade of a tree and did away with a sandwich handed to him by the latest farmerwife he had favored with a call. She had wrapped the sandwich in a section of newspaper, which the tramp scanned with the eye of carelessness characteristic of his kind.

"My idea of nothin' to git nutty about," he remarked to himself, after glancing at a market report, "is the advance of two dollars a ton in the price of car wheels."

Multum in Parvo.

She thinks of dropping Latin,
And all her friends concur;
For, knowing her, they quite agree
One tongue's enough for her.

A Point in Verbalism.

Professor (to class in composition)—"Some one in the class recently referred to a woman as of 'medium size.' Please avoid this expression in referring to a woman; it smacks too much of commercialism."

Freshman—"But, professor, she might be 'on the market.'"

"NOT LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE."

Amaryllis.

BACK where dandelions grow,
Lives my Amaryllis.
From her head to tip of toe,
I love my Amaryllis.

She is plain as plain can be,
But she's style enough for me.
A dearer one you'll rarely see
Than Amaryllis.

Through the woods and o'er the fields
Roams my Amaryllis.
Ecstasy her sweet voice yields—
Amaryllis.

Oft she lies there in the sun,
Gayly thinking, happy one!
Glad the day is nearly done—
Amaryllis.

I've been offered prices great
For Amaryllis;
But to sell I somehow hate—
Amaryllis.

For to part I don't know how.
All my folks would kick, I trow.
So I guess I'll keep my cow—
Amaryllis. —*C. G. Garretson.*

Kind of a Tree It Was.

"They have a family tree, I suppose."
"Yes; and the daughters are pippins!"

Modern Mottoes.

The contractor: Raze and raise.

The vegetarian: Chew and eschew.

The Baptist minister: Immerge and emerge.

The landlord: Lease, release and release.

The politician: Get-there, get-a-wad and get-away.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Mr. Swigg—"I told yer ter wake me up when we came ter Yonkers, didn't I?"

Conductor—"I did, sir; an' you said, 'Give the kids their breakfast, Mary, and I 'll be down in a minute.' Then you rolled over and went to sleep again."

Go-outers.

Are you a go-outer? Everybody else in America is. It's a national habit. Fathers and mothers have it. Children have it. Servants have it. The family cat has it.

Staying at home of an evening is no longer vogue. It's old-fashioned. Only families in small New England communities do it now.

Nobody knows where everybody goes when they go out. Father never tells where he goes. Mother is never asked where she goes. The daughter goes where she pleases, and nobody cares where the son goes.

The Modern Inferno.

A shriek, a moan, a screech, a groan,
A grunt, a scream, a cry,
With howls and murmurs, greet my ears
From autos rushing by.

Her Logic.

Happy, though married, member of the Dorcas Society—"I wonder why it says in the Bible there are no marriages in heaven."

Caustic old maid—"It's plain enough to me—it's because no men go there!"

Amusing Stories about Well-known Persons

Incurable.

IT IS told of the late chief, Quanah Parker, the famous son of Cynthia Ann Parker, that he purchased from one of the early settlers of the Panhandle of Texas an old "rattle-trap" buggy.

He drove away, very proud of being

able to travel in paleface fashion; but when overtaken at Red River, a few hours later, the chief's spirits had flagged somewhat.

He was standing outside the buggy, surveying it ruefully.

"Something wrong with your buggy, Quanah?" he was questioned.

Quanah gave the dilapidated vehicle a shake, and its loose spokes and joints rattled ominously.

"Heap sick!" he said gravely. "Heap sick; maybe so die!"

Up-to-date Zoology.

Over on what is known as the Eastern Shore of Virginia there lives an old negro who acquired a nodding acquaintance with Colonel Roosevelt during the Spanish war; indeed, he claims to have been attached to Roosevelt's own command as a servant.

Anyhow, his recent years have disclosed a marked interest in the varied activities of that versatile advocate of free speech and exponent of athletic prowess with the hat—Theodore Roosevelt.

But he met his Waterloo when this Bull Moose palaver hit the Eastern Shore. He posted into town purposely one day to inquire the biological status of the aforesaid animal.

"Well," replied the young storekeeper he applied to, "the bull moose,

as I know him, is a sort of longish-legged animal, with cloven hoofs, huge horns, a tail and—oh, yes! the older ones have a sort of beard hitched onto the front of them."

The next day there started in that section one of those three-day periods of assault upon Satan which dusky divines are so fond of perpetrating. Ephraim went. And while ostensibly his attention was on the words of the imported and local clouters of sin, his mind was toiling upon the "animile" which Marse Jim at the store had described a few days before.

"Breddren," yelled one exhorter, "this demon Ah has described, this beast of the ho'ns, the cloven hoof, the fawkit tyle—does any of you-all re'g-nize the pen-picture Ah has spoken faw yo' intelligence?"

No one stirred till Ephraim got up and said, "Ah re'gnize paht ob him, yo' rev'rence. Hab he got a beahd, so't o' longish like, hitched on in front ob him when he git old?"

"Beahd?" chided the speaker. "Lawd, brudder, he done got his whiskuhs buhned off ages ago in the fiahs of hell!"

Ephraim shook his head sadly. "Den Ah don't know him, sah," he apologized, sitting. "Ah thought fust off he might be de Bull Moose."

Fierce Cheese Eaters.

James Oliver Curwood, the novelist and magazine writer, was aboard the steamship *Megantic*, at Montreal, and just before the vessel left on her trip for Liverpool was watching the loading of an enormous quantity of Canadian cheese. A number of school teachers were on the boat, bound for Quebec, and these young ladies were very much interested in the loading of the cheeses. One of them asked the writer how much there was.

"The *Megantic* takes on from fifteen thousand to twenty-five thousand cheeses every trip," he truthfully informed her.

"How—how many people are there on board?" she asked.

"About twelve hundred this trip."

For a moment the young lady regarded him in astonishment; then she looked at the cheeses being loaded by the hundred.

"It's truly wonderful!" she gasped. "I never would have believed it if I had not seen them with my own two eyes! And only twelve hundred people! Goodness me, they must be fierce cheese eaters!"

His Identity.

When President W. H. Taft was practicing his profession in his home town, he was waging a relentless warfare against obeseness, and so quite naturally he looked upon walking as a good way by which he could reduce his figure. In fact, he was so regular in going to and

fro that he was always recognized by the people who lived on the street along which he passed.

A young conductor was put on a run on a line which ran on a street which President Taft was accustomed to use, and he wondered why this large man did not use the street cars, since they were so handy. One day Charles Taft was riding on the back platform of the car which the young conductor was managing, and passed his father walking home. Curiosity getting the upper hand, the young conductor asked Charles, "Who is that fat gink that walks when he can use the trolley car? I bet you he is too blamed tight to put up the necessary five cents!"

"Oh," answered Charles, "he is my father!"

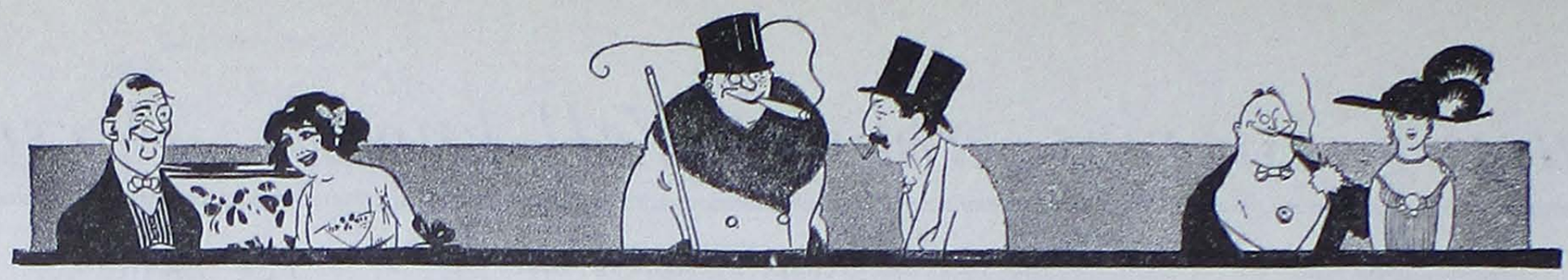
Changed His Order.

Champ Clark hurriedly went into a restaurant, after being in the committee rooms all morning, and hastily picked up the bill of fare and scanned it. He did not notice the pretty blond waitress that sidled up to his table to take his order, but, glancing at the side, he saw that a white apron was at his side, and without looking up he asked,

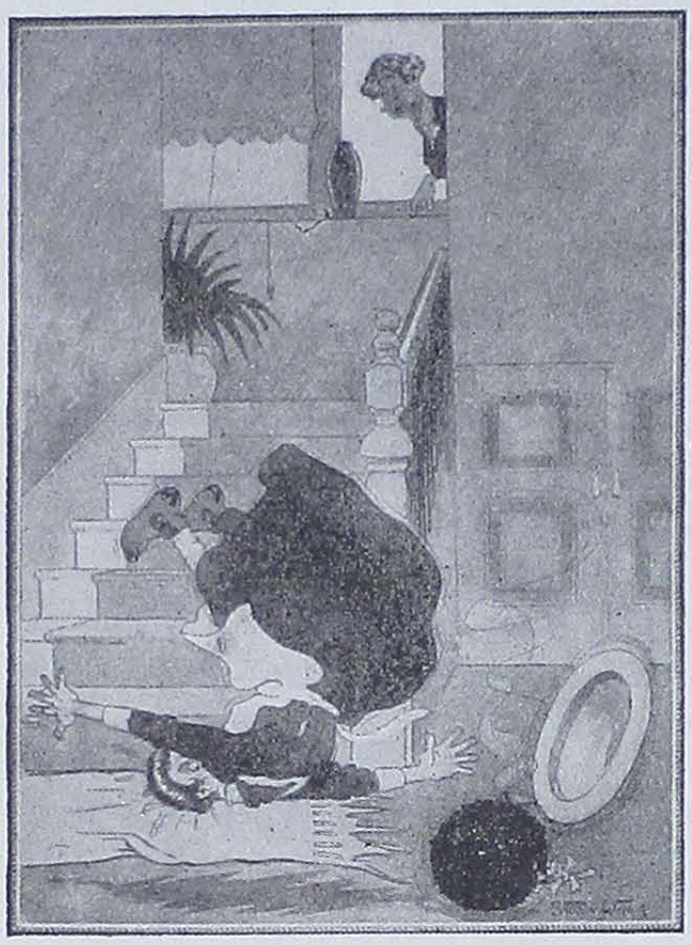
"How is the chicken to-day?"

"Oh, I am all right! How are you?"

Upon perceiving a prim-looking individual frowning at him from a near-by table, the master of the "Houn' Dawg" changed his order to good old hash, thereby avoiding possible complications.



LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS



Crash Ignorance.

Tweenie Ann—"Oh, mum, I've fallen down stairs and broken me neck."

Her mistress—"Well, whatever you've broken will be deducted from your wages."—*Sketch* (London).

Kind gentleman—"Why are you crying, little one?"

Child—"My brothers and sisters, who go to school, have a vacation. I have none!"—*Sucesos* (Santiago, Chile).

The Marketman's Idea.

"Montez donc, M'sieur le Comte; un de plus ou de moins, ca n'a pas d'importance!"

"Climb up, count! One more or less is of no importance."—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

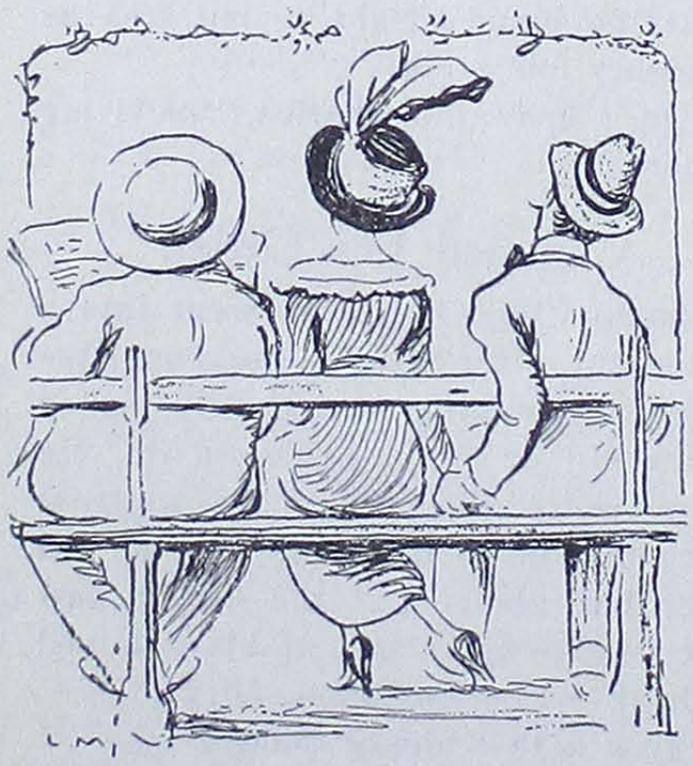
The Parvenue.

Kammer-Zofe: „Gnädige Frau haben mich gerufen!"

Baronin: „Ja. . . ich wollte Ihnen nur sagen, dass ich Sie momentan nicht brauche."

Chambermaid—"Did your ladyship call me?"

Baroness—"Yes. I only wanted to tell you that I do not need you for the moment."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).



Not So Surprising.

Ménélas: "Epatant! Un type qui a le cœur á droite!"

Helene: "Moi, aussi!"

Menelas—"Surprising! Here is some one with the heart on the right side!"

Helen—"Me, too!"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Couldn't Tell the Difference.

Mrs. Devere-Jones—"Why, Mrs. Tootson, your daughter plays more brilliantly than ever."

Mrs. Tootson—"My daughter's out of town. That's the piano tuner you hear!"—*London Opinion.*

A Bank Holiday Idyl.

—*London Punch.*

A Considerate Father.

Kunde: „Ich will mir einen neuen Anzug anfertigen lassen—nehmen Sie meinem Sohne Max!"

„Ihrem Sohne?"

„Ja, der trägt nämlich meine abgelegten Kleider, und der Bengel beklagt sich immer, dass, sie ihm nicht recht sitzen!"

Customer—"I want to order a new suit for myself. Please measure my son."

Tailor—"Your son?"

Customer—"Yes. You see, he wears my cast-off clothes, and the rascal always complains they do not fit him!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Amusing Stories about Well-known Persons

Where They Were Trained.

OUR navy is now filled with young American blood, for the most part recruited from good, sound, inland stock. But it was different at the time of the Spanish-American War, when it held a large foreign element, composed of de-

serters from other navies—particularly the English—by reason of our better pay and fare.

The Asiatic squadron had been particularly enriched by British "navvies" when the prospect of trouble in the Philippines became apparent at Hong-Kong—a fact that lays the foundation for this anecdote at the time Admiral Dewey halted with his command at Portsmouth, England, on his triumphal return to the Atlantic coast.

The American admiral had been offered every courtesy by the British, through Sir Charles Beresford. Thus, when the distinguished visitor expressed a desire to visit the gunnery school for enlisted men near at hand, Sir Charles hastened out to the *Olympia* in his barge.

"By the way, admiral," remarked Sir Charles, as they sat in the stern sheets, "I don't recall hearing of any station similar to this in your country. If I may, tell me where your American gunners are trained?"

"Chiefly here," was Dewey's laconic reply.

Mistaken Inference.

The Hon. C. C. Dickinson, member of Congress from the sixth district of Missouri, relates that once when in his youthful days he was out on a camping trip with a congenial lot of the boys, they chanced to meet, upon a remote

country road, a wagon drawn by a span of the most cadaverous-looking mules that it has ever been his privilege to see. The driver, on the other hand, was a fellow who must have weighed close upon three hundred pounds.

The driver for the crowd in which the congressman was stopped his team alongside the other.

"Are you selling lard?" he asked, with serious face.

"Lard?" echoed the other. "No. Why?"

"Well, we didn't know. But we saw that you had a load of it and were driving the cracklings, so we thought we'd ask."

The crowd escaped only because of the ponderousness of the outraged party and the fleetness of their team.

"My Policy."

Congressman Fordney, of Michigan, enjoys a good story and is quite capable of originating one to suit the occasion. Sometimes he makes use of a personal experience or a bit of fiction "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

In a recent speech, after alluding to the surprise he felt in noting the difference in the present policies of Colonel Roosevelt with those advocated in a previous campaign, he illustrated his point as follows:

"A man living in my home district visited a city artist with a request that he paint a portrait of his father, intimating that he was prepared to pay generously for the same. The artist asked that a photograph of the old gentleman be forwarded, so that he could begin the painting at once.

"But," the applicant said, "there is no photograph of my father in existence."

"Then it will be necessary for him to pose."

"My father cannot pose; he is dead. But I can tell you just how he looked and you can paint the portrait from my description."

After listening to a detailed account of the father's features, the commission was accepted with the remark, "I can make a picture of a man, all right, but it may be difficult to get the facial expression exactly correct."

In due time the anxious son was summoned to the studio to view the result attained from his description. He stood before the portrait for several minutes in silence, observing every detail with care, then, with a solemn shake of the head, he murmured,

"It is my father, all right; but, mercy, how he has changed!"

Just So It Was a Man.

"Ned had the keenest sense of humor. All who knew him recognized the trait and loved it, though it did not always appear to those whose acquaintance with him was slight." The speaker was Dr.

J. William White, of Philadelphia, who was perhaps the closest American intimate of Edwin A. Abbey, whose recent passing left so great a gap in the ranks of modern art.

"He used to tell any number of good stories, apropos to all occasions; but I think his own favorite related to a certain old country woman who lived not so far from his Gloucestershire home at Fairford. She was a picturesque creature, and Ned often stopped on his rides to chat with her a moment or two. One day he found her distinctly sorrowful. What was the matter? Why, she'd lost a pig, and she wished she were 'in Beelzebub's bosom.'

"'You mean Abraham's bosom, don't you?' asked Abbey.

"But she only looked up reproachfully and answered, 'If you'd ha' been a lone widdy as long as I, you'd not be so particular about the man.'"

London's Musical Training.

Jack London, when on a recent visit to New York, was introduced to a musician in one of the popular Broadway cafes.

"I am a musician in a small way," said London. "My musical talent was once the means of saving my life."

The musician was at once very much interested.

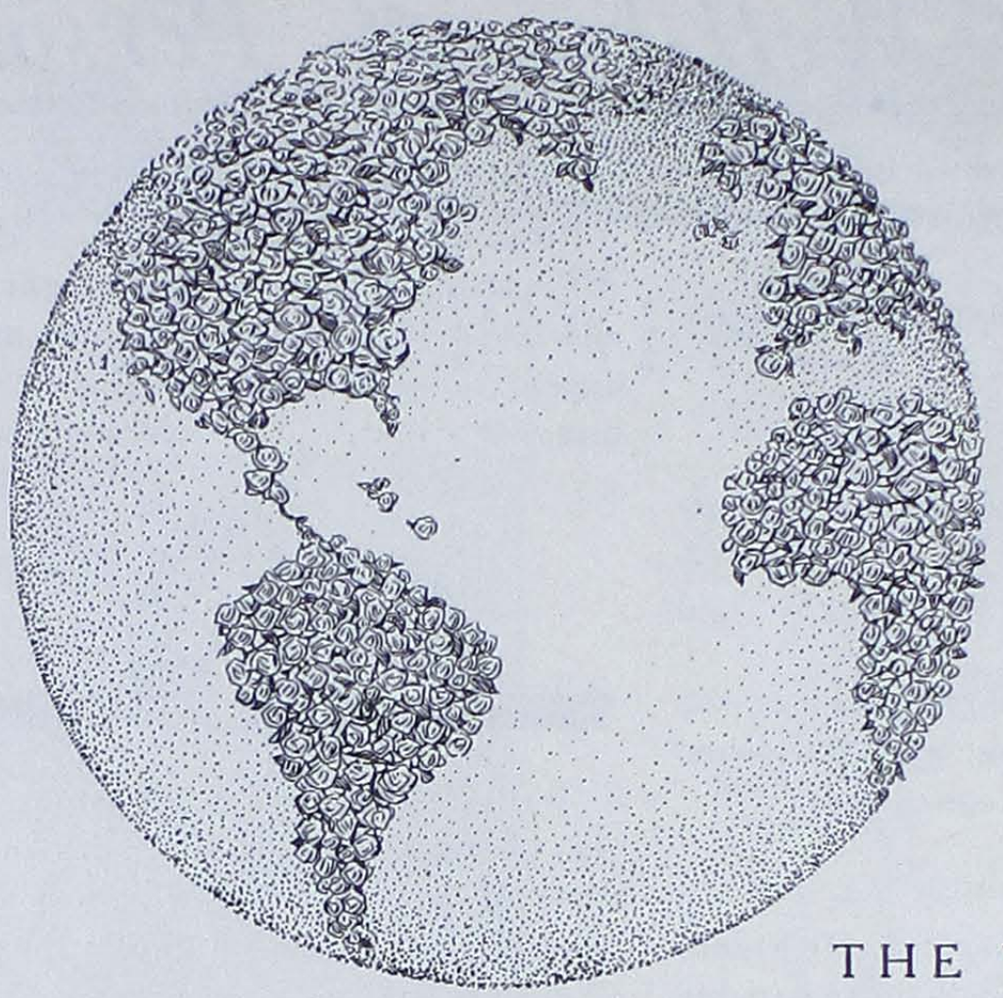
"How was that?" he asked.

"There was a great flood in the town of my boyhood," explained London.

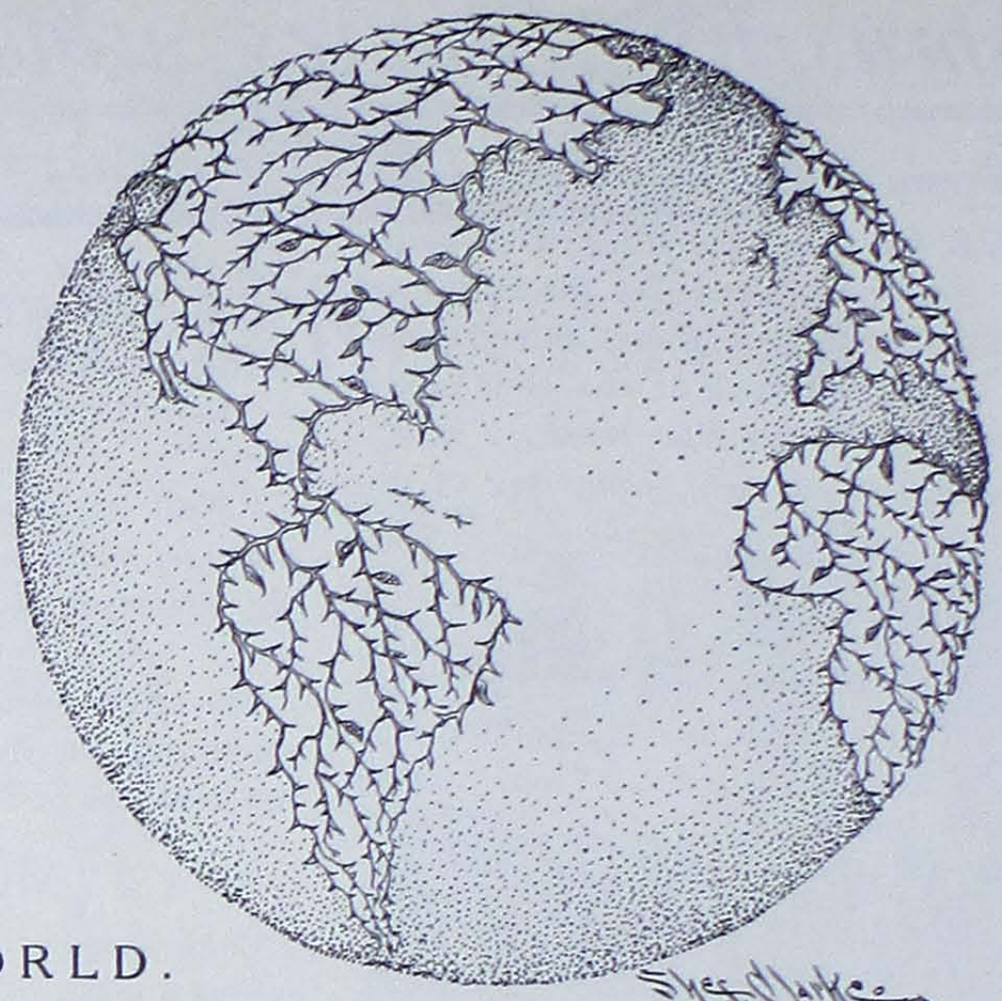
"When the water struck our house, my father got on a bed and floated with the stream until he was rescued."

"And you?" queried the musician.

"Well," smiled London, "I accompanied him on the piano."



As seen by the optimist.



As seen by the pessimist.

THE WORLD.

Motor Chat.

DIDN'T STAY.

BILDAD was spending the night in the little village.

"I don't suppose, from the condition of things," he said to his landlord, "that the good-road movement has ever reached you here."

"Yes; it come," said the old man, "but it jest kep' a-movin'."

PLENTY OF EVIDENCE.

"I wonder," said Slithers, stopping his car at the roadside and addressing an old man working in the fields, "if I can get any gasoline around here?"

"I reckon ye kin," replied the old man, straightening up and leaning on his hoe. "Ye kin get it in yer system, anyhow. Them cars ahead o' ye seems to have left a few ton of it behind 'em, jedgin' by the condition of the atmosphere."

A BARGAIN OFFER.

"Comin' this way ag'in?" asked the justice of the peace, after he had fined Jimpson fifty dollars.

"I'm afraid I'll have to," said Jimpson ruefully.

"Wa-al," said the justice, stroking his chin whisker reflectively, "preeaps I'd oughter tell ye thet we sell a return fine ticket fer seventy-five dollars, entitlin' ye to immunerty from arrest on the way back."

EXPENSIVE.

"How often is your motor overhauled, Binks?" asked Dusenberry.

"Four times last month," said Binks.

"Four times in one month? Geerusalem! What for?" demanded Dusenberry.

"Speeding," said Binks. "Twice by the bicycle cops, once by a deputy sheriff, and once by a plain, common-garden, village constable."

THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRST PERFORMANCE.
Showing a difference of opinion as to the dramatic critics' sanity.

HIS LAST WORDS.

"Yes," said the garage keeper, with a wink at his assistant, "I call all these cars I keep for rent the Excelsior cars."

"And why, pray?" asked Bilkins.

"Because they are for higher," roared the garage keeper.

The grand jury later acquitted Bilkins on the plea of justifiable homicide.

CONSISTENT.

"Where did you get your new car, Jorrocks?" asked Wimpleton.

"I won it in a raffle," said Jorrocks.

"Good! And how about your chauffeur?"

"Same. I took a chance on him, too," said Jorrocks; and then he began to whistle that tender little melody, "Everybody's Doin' It."—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

In His Case.

Suffragette—"We believe that a woman should get a man's wages."

Married man—"Well, judging from my own experience, she does."

Hadn't Studied That.

History teacher—"Tell something about the Diet of Worms."

Frightened miss—"I—I don't take cooking."

AND DRAWS CHECKS.

"Bertie didn't count much on good looks when he married that Gotrocks heiress."
"No; but he banks on them now."

Little Conversations.

HE WAS EXCUSED.

THE talesman had wriggled and wriggled, and finally the judge lost patience.

"Do you mean to state on oath that you don't think you have sufficient intelligence to render a just verdict on the evidence?" he shouted.

"Not exactly that, judge," said the talesman; "but the fact is that for the last ten years my mind has been made up for me by my wife and mother-in-law, and, as I understand this jury stunt, I shall not be allowed to communicate with them."

"Excused!" cried the judge. "I'm a married man myself."

ON OCCASIONS.

"Are you superstitious about thirteen at table?" asked Mrs. Hickenlooper.

"I am when there's hardly enough food for twelve," said Mrs. Giddybody.

A HELPFUL SUGGESTION.

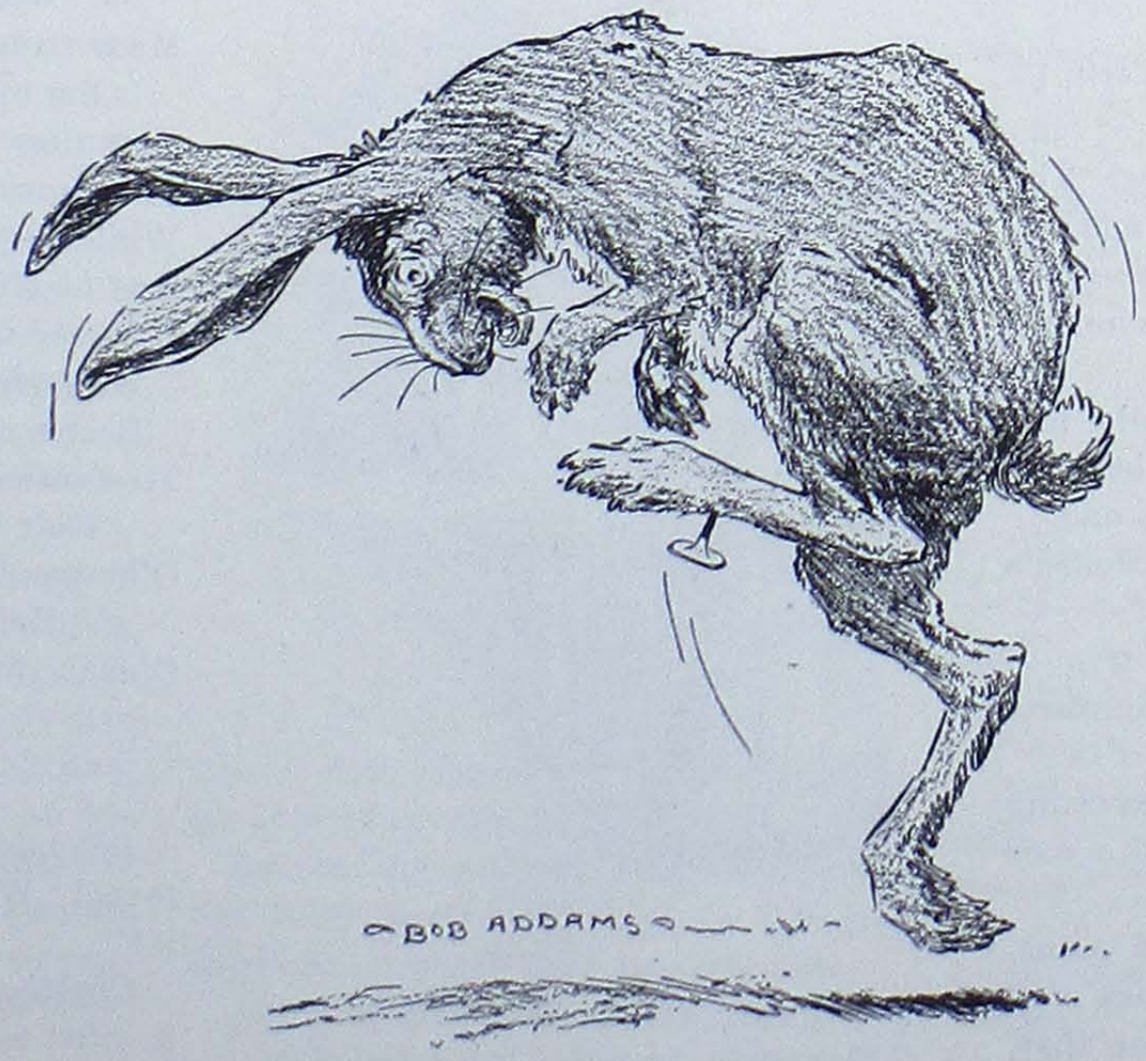
"Yes," said Blobson, "when I got home there they were—twins! I was simply paralyzed. We've named one of them Ann Eliza, but we're up a tree for a name for the other."

"Why not call her Paralyzer?" suggested Binks.

THE SILVER LINING.

Mrs. Stronghead had just thrown a paving stone through a drug-store window, merely to prove that she was entitled to a vote, and had been marched off to jail.

"Thank heaven!" said Stronghead. "That settles the where-shall-we-spend-the-summer problem, anyhow."



THE RABBIT'S SURPRISE.

"Ouch! I thought my left hind foot was lucky."

SAVED.

"Oh, John," sobbed Mrs. John, "I've done something awful, and I am almost afraid to tell you—but I must! I made a most awful mistake this morning and sent your new dress suit to the rummage sale instead of your old one, and when I found out what I had done and ran over to get it back it had been sold."

"That's all right, Mabel, dear," said John amiably. "I stopped in at the sale myself and bought it back for thirty-five cents."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Marjorie—"But, dear, wouldn't love in a cottage be rather commonplace?"

De Garry—"Well, of course, we could call the shack a bungalow."

THE SEED OF AMBITION.

Oh, Ye Pessimists!

IF A GIRL refuses you, don't say all women are faithless and designing. The one who refused you may snore, and,

Furthermore, there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. So smile and get out your bait.

What if it does rain when you want to go to the ball game? The home team might have lost, and,

Furthermore, next week there will be a double-header for just the price of one.

What if your candidate did lose? The sun will come up just the same, and,

Furthermore, in a short time you will have a chance to vote for the winner's successor.

Yes, Jones has an automobile and many more dollars than you; but the car might upset, stock go down, and,

Furthermore, would you have Jones's wife?

Perhaps you can't take a trip to Europe; but there are many discomforts in traveling, and,

Furthermore, it is so aggravating buying and sending postal cards to your friends at home.

Of course you have aches and pains, for don't you know that is a sure sign you are alive? Be thankful for that, and,

Furthermore, you haven't the bubonic plague, sleeping disease of India or the yellow fever.

Well, what if there are mosquitoes? There are also screens, the male mosquito never stings, and,

Furthermore, a mosquito isn't nearly as big or vicious as a wildcat or tiger.

Finally, dear playmate, you get just what you look for in this life. So look for the best, and,

Furthermore, live, laugh and love.

—*Charles P. Shoffner.*

REPLY NOT RECORDED.

"Thirty cents for veal! Is it a part of the golden calf?"

Hats.

See the latest styles in hats—
Wondrous hats!
Made to suit the tastes of buyers grading up from slims to fats!
How they keep the trimmers busy
On new models day and night,
While the poor mere man is dizzy,
And he almost thinks, gee whiz! he
Never witnessed such a sight,
As each lid, lid, lid
Seems to make a higher bid
To fantastic heights of fancy, till he feels like going "bats"
O'er the hats, hats, hats, hats,
Hats, hats, hats—
O'er the flurry and the worry of the hats!

—*George B. Staff.*

On the Quiet.

Druggist—"Five gallons of chloroform! What are you going to do with it?"

Crabthorne—"On the quiet, I'm going to start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pianos."

APOLLO could do well as a fashion-artist's model.

BACCHUS would have to serve them over the bar.

VENUS would have things her own way as a rich broker's stenographer.

MERCURY would, perhaps, put a little life into the messenger service.

HERCULES could get more people into a subway train than any eight of the present guards.

MINERVA might impart a little wisdom to our information bureaus.

THEY MADE GODS OF THEM THEN, BUT IF THEY LIVED TO-DAY THEY WOULD HAVE TO WORK FOR A LIVING.

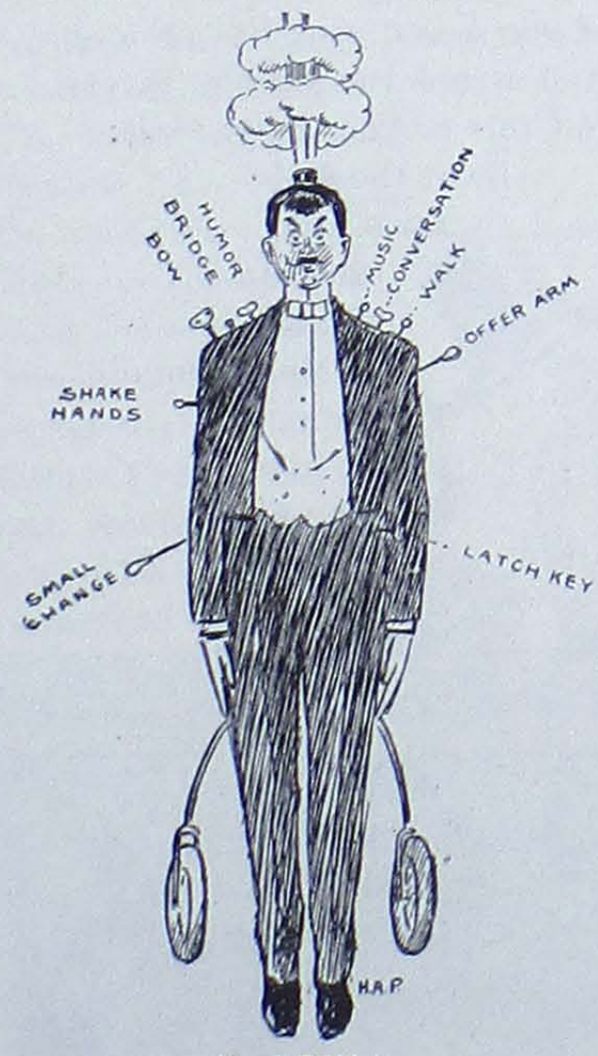
The Artificial Escort.

By TUDOR JENKS.

IT IS all due to the gasoline engine. As soon as that was invented, a thousand other things were possible; but among them all none is so great a boon to the modern woman as the artificial escort. Man, already beaten almost to a frazzle, gets another staggering blow as he shrinks from the pages of history and fades into a moribund legend.

In brief, this great invention is simply a dummy man, with an outward semblance modeled upon some of the least repulsive of the sex, but operated by an appropriate engine instead of the usual imperfect and selfish human motives. This mechanical superman will be controlled by electric push buttons, at all times responsive to the superior mind of the feminine operator. "Artie Escort" will always do exactly what his lady companion directs.

In a brief circular it is impossible to do more than hint at the many advantages "Artie" presents as compared with his human rival. For example, let us take "Artie" out shopping. He will carry one hundred and twenty-five pounds of bundles and has no grumbling attachment. He never looks at his watch and hints that it is "just time to catch the six-ten"; he does not raise his eyebrows at the price of a hat or suggest that the old one is as good as new; he never shows an inclination to linger at the counters of "forward creatures," nor does "Artie" become impatient if one looks at some two hundred and



"ARTIE."

twenty-four remnants with the laudable purpose of saving three cents.

As yet, the bill-paying attachment is not fully perfected, but the inventor hopes to complete it at an early date.

As an escort to ladies who live in the suburbs, "Artie" promises to find an extended field of employment. He will be armed with an automatic revolver, and cannot be arrested for the offense, as he is not a man. As a dinner guest, "Artie" will not fill the room with horrid fumes from expensive cigars, and will exhale no more than a slight odor of gasoline, pleasantly suggestive of motoring. "Artie" can at slight expense be equipped with an automatic converser or with an attachment for musical purposes, either rag or classic, as our patrons may prefer.

By an exchanging device, "Artie" may assume different faces, among the styles kept in stock being the matinee idol, the English duke and the German baron.

Send for the booklet. It is free.

An Oversight.

"My papa's just been called by the Lord to a new church," said the little girl.

"Ith he goin' to go?" lisped the other little girl.

"We don't know yet," said the little girl. "The Lord didn't mention the salary."

It's a wise child that knows its own bother.

NOT A BULL MOOSE.

His Honor—"This is the third time I have had to sentence you. What have you to say for yourself?"

Prisoner—"Nothing, your Honor, except that I am unalterably opposed to a third term."

On the Hotel Piazza.

Mrs. Boston—"Did you bring any light fiction reading with you this summer?"

Mrs. Manhattan—"No; it wasn't necessary. You see, I get a letter from my husband every day."

Rehearsing.

Bings—"Look! That motorist has just run over himself!"

Jings—"That's no accident. He is qualifying as a vaudeville headliner."

On an Ocean Liner.

Maud—"My neighbor at table doesn't look very rich, and yet she constantly growls about her trouble with servants."

Beatrice—"Perhaps she keeps an intelligence office."

The Stranger.

First citizen—"Who is that stranger hurrying down on the other side?"

Second citizen—"I don't recognize him. Must be a new political party."

"They tell me Anna is studying Esperanto."

"Studying it! She speaks it like a native!"

S w a t t h e F l y !

If you would be well and strong,
Swat the fly!
If you would your life prolong,
And escape the germlet throng,
Let this be your daily song:
Swat the fly!
Rush him,
Crush him,
Squash him—
Make him die.
Trap him,
Slap him,
Rap him—
Swat the fly!

Be as watchful as can be,
Swat the fly!
If one in the house you see,
Stalk him with unholy glee,
Draw your faithful sniggersnee;
Swat the fly!
Trail him,
Flail him,
Nail him—
Swat the fly!
Run him,
Gun him,
Stun him—
Swat the fly!

Fold the evening paper tight,
Swat the fly!
Now just let the varmint light,
Before the knave can take to flight
Bring it down with main and might;
Swat the fly!
Flay him,
Lay him,
Slay him—
Swat the fly!
Rack him,
Crack him,
Whack him—
Swat the fly!

—*Don. Cameron Shafer.*

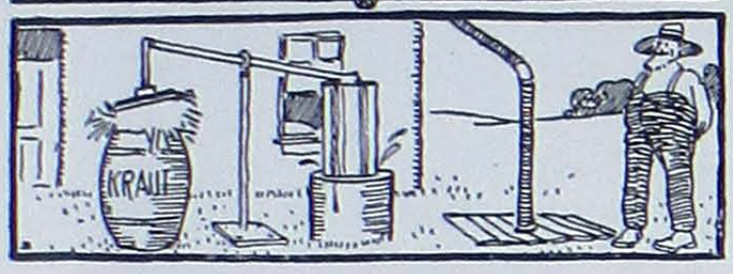
GOSSIP.

Cynthia—"I heard the most awful tales about Mrs. Van Gay yesterday. I know they were a tissue of lies."

Chorus—"Do tell us! There may be some truth in them."

A PAGE OF POPULAR SCIENCE

A Rival for Watt



That luxurious plutocrat, the Kansas farmer, who for years has been celebrated for the richness of the upholstery of his limousines, deserves to be no less renowned for the richness of his inventive faculty. Witness the case of "Munch" Frankenstein, of Kanopolis. Why may he not some day share honors with the inventor of the steam engine? Watt pondered upon the power in a tea kettle. This Kansas genius observed the unused energy in young sauerkraut. Instead of making the kraut in his cellar waste its strength pushing heavy stones off a plank, he harnessed kraut-power to pumping water into a high-pressure tank in the farmhouse attic.

"City comforts on the farm are all a matter of a little ingenuity," he declared. "Don't stand by and watch your wife carry heavy buckets of water from the well to the house. Let the sauerkraut do your work!"

Notable Patents

The commuters' little gem hobble jumper for the protection of flower beds is a device guaranteed to reduce suburban profanity at least one-half, to save the life of many a guileless chicken, and at the same time keep an entire community in merriment. When a fowl equipped with a hobble jumper attempts to scratch, she involuntarily takes a step forward instead, and the first she knows she's out of the flower beds and into the road.

A tobacco box with a time-lock attachment is an idea to help reduce the high cost of living.

A Brooklyn milk-bottle marksman is drafting plans for an illuminated back-yard fence. The automatic decoy cat of cast iron and steel claws has failed to fulfill its murderous mission, he says, and man must return to first principles.

A recent patent describes lights to be attached to a pedestrian's feet. For years we have been carrying lights in our hands, though, if we had stopped to reflect it would have been apparent what folly this practice is. Indeed, no one but boys and acrobats walk upside down, so why illuminatet he hands?

A man in Spokane has the patent rights on an automatic hat tipper, "which will cause the hat to rise completely from the head, rotate and return in a manner guaranteed to make the most profound impression."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The Boy Who Delivers Your Stick of Dynamite

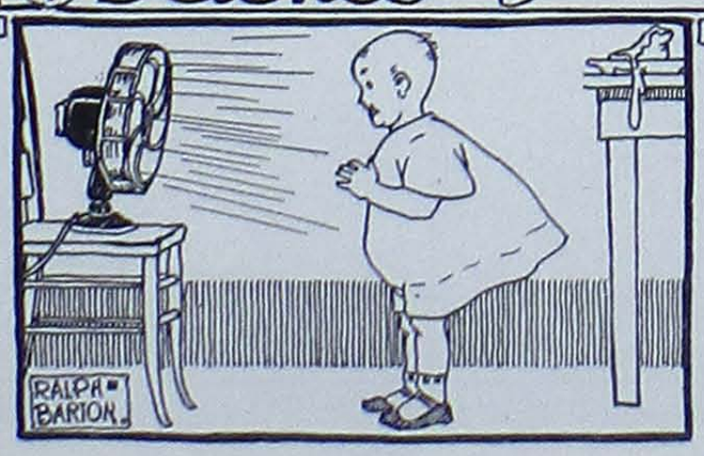
The general public lives in dense ignorance about the standards by which drivers of dynamite wagons are selected. To qualify for a driver's seat on an all-red wagon beneath a danger flag, the prime requisite is the proper sort of face—a face that can maintain a stony nonchalance without the assistance of chewing gum (forbidden on account of the vibrations) or a pipe or cigarette.

The horse for a dynamite wagon is chosen for unsurpassed docility. He will shy at nothing under heaven, and never entertains the idea of running away. If a collision stood him on his ear, he would remain in that position until advised by the driver to wake up.

The ideal driver should have a face as placid as the countenance of his ideal horse. Behind this there is sound reasoning: people will behold the driver's poker-player mask, and, in gazing admiringly at a man whose heart is bound with triple brass, will forget the terrifying presence of a thousand pounds of dynamite.

Ann S. Thesia, the first woman to think of using laughing gas to prevent her children from crying.

Science for the Little Folks



THE ELECTRIC FAN.

The motor fan's a funny thing,
A paradox a-flutter.
It seems so cool to humankind,
And yet it melts the butter!

SO SWAT HER!

Consider now a mamma fly,
And note these dots, we beg.
The artist didn't spatter ink—
They're every one an egg.

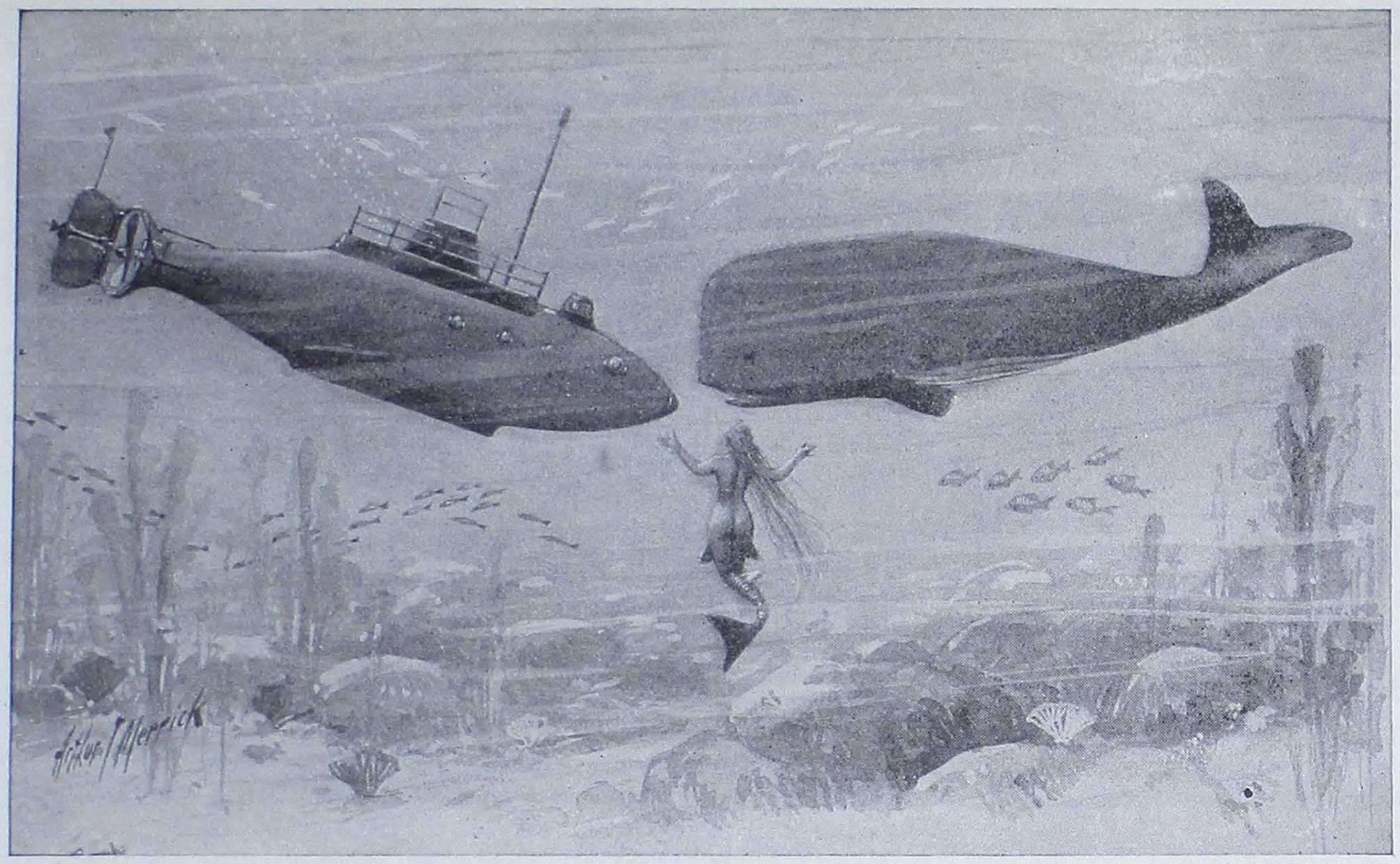
—*Charles P. Cushing.*

UNNATURAL HISTORY LESSONS

Lesson—The Duck.

THE DUCK is partly West Point and partly Annapolis. He is equally at home on terra firma and on the bosom of a marine landscape. He cannot be said to swim. He simply sits pat and exerts his twin propellers when he desires to locomote. His various toes are amalgamated under one management—a device invented by the duck himself and found very practical and convenient. You can hunt wild ducks wherever you wish, but you will find them only here and there—mostly there. Decoys are often used when hunting ducks. They are dead and much easier to shoot than live ones, as they stay put and do not disappear when missed. It is great sport to shoot a duck on the wing. You can hit him on the wing more easily than on any other part of his anatomy. A duck, when pleased, displeased or stirred to any form of emotion, remarks, "Quack!" This is really the only appropriate thing for a duck to say. Think how silly it would sound saying, "Bow wow!" or "Moo!" Quack doctors are so called because they could not eat if it were not for their bills. A duck treads water much more gracefully than she does land. A very obese woman in a hobble skirt somewhat resembles a duck in her manner of perambulation. The class may now run home and chase the duck for their pas and mas.

—*Carleton G. Garretson.*



THE INTRODUCTION.

Shipmates.

ALL topers love a schooner,
Dog fanciers a bark,
And barbers choose a clipper,
And Noah chose an ark;
For carpenters a dory,
For naughty boys a whaler,
A galley for a printer,
A bumboat for a jailer;
My negro cook a sampan,
My maiden aunt a cat,
A raft for city people
Who're living a la flat;
And lovers honeymooning
Upon the summer sea
In smacks and tenders legion
Will all transported be.—*R. R. K.*

Between Two Evils.

The fashionable young woman in goggles was becoming confidential.

"Don't you know," she said to her best friend, "papa told me I could have an automobile if I would give up Jack, the dear fellow! and it almost broke my heart, because I really did love him, you know; but I gave him up for the automobile, and now papa says he is sorry I didn't take Jack, because he wouldn't have been half so expensive. Isn't that horrid?"

Rejuvenated.

Westend—"How a fresh coat of paint does brighten up any old object!"

Eastend—"Yes; Miss Passee, for instance."

AN ALIBI.

Poultryman—"Come out o' there, you black rascal, or I 'll shoot you where you stand!"

Voice from within—"Honest, boss, dah ain't nobody in heah but us chickens!"

Easily Fitted.

Colonel Jasper, having a new pair of shoes that hurt his corns, decided to give them away to one of the negro hostlers at the hotel livery stable, and picked out Zeke as a likely object of his generosity when he saw the old fellow shambling toward him wearing a pair of tattered shoes that looked like sandals.

"Zeke, what size shoes do you wear?" he called to him.

The old negro stopped short in expectation.

"Any size, cunnel!" he exclaimed earnestly. "Any size!"

Marriage.

Marriage is no lottery—not by all the stars!
Marriage is a pottery for making family jars.

Wanted a Winner.

The man at the table—"Look here, waiter! That lobster is without a claw! How's that?"

Waiter—"You see, they're so fresh, these lobsters, they fight with each other in the kitchen."

The man at the table—"Well, take that one away and bring me one of the winners."

DID THIS EVER OCCUR TO YOU?

Miles from shore, after a hard row, he finds too late that he forgot to fasten the rope's end.
All fishing off, and a day's sport spoiled.

Embracing Opportunity.

PRAY do not chide the suffragette,
Whose plot and plan
Is how she may each office get
Away from man.

'Mong men he should be named a dunce
Who owns him loth
To face the task how he at once
May hold them both!

—*Louis Schneider.*

The Difference.

Bings—"I see a woman has been cured of rheumatism by a stroke of lightning."

Jings—"Yes. And the case differs from so many surgical operations announced as perfectly successful in that the patient is still alive."

Slow Courtship.

Bings—"Funny, isn't it, how a city's atmosphere and habits leave marks on its inhabitants?"

Jings—"Yes. Of course you connect Pittsburgh and smoke?"

Bings—"Oh, no! A Philadelphian, aged eighty, has just been jilted by a spinster in that city, aged seventy-five."

Ask the Unsuccessful.

Which is the easier—popping the question or questioning pop?

No Climber.

Knicker—"Is Jones lazy?"

Bocker—"Yes; he wants an elevator to get on a bandwagon."

Not Entered.

Bings—"There was one rather smart American vaulter not entered for the high jump at Stockholm—a potential winner, too."

Jings—"And that was"——

Bings—"The cost of living."

A WILLING RESCUER.

Fair bather—"Help! There 's a mouse in here!"

Spare the broom and spoil the carpet.

The Al Fresco Bather.

The man who in the water goes
Close watch should keep on his apparel.
There is no fun to lose one's clothes
And have to walk home in a barrel.

Pay and Promise.

Willis—"Then you don't think an investment that pays over six per cent. is safe?"

Gillis—"Oh, yes! But I don't think one that promises to pay over six per cent. is."

The Summer Vacation.

40 weeks' anticipation.
10 of bustling preparation.
1 to pack and reach the station.
1 of final realization.

—

52

Turn About Is Fair Play.

Farmer Beetroot (back from the metropolis)—"I had a bully time, I tell ye."

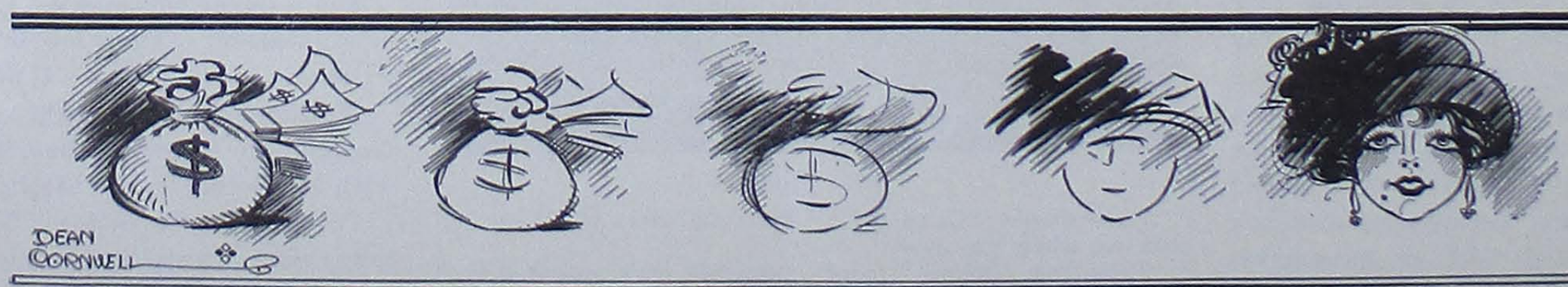
Si Perkins—"Didn't the waiter's strike make trouble at meal times?"

Farmer Beetroot—"Not for me. I put up with one o' my summer boarders."

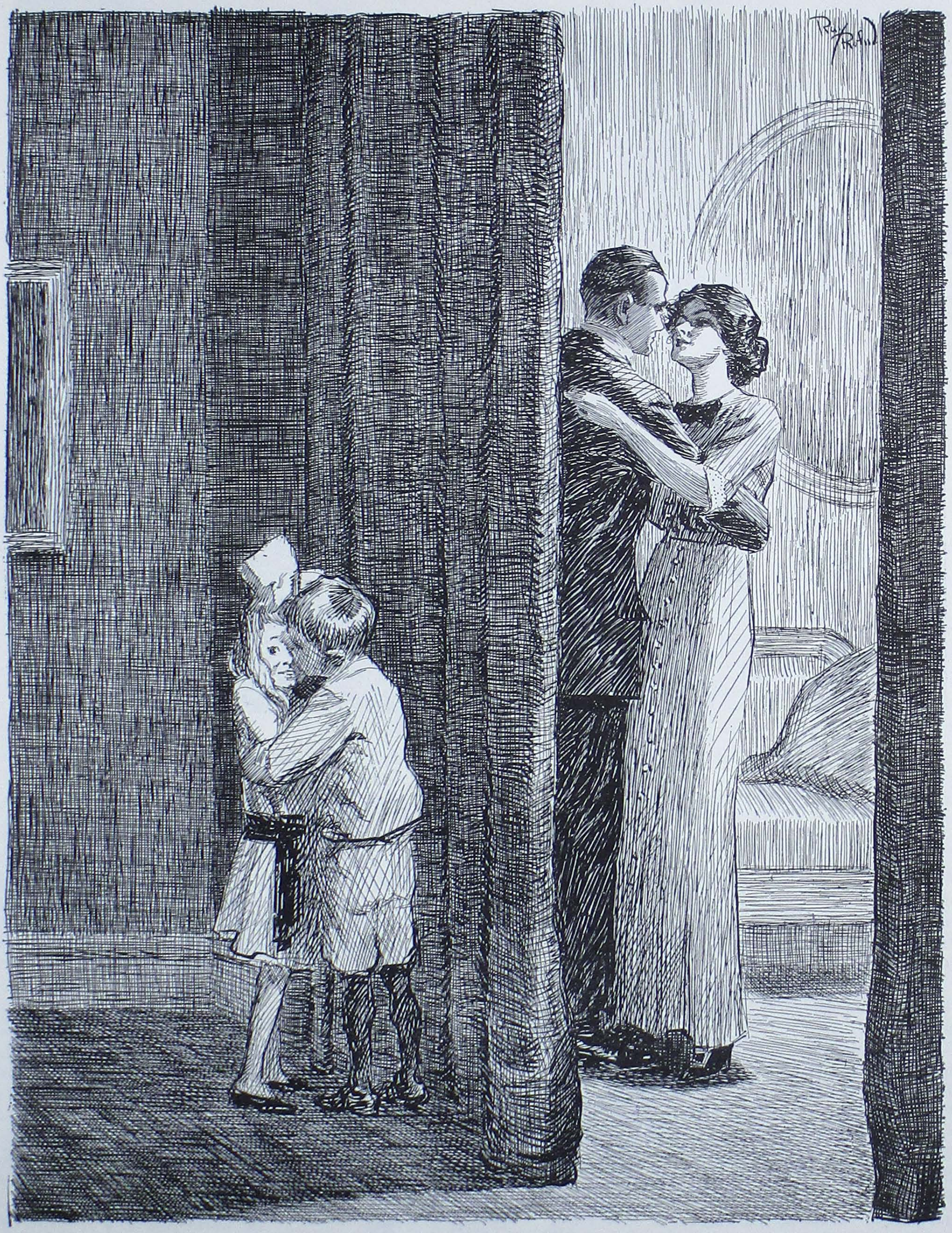
Technical.

Autoist—"How did you escape a fine?"

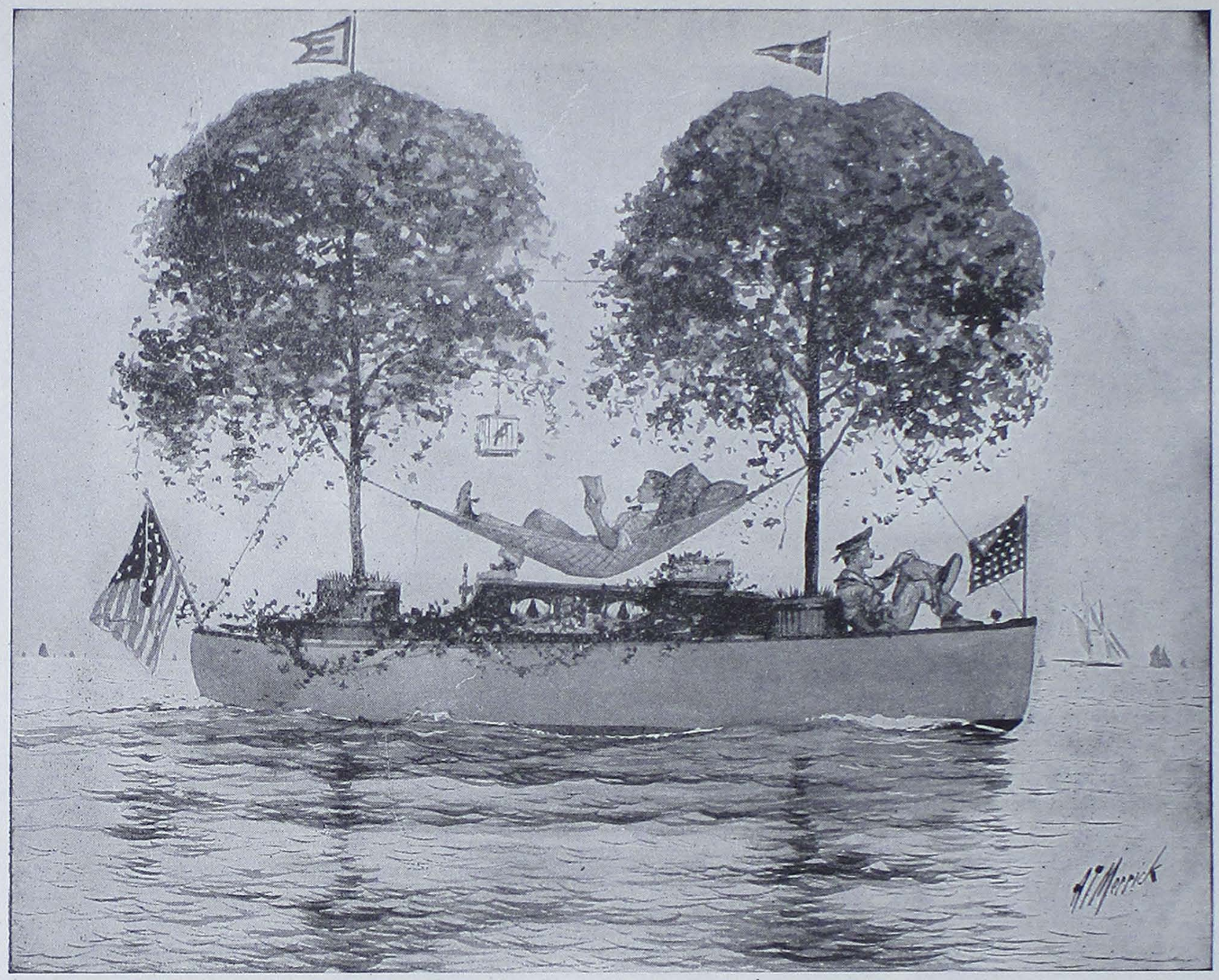
Motorist—"Our attorney proved the constable's watch was fast."



"WHEN A MAN MARRIES."



FOR FUN AND FOR KEEPS.



WHY NOT?

If your inclination for yachting and life in the country is equally divided, make a combination.

A Vacation Chat with a Witty Oyster.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

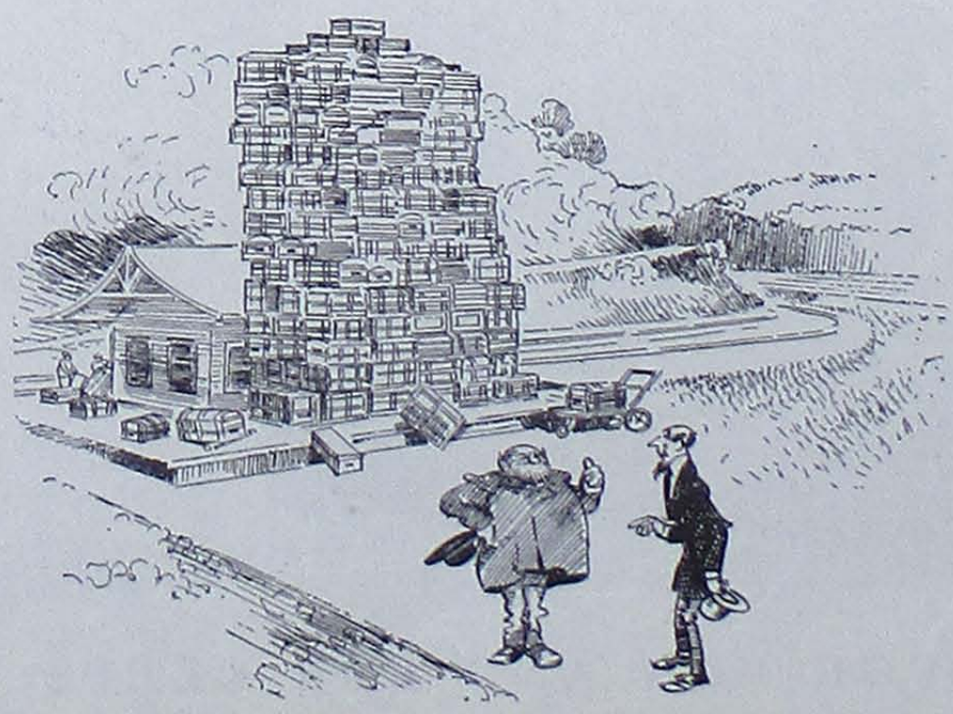
IT WAS a very warm day, and in search of relief from the heat I dove deep under the water, and was surprised as well as delighted to find my old friend, the Oyster, lying comfortably in bed, reading his morning paper and enjoying his dolce far niente to the full.

"Good-morning, sir," said I, as I caught his eye. "I didn't mean to intrude, but, now that I am here, perhaps you'd be willing to give me an interview."

"Sure," he replied amiably. "Go as far as you like. I'm known as a shellfish sort of person, but I'm no grouch. What do you wish to know?"

"Anything you would say would interest our readers," said I; "but, still, I suppose a suggestion is in order. What do you think of the Summer Girl, for instance?"

"She's a very engaging creature," he replied pleasantly. "I nipped one of them by the toe while she was in bathing yesterday, and, in spite of her general reputation for promiscuity, she struck me as a person of mighty good taste."



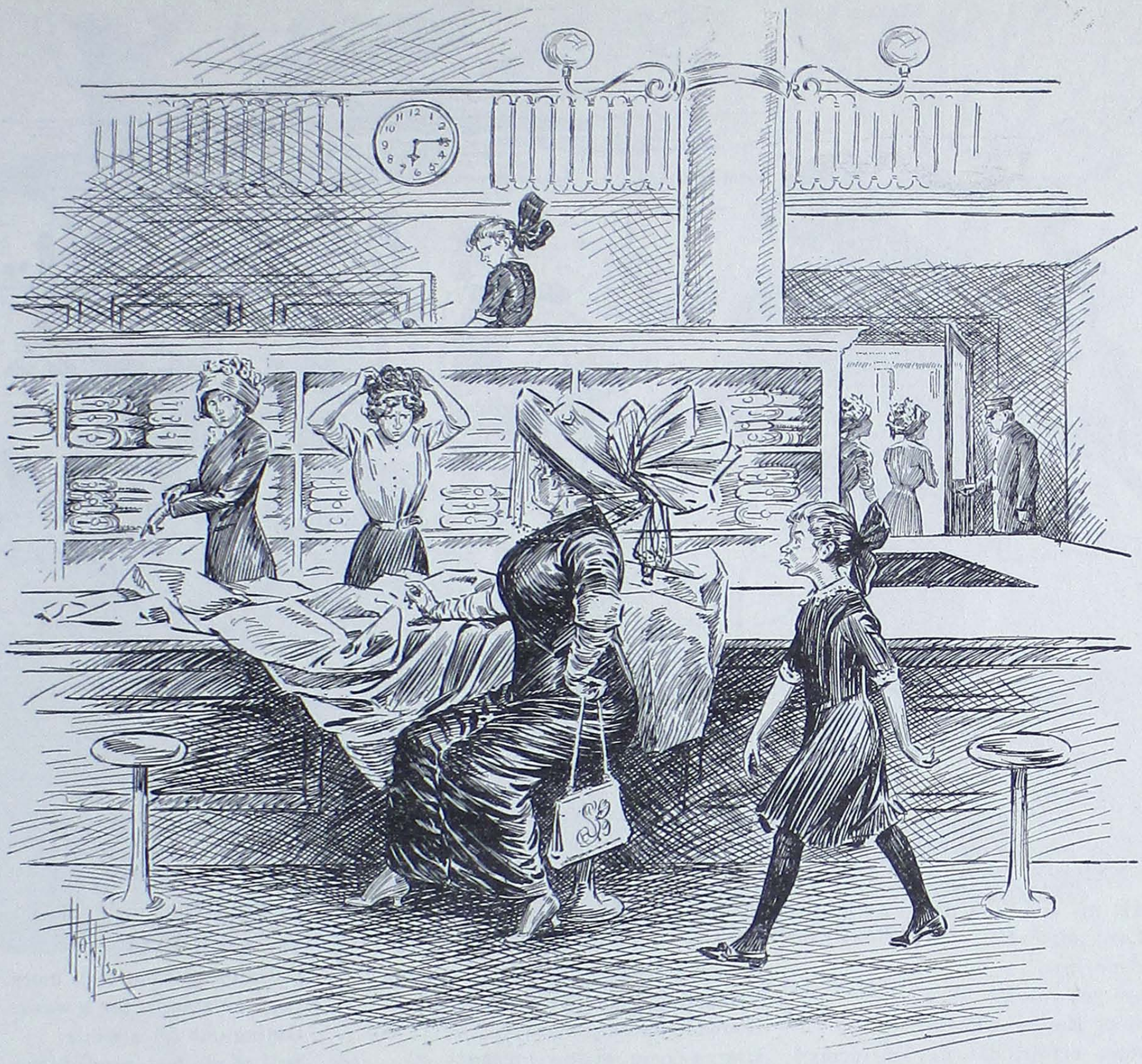
A POPULAR MOUNTAIN RESORT.

Squire Perkins—"I say, Silas, we 'll hev t' build a larger station ag'in next season."

"That's good!" I laughed. "And how about the Summer Men?"

"I don't know much about them," said the Oyster. "I never studied the habits of the lobster very carefully, but from what I see of them down here under the water, I am convinced that if they are as thin at the top as they are around the ankles, not many of 'em will ever be hanged for trying to set the world on fire."

"Would you care to express your views on the Political Situation or on the subject of Reformed Spelling?" I went on.



UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS

The shopper with no regard for the flight of time.

"Oh, as for Reformed Spelling," said he, "I am very much opposed to it. You see, we Oysters live a very strenuous life in the winter season, and some of us find it absolutely killing. We have to attend so many banquets during the year, and it simply uses us up, so that when the months without the R come along we hail them with joy, because we really need to rest. No, indeed—Reformed Spelling would never do for us."

I scratched my head, puzzled by his reply.

"I don't see what that has to do with Reformed Spelling," I said.

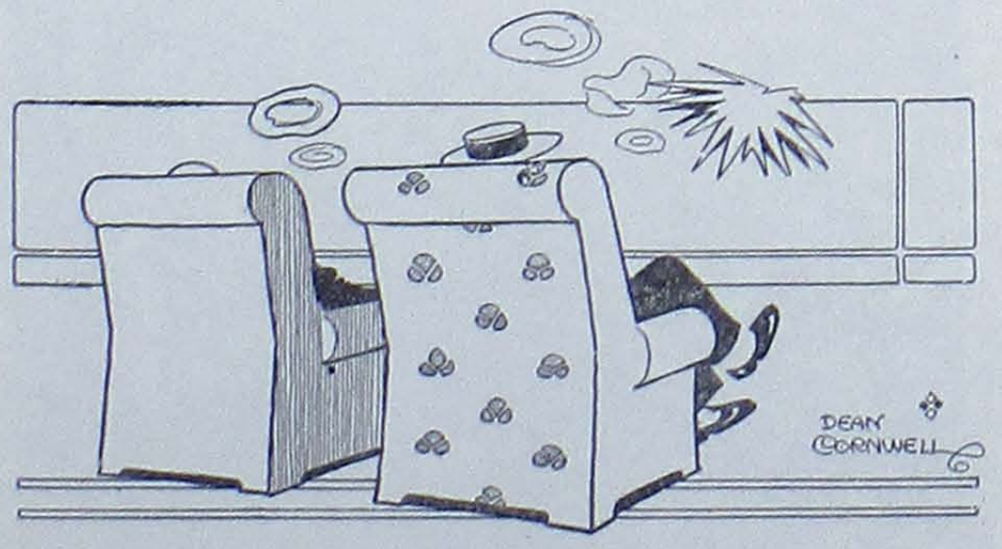
"Why, it's plain as a pikestaff," said he, tapping his shells together reflectively. "If a majority of the people spelled August the way they pronounce it, it would be spelled O-r-g-u-s-t, and, having an R in it, we'd have to get back to work again."

"Oh, yes, I see!" said I, very much impressed by his theory. "And now for just a few words on the Political Situation."

"I find it very comforting—almost consoling," replied the Oyster, putting on his glasses and running his eye over his paper. "When I read what the various Candidates have to say about each other, it shows me that we Oysters are not the only creatures in this world who become positively impossible socially during the heated term."

Whereupon a dredger on the surface interrupted our little chat with his dredging iron, and my poor friend was rudely torn from his bed and disappeared in the depths above me, and when I saw him next the dear old fellow, alas! was unquestionably in the soup.

His R-tless nature had not protected him, even in the hour of his retirement.



HE SAW THEM.

Old sport—"Who were the swell-looking girls I saw you with last night?"

Young sport—"Oh, just a couple of Missouri girls."

Old sport—"Missouri girls?"

Young sport—"Yes, show girls."

Saved.

Ethel—"Did you get tanned much on your vacation?"

Archibald—"No; mamma lost her slipper."

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

Religious Opinion.

"COME up and jine de army of de Lord, sister!"

"Ah done jine."

"Where you jine?"

"I jine de Baptis' Chu'ch."

"Lawdie, sister, dat ain' de army! Dat's de navy!"

Something in Reserve.

Joe—"I hear our alderman has stopped making promises to his constituents."

Dough—"Yes, he has gone broke on promises; but"——

Joe—"But what?"

Dough—"He still has prevarication in the treasury."

A Misdeal.

Weary traveler—"Say, my friend, there's no meat in this sandwich."

Waitress—"No?"

Weary traveler—"Don't you think you'd better give that pack another shuffle and let me draw again?"

A Progressive.

Bings—"The poor Indian is no longer Lo."

Jings—"No. Since the Stockholm athletic test, we shall have to call him Hi."

The Poet's Account Book.

CREDIT	DEBIT.
A lyric a day.....	The wolf kept at bay.
Sonnet one day in four.....	Laundry sent out once more.
Villanelle—something chic.....	Postage stamps for a week.
Roundel, classic style.....	Dining out for a while.
Drama-poem, pretty strong.....	Suit of clothes, needed long.
Verse for drawing by Geebson.....	Two tickets for Ibsen.
Monthly filler for "Holler's".....	A shirt and some collars.
One pastoral ditty.....	A tie, rather pretty.
One limerick for ad.....	Ink and new writing pad.
This grind, no cessation.....	Straight-jacket vacation.—*Neeta Marquis.*

Men do not look for great intelligence in handsome women, and this is a fact that also has a reverse application.

HIS REASON.

Tom—"Why don't you marry that girl? She is a real pearl."
Jack—"Because I don't like mother-of-pearl."

A Good Time To Do It.

"Is your daughter going to practice on the piano this afternoon?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, then, I'd like to borrow your lawn mower. I've got to cut the grass some time, anyway."

Lucky, Indeed!

"Do you think it's unlucky to have thirteen at table?"

"Not if the thirteenth is paying for the dinner."

Danger!

"Do you think kissing is as dangerous as the doctors say?"

"Well, it has certainly put an end to a good many confirmed bachelors at any rate."

HE NEVER STUDIED IT.

One language the professor overlooked.

He Didn't "Jine 'em."

"I HOPE that you and your family would not object to considerable music," said Professor De Flute, when he called to see if he could engage board for six weeks at the home of Uncle Joshua Dodd. "I am a musical composer and I would want to play a good deal on several instruments while working on some musical compositions I am to bring out in the autumn. If you are not fond of music I"——

"Put her there, perfesser!" exclaimed Uncle Josh, as he held out a hand worn large and rough by honest toil. "Fond of music! Well, perfesser, your lucky star rid high when it sent you here if you want to fall in with a fam'ly fond o' music! Music! Us object to music! Why, perfesser, you see that melodeon over in the corner. Well, if you like music, you want to hear my wife play 'Old Dan Tucker' with one hand an' 'Yankee Doodle' with the other, while she sings 'The Ninety an' Nine' at the same time! She kin do it! Then my darter Suze can outplay any one in these parts on the accordium, an' my boy Bill kin jerk more music out of a fiddle than any other two fellers in this neighborhood! My son Buck kin put a juice-harp between his teeth an' play on it with one hand, while he rattles the bones with the other; an' his sister Belle kin play on the gittar an' the banjo, an' her brother Ben kin play 'Moneymusk' on the coronet until you can't keep your feet still! I kin do a mighty good stunt on the harmonicky, an' if you want to hear music you want to hear us all git goin' on our diff'rent insterments an' singin' from Gospel Hymns Number Six! Glad to have you jine us for the sing we have ev'ry night from seven or eight o'clock to past midnight some nights!" —Z. D.

"FOR GOODNESS' SAKE!"

In the Shade of a Lemonade Straw.

Tinkle, tinkle, bit of ice!
Jiminy, but you sound nice,
As you clink and clink and fade
In a glass of lemonade!

A MODERN APPLICATION.

Muriel—"Mrs. Smith-Brown actually seems more radiant over her daughter's wedding than the groom himself."
Gladys—"Yes; it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Our Marriage Conditions.

By WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

"WHOM God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," announced the minister of the Gospel, when the sacred ceremony had been performed making that twain one flesh.

And no man did. It was the woman. She sued the man for a divorce and got it. The court decreed that the man should not marry again.

"Marriages are made in heaven," said the man, so respectfully that the court could not fine him for contempt.

"Heaven is not in the jurisdiction of this court," said the judge on the bench, with a judicial wave of the hand that dispensed justice alike to mendicant and millionaire.

Whereupon the man went to heaven or some other beatific state where the laws of a sister state count for naught, and he took unto himself another wife.

"Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," announced the officiating clergyman solemnly, as the other had done.

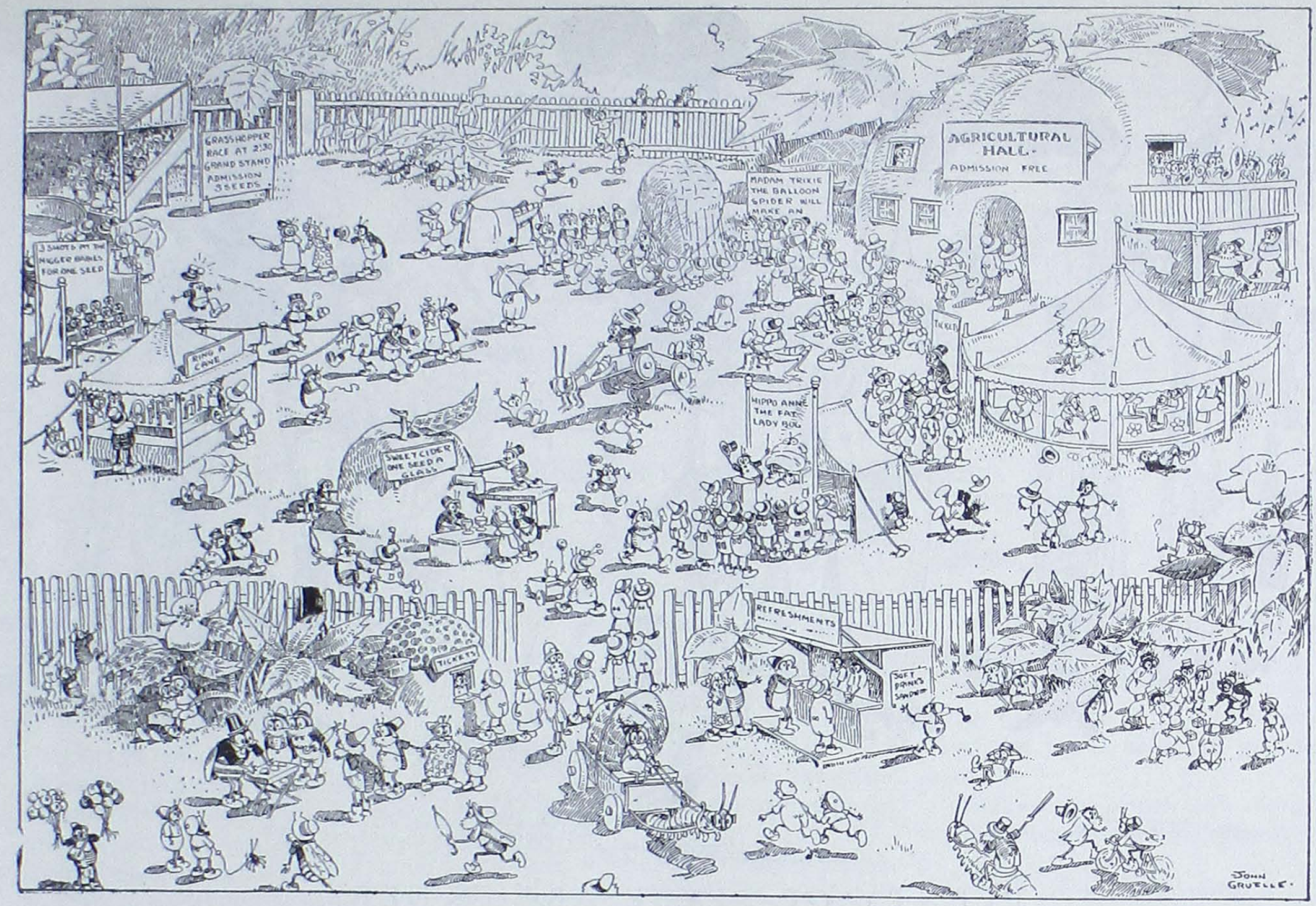
But a man did. He sued the woman for a divorce and got it. The court placed no interdiction upon his marrying again, and presently he was up for his third offense. But not before a clergyman. This time he thought he would try a justice of the peace, to change his luck.

"You are one," said the magistrate who performed the ceremony of unification in his habitually formal and legal manner.

A humble constable in attendance bowed the legal unit out into the wide world of multiplication and division.

"By heck!" he exclaimed, rubbing his furrowed brow in confused contemplation. "It's too many for me! If that man and the other woman was one, and the same man and another woman is one, which one is the real one and how many are the two women? Say, Tom," he appealed to the gray cat snoozing in the sun, "is marriages made in heaven, or where?"

THE WIFE'S DISCOVERY.
"Well, if them ain't William's tracks!"


GRASSHOPPER RACE AT 2:30 GRAND STAND ADMISSION 3 SEEDS
3 SHOTS IN THE NIGGER BABIES FOR ONE SEED
RING CAKE
MADAM TRIXIE THE BALLOON SPIDER WILL MAKE AN
AGRICULTURAL HALL
ADMISSION FREE
TICKETS
SWEET CIDER ONE SEED A GLASS
HIPPO ANNE THE FAT LADY BUG
REFRESHMENTS
SOFT DRINKS SANDWICHES
TICKETS
JOHN GRUELLE.

IT JUST BEATS ALL!

Opening of the Bugville county fair.

Make Good.

THE WORLD is often humbugged by
the guy who has the guile;
The world is often buncoed—but 'tis
only for a while.
With all who try to do things she is pa-
tient, as she should;
But, lordy! how she slams them when
they don't make good!

The braggart and the boaster, they
apparently get on.
To-day the world is with them, but
to-morrow they are gone!
The justice of her processes they
have not understood—
She has no use for any man who
won't make good!

The world is often put upon, the
world is oft deceived,
And many a flimsy fable for a
while she has believed;
But finally her common sense de-
ception has withstood—
No man can fool her always when
he can't make good!

So, laddie, take a lesson now from
one who knows the game.
'Twill save you maybe money, and
'twill save you surely shame.
The world will treat you squarely
if you treat her as you should,
But don't forget she'll nail you
if you don't make good!

—*Denis A. McCarthy.*

Synonymous?

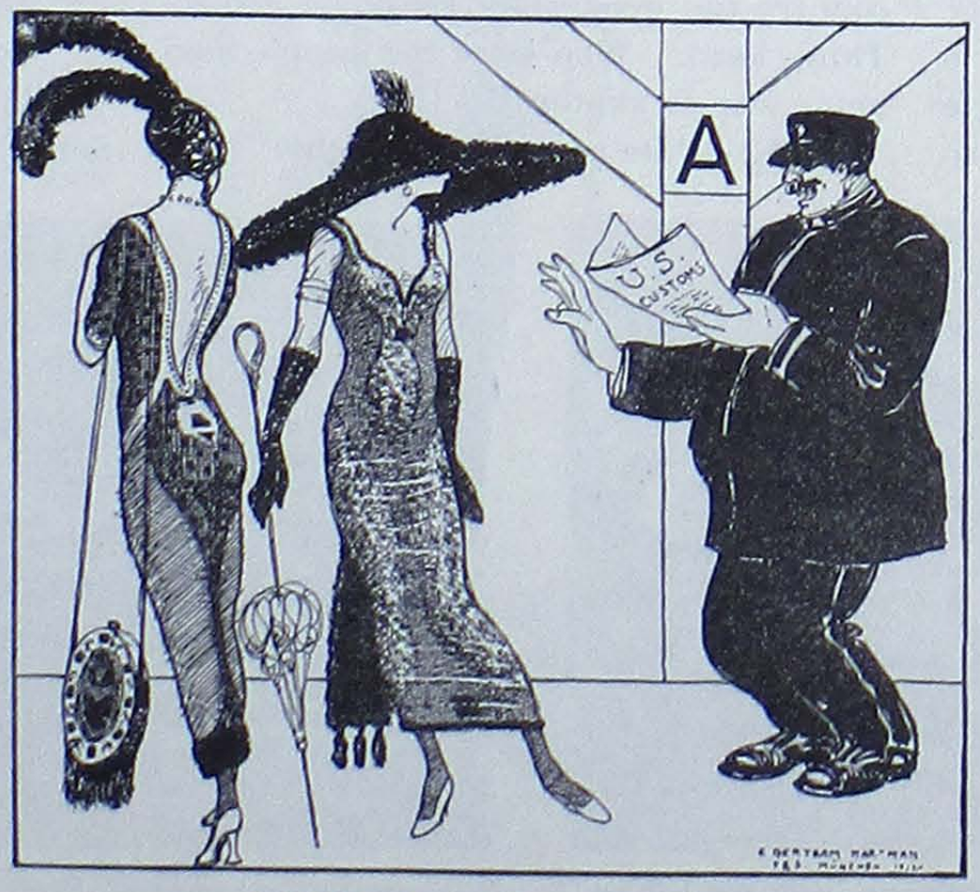
First wife—"What is your husband's average income, Mrs. Smith?"

Second wife—"Oh, about midnight."

Not With Him.

Mack—"Has Skinly any conscience?"

Jack—"It could easily prove an alibi."



FASHION'S ADVANTAGE.

Customs inspector—"Pass on, Miss Darling. There's certainly nothing concealed about you."

Advice with a String to It.

Two young men, of short acquaintance, were talking together when George, the older of the two, became suddenly very confidential.

"I am much bothered," he said. "I can marry a wealthy widow whom I don't love or a poor girl that I do love intensely. What shall I do?"

"Listen to your heart," advised his companion, "and marry the one you love."

"You are right, my friend. I shall marry the girl."

"Then can you give me the widow's address?"

Promiscuous.

Earnest Curate—"Which is your favorite text?"

Coquette—"I like that one about being all things to all men."

The Real Danger.

Louise—"What's the matter? Are you afraid to say 'How do you do' to Mrs. Talkem?"

Julia—"No; I'm afraid she'll answer."

PLENTY OF STYLE ABOUT HER.

What He Had To Say.

"WELL, prisoner," said the justice, "you have been found guilty by the jury and properly so on the evidence. The law says that you may be sentenced at hard labor for twenty years, but before passing sentence upon you I shall be glad to hear anything you may wish to say."

"I haven't anythin' to say, judge," said the prisoner, "except that I hope your honor will remember that there is a growin' feelin' in favor of a single term o' six years. You might also bear in mind that I've already served two terms and there's a decided prejudice among thinkin' people against a third"——

"Twenty-seven years!" roared the judge.

Answered.

Teacher (in lesson on Holland)—"Why, Willie, don't you know what country the geography lesson is about? Think hard. Who were the people who made war on skates?"

Willie—"De anti-saloon league."

He 'd Got Religion.

"Parson," exclaimed Ephraim, "I'se got 'ligion—'ligion, I tell you!"

"That's fine, brother! You are going to lay aside all sin?"

"Yes, sah."

"You're going to church?"

"Yes, sah-ree."

"You are going to care for the widows?"

"Ah, yes, sah."

"You are going to pay your debts?"

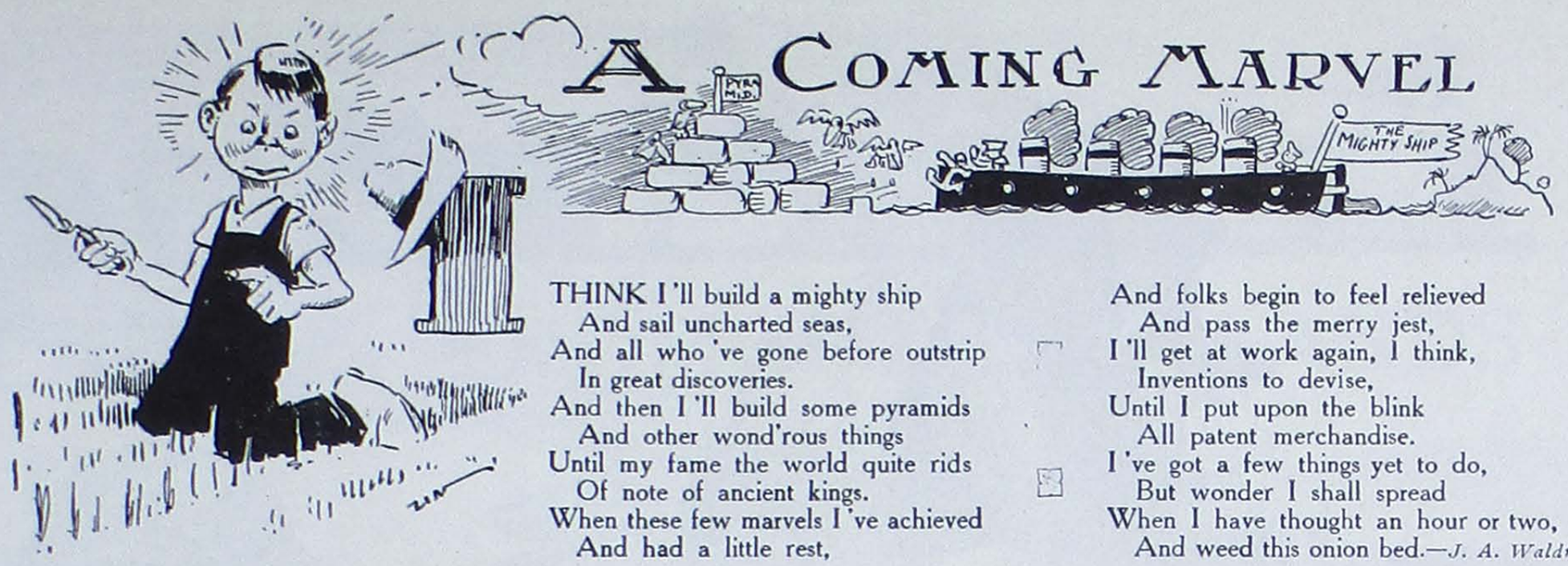
"Sah? Dat ain't 'ligion; dat's business."

1. *Promoter* (at directors' meeting)—"Gentlemen, with this bait we ought to land not less than five million suckers."

2. *Promoter* (in camp)—"Sport, when I get baited up I 'll spit on the hook for luck; then we ought to catch a five-pound bass for dinner."

SUCKERS OR BASS.

It 's all owing to the company we keep the sort of fish we catch.



THINK I 'll build a mighty ship
And sail uncharted seas,
And all who 've gone before outstrip
In great discoveries.
And then I 'll build some pyramids
And other wond'rous things
Until my fame the world quite rids
Of note of ancient kings.
When these few marvels I 've achieved
And had a little rest,
And folks begin to feel relieved
And pass the merry jest,
I 'll get at work again, I think,
Inventions to devise,
Until I put upon the blink
All patent merchandise.
I 've got a few things yet to do,
But wonder I shall spread
When I have thought an hour or two,
And weed this onion bed.—*J. A. Waldron.*

The Wind-up.

WE READ the advertisements,
Consulted railroad maps,
And ate our hasty lunches
With guide-books in our laps.
We asked the price of tickets
By steamer or by rail,
To half a hundred places
Beyond the reach of mail.

We argued on the merits
Of cottage or hotel,
And quarrelled over seaside
And spa and mountain dell;
And since we could not settle
Just where we wished to roam,
The same as every summer
Behold! we stayed at home.

—*Minna Irving.*

A Good Salesman.

"Well, Jingle," said the manager, "did you make the sale?"

"Yes," said the salesman. "I couldn't get the darned old machine to run over half speed, but I arranged with one of the town constables to arrest us for exceeding the speed limit, and old Skeezicks fell for it right away."

In Boston.

Talkative shopper—"Don't you find that having to wait on so many fussy, disagreeable people has at least one compensation — that of making you forget your other troubles?"

Cultured saleslady—"Oh, yes — it acts as a counter irritant."

More Touching.

Ethereal creature — "So you hate our sex. Your life has probably never been touched by a woman."

Practical one — "Nope, ma'am; but my pocketbook was once."

A Hungry Theorist.

Mr. High—"Who's your friend over there, making such a hole in the free lunch?"

Mr. Ball—"Oh, he's the chap who writes the syndicate articles in the Sunday papers on "how to make a million dollars in a year."

In 1932.

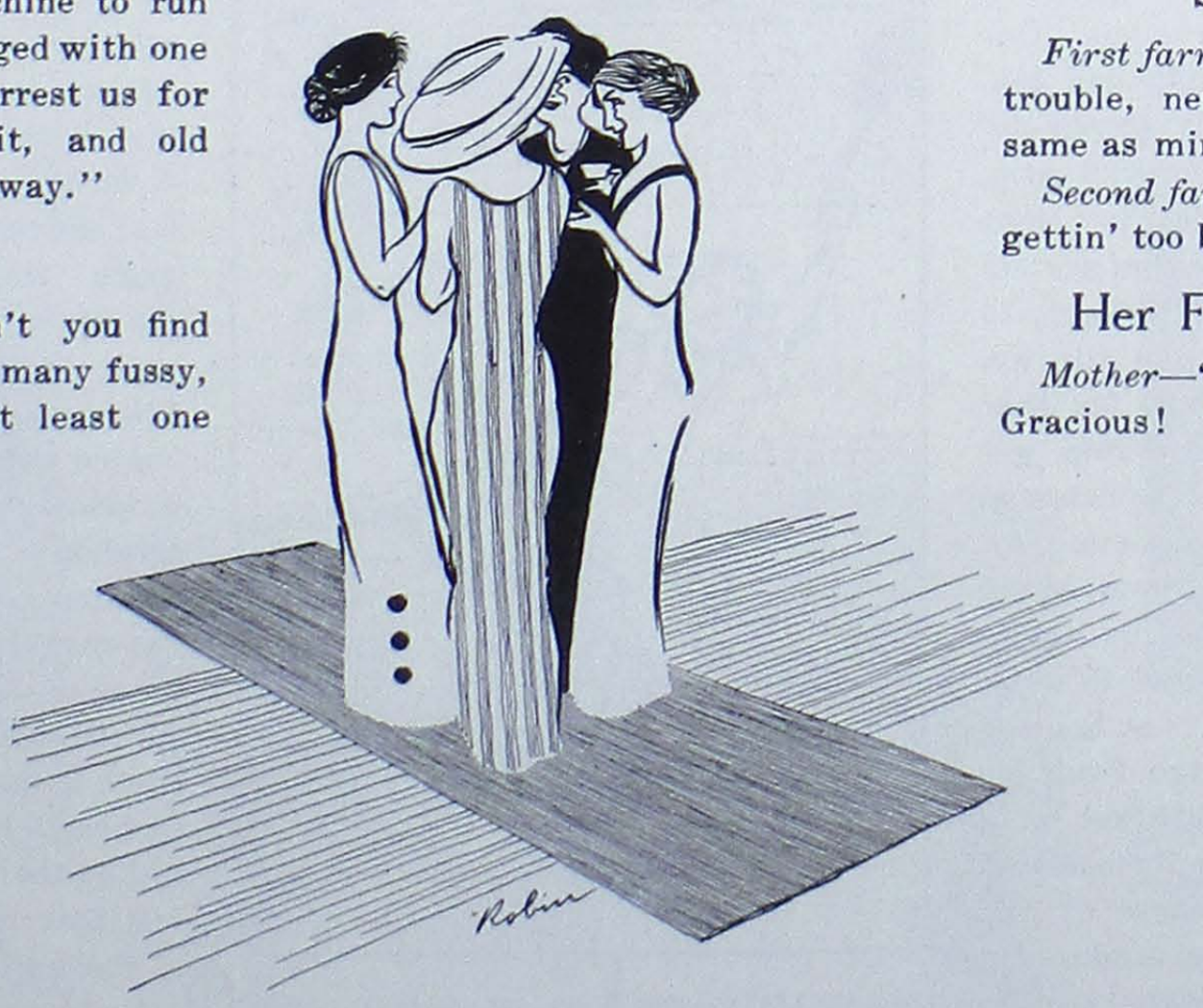
Wife (proudly)—"What do you think of the way I handled the campaign in our ward?"

Husband (tolerantly)—"Quite creditably, my dear—though, of course, it can't compare with the campaigns mother used to make."

On the Way.

Teacher (in mythology)—"Charles, will you give a description of the underworld.

Charles—"I am not that far yet."



A POPULAR PROPOSITION.
"Do you believe in a tax on bachelors?"
"Yes, indeed! Which one shall we attack first?"

Her Proxy.

"Well, Auntie," asked her young master, "do you really believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, sah, ebery word.'

"Do you believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?"

"Yes, sah; I believes it cause the Bible says so. I'm gwine tuh ask Jonah 'bout dat jes as soon as I gets to hebben."

"But suppose Jonah isn't there."

"Den, honey, you ken ask him."

Far Different.

Little Johnny—"Pa, the dictionary says the words narrative and relation are synonymous. Is that right?"

Father—"In a sense only, my son. Listening to a poor narrative is a far different matter from listening to a poor relation."

Same Trouble.

First farmer—"What's your greatest trouble, neighbor? I s'pose it's the same as mine—lack o' farm hands."

Second farmer—"Yep. The country's gettin' too blamed full o' politicians."

Her Family Too Perfect.

Mother—"You want another doll? Gracious! Why, my dear child, you already have more than a dozen of all kinds, shapes, and colors!"

Little Bessie—"But I'd like a left-handed dolly, mammy, so I could correct her."

Probably.

Teacher—"Tommy, what would your mother say if you should cover *her* floor with peanut shells, as you have mine?"

Tommy—"Oh, shucks!"

"HEN-ERY!"

Where To Spend the Summer.

THE Skillington Inn, Swampville, N. G.—Persons of sluggish disposition will find the Skillington Inn, at Swampville, an interesting and healthful place in which to pass July and August. There are no drives, tennis courts or golf links here, but a more than abundant exercise can be derived from the daily and hourly combat with the flies and mosquitoes which the neighboring marshes provide in lush profusion. One of the great drawbacks of golf and tennis is that they are not only physically exhausting, but can only be played satisfactorily and comfortably in clear weather; but in the Skillington system of mosquito golf the player has only to sit in a comfortable chair on the inn piazzas, or in his own room, for that matter, and, without moving a step, get all the exercise he needs or as much as he wants in a given space of time. An expert on national sports, brought to Swampville to investigate this newly developed diversion, has stated in writing to the management that one hour of mosquito golf, played on the front piazza of the inn before breakfast on a day when the mosquitoes themselves, owing to the low temperature of the hour, were far from active, produced a greater amount of physical exertion than could be got from three rounds of the average eighteen-hole golf course, his personal record for the time being five hundred and twenty-three swats—the technical term in mosquito golf for strokes—without his getting out of his chair, at a cost of only ninety-seven mosquitoes, for which the management charged the insignificant sum of ten cents a gross—less than fifty per cent. of the cost of one secondhand golf ball, to say nothing of the saving in caddies, links cards and clubs.

"BY VOLLEYING THE FLIES UP AGAINST A WALL SPACE FRESHLY COATED WITH A MIXTURE OF MOLASSES AND CARPENTER'S GLUE, PUT THEM OUT OF COMMISSION."

For those who do not care for mosquitoes, a fly court is provided, which as a substitute for a squash court is said to be the most satisfactory yet devised by sporting experts, although the game is a trifle more violent when properly played than mosquito golf, just as squash is more violent than golf. The player can play the shoo-fly game lying down if he wishes to, but its results are less satisfactory than the more active game, which requires that he pursue the fly with a small racket, like a ping-pong battledore, and, by volleying the flies up against a wall space freshly coated with a mixture of molasses and carpenter's glue, put them out of commission. In this, as in mosquito golf, the expense is much less than in tennis, the rackets being rented of the management at ten cents a week and the flies furnished for the nominal sum of five cents a thousand, a rebate of a cent per thousand being allowed on the weekly bill of the player who succeeds in landing that number on the sticky surface of the wall in any single hour.

For prospectus, write Jimpson Waterbury, Chairman of the Greens, Skillington Inn, Swampville, N. G.

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

The Remedy.

"Wot your pore 'usband wants is rest. Wot's needed is a sleepin' draught."

"When should you give it 'im?"

"Oh, don't give it to 'im! Take it yourself!"—*London Opinion.*

He Knew When.—"The time will come," thundered a suffragist orator, "when women will get a man's wages!"

"Yes," sadly muttered a man on the rear seat; "next Saturday night!"—*Tit-Bits* (London).

Can't Fool Him!

Hias (der wegen Sachbeschävigung schon mehrmals bestraft wurde, am Feuermelder lesend: 'Scheibe einschlagen!'): "Na, Na! Os kriegts mi' nöt d'ran!"

Hias (who has been punished several times for malicious mischief, reading on the fire-alarm box, "Break the glass!")—"No, no! You can't fool me!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Child Logic.

"I wish I had a new doll, mamma."

"But your old doll," her mother answered, "is as good as ever."

"So am I as good as ever," the little girl retorted, "but the doctor brought you a new baby."—*Tit-Bits* (London).

What It Would Cost.—*Master*—"Something will have to be done about your behavior last term. I shall have to call and consult your father."

Smith—"It'll cost you six and eightpence. My pa's a solicitor."—*London Opinion.*

Skirting the Question.

Mrs. Schmidt—"I wonder if these hobble skirts will ever go out?"

Mr. Schmidt—"Not with me!"—*The Sketch* (London).

"Habt ihr feuer? Bitte sehr!"

"Have you a light? Thank you!"

—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

The Flatterer.

Aly (selecting very gaudy tie)—"I rather fancy this one—or do you think it kills the face?"

Shopman—"Not *yours*, sir! Your face has so much character, you'd be perfectly safe!"—*Punch* (London).

The Sick Calf.

"Mit dem Kalb wird's immer schlimmer, Jochem—was machen wir, bis der Tierarzt kommt?"—"Es san noch zwei von den Pulvern da, die der Doktor dem Peperl, wie er im vorigen Jahr d' Masern g'habt, verschrieben hat—die könnt'n wir ihm ja einstweilen geb'n!"

"The calf is constantly growing worse, Jim. What shall we do until the veterinary comes?"

"We still have two of the powders the doctor gave to little Joe when he had the measles last year. We might give them to the animal while we wait."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Amusing Stories about Well-known Persons

The Opening.

A. R. FENWICK, managing editor of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, is noted among newspaper men of the West for his wit and sarcasm.

But for all that, certain Seattalians

think that he rather rubbed it into a university graduate who walked into his office the other day, displayed a "cum laude" degree in journalism, or, as Fenwick afterward called it, a "self laude" degree in egoism, and demanded,

"Got an opening for me here?"

"You! Hm-m-m! Yes," assented Fenwick cheerfully. "There's an opening right behind you. Close it as you go out."

President Burton's Gallery.

President Marion Le Roy Burton, of Smith College, lives on the campus, next to the Hillyer Art Gallery. Freshmen are sent to this gallery to write up the pictures, and frequently mistake the president's house for their destination. It is no uncommon thing, in the fall, for the family to find strange young women wandering around their living-rooms, looking at each picture. Theodora, the president's ten-year-old daughter, was commenting on this fact.

"It is really very funny," she said, "because we have only one original in the whole house, and that is upstairs. I made that for mother."

A New Vehicle, b' Gosh!

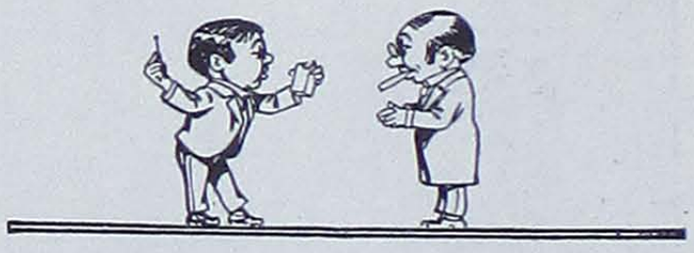
Mr. Harry R. Charlton, general advertising manager of the Grand Trunk Railway system, with offices in Montreal, is very proud of Quebec, and whenever he has a day or two off he

runs up to that picturesque old town to "rest up." Recently he was piloting a party of friends about the ancient French city, among whom was the daughter of a well-known New York railroad magnate. Coming down from Montreal on the *Megantic*, he described to her the curious, old-fashioned vehicles of Quebec, known as "calashes," and advised her not to leave the town without taking a ride in one. So Miss —— planned a little surprise for the party, and the following day, in Quebec, she approached the manager of their hotel and said sweetly,

"Mr. ——, will you kindly arrange to have our party given a ride about the city this afternoon in b'goshes?"

A Friend in Need.

United States Senator Claude A. Swanson knows a lot about safety matches. Part of this he learned at school and the rest at home. One day his chemistry professor rounded up Swanson's class and showed them how to mix chlorate of potash, bichromate of potash, red lead and sulphide of antimony to dip the sticks in. They mixed. Then they dipped in a few sticks apiece and put them into the retort to dry.



Presently they had some more sulphide of antimony and some amorphous phosphorous passed around and the professor explained how to spread it on a rag to make the scratching surface.

Well, Swanson thought that a pretty cute trick. And when he went home at holidays he carried along a small vial of each of those ingredients. He wanted to show the folks back home how fine a thing education was.

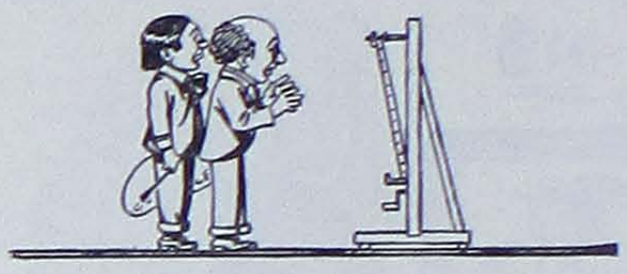
He made a half-dozen nice matches, and then offered to light something for anybody there. His uncle produced a cigar and Swanson proceeded to execute the remaining feat in his legerdemain.

He never knew till he got back to school and looked up the formula that he had tangled his mix badly. Anyhow, he scratched and he scratched; he looked solemn; he frowned; he smelled them; he ground them under his heel—but he could not make those matches go off.

His pretty cousins giggled. His uncle coughed. A college alumnus snickered and asked him why he didn't light up. Swanson didn't know himself. But after a while he got out of it. He turned to the college alumnus and whispered humbly, "If you gotta match, slip it to me!"

The Alternatives of Art.

Thornton Oakley, the Philadelphia illustrator, was telling recently some of the many memories which he properly cherishes of the days when he studied art, under the late Howard Pyle.



"I recall one morning Mr. Pyle came into the large room where the four of us pupils were at work and went the round of our canvases. His comments were invariably brief, sometimes almost cryptic, but never without a kernel of most informing truth. He stopped a long moment before my easel, and I couldn't quite make out whether he was impressed or only amused at a very yellow thing which I had got well into. Then he said, 'Oakley, either you're a genius—or color blind!' "

As She Saw It.

John A. Moroso, the writer, is a Southerner. The other day he was talking to an unsophisticated old Southern lady, who was very curious about the workings of the literary world.

"How are writers paid?" she asked.

Moroso explained. Mostly, he said, they were paid so many cents a word.

The old lady absorbed the information; then, after a minute, she remarked, "Well, Johnny, if I were you I would write just as many words as I possibly could."

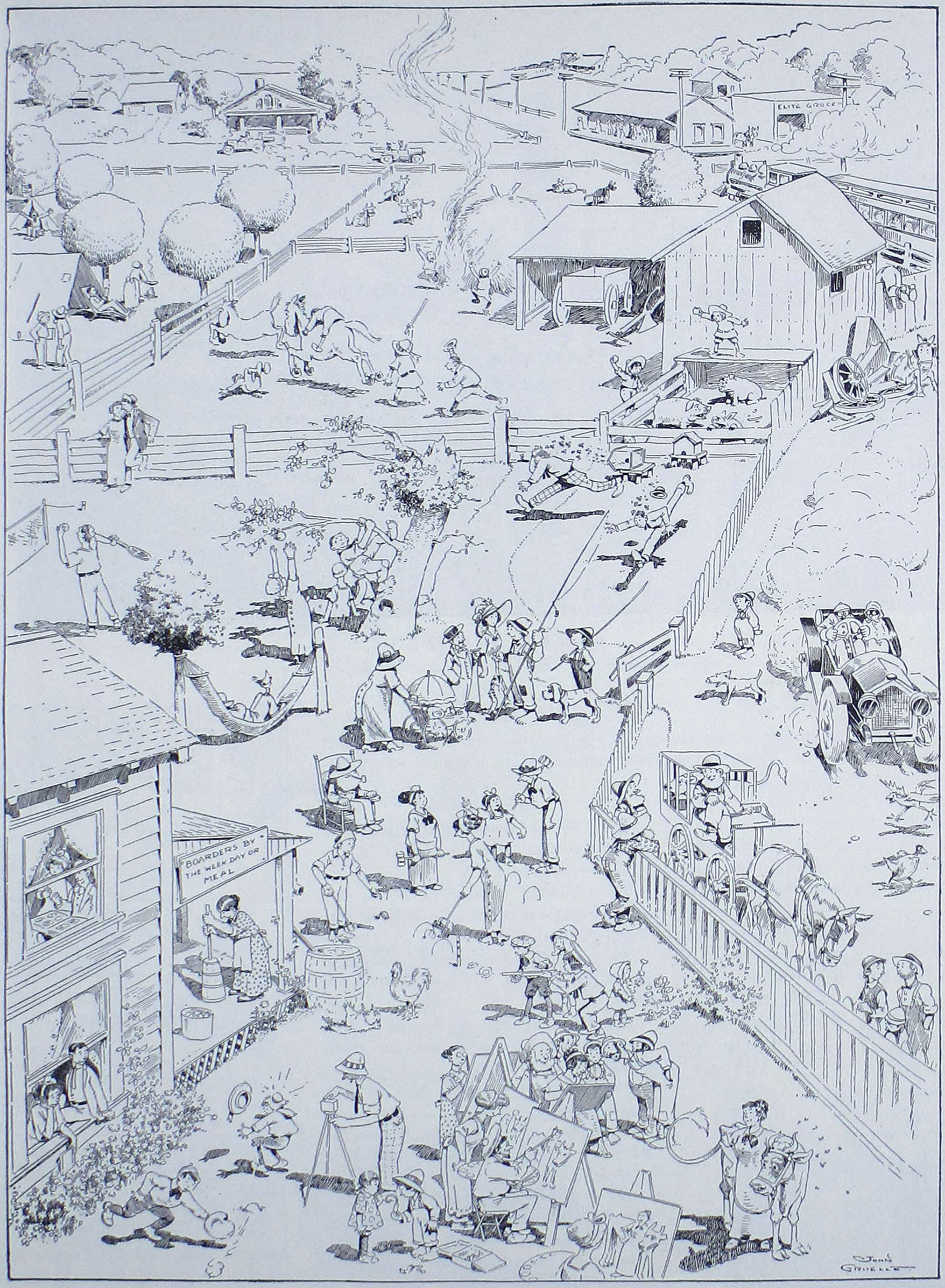
Secretary Knox's Sarcasm.

Secretary of State Knox, it is said, while passing the collection plate one time in his youthful days displayed his characteristic quick wit. As he came to one man, distinguished for his wealth

and parsimony, he was waved gruffly aside.

"Nothing," said the man, "I have nothing."

"Take something, then," said the youthful Knox, "this collection is for the poor, you know."



SUMMER JOYS IN THE COUNTRY.

A BIG ORDER.

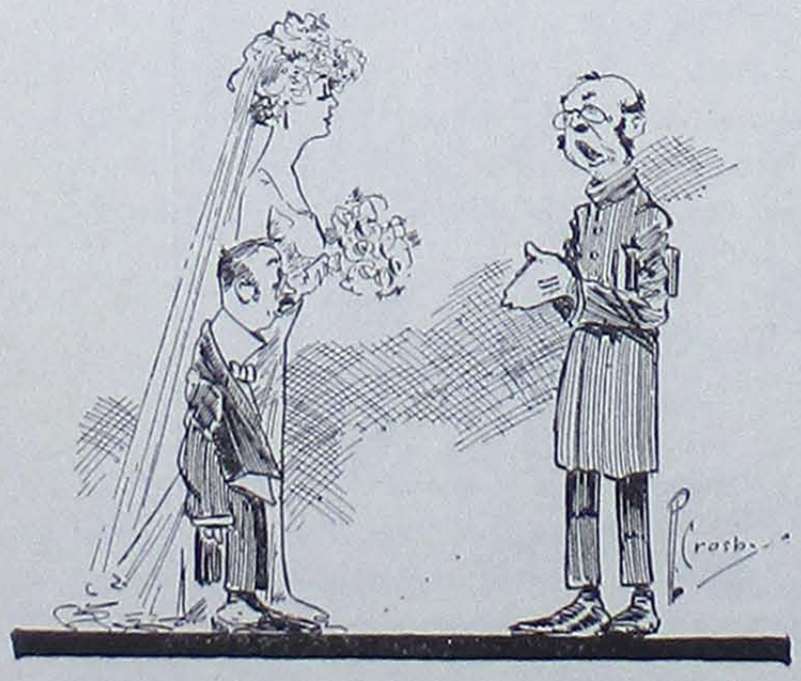
Amateur boatman—"I say, old chap, cast off the painter, will ye?"

On Pelham Road.

THEY WERE motoring indolently through the Bronx. Twilight had sat down upon the land. The sudden roaring of wild beasts from the distant zoo caused the fair one to start.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, nestling close and closer; "where would you go if you saw a dozen lions bounding along after us?"

"If I saw a dozen lions bounding along after *me*," grinned the heartless wretch, "I'd go to a sanitarium."



SHE 'LL ALWAYS HAVE HER LITTLE JOKE.

She Had Felt It.

He—"Did you ever know a moment when the very air throbbed with emotion?"

She—"Yes, yes!"

He—"When your heart felt like a bird fluttering 'neath your hand?"

She—"Yes, yes!"

He (drawing nearer)—"When the whole world was centered so close to you that eyes answered eyes?"

She (edging away from him and his eyes)—"Yes, yes, I have known it—I have—I have!"

He (more and more fervently)—"And into that moment crowds years and years of suffocating intensity?"

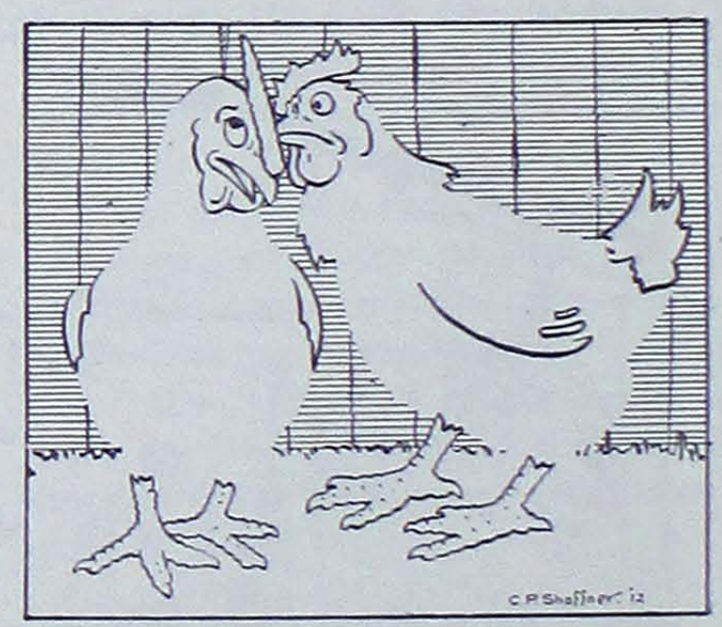
She—"Yes, yes, and its memory will live forever!"

He (makes move to take her in his arms)—"And that moment—that moment is"——

She—"Was—you mean, *was* yesterday, when the score was tied, the bases full, two out and Baker up!"

In about ten minutes the doctor pronounced him out of danger.

The hospitality we try to avoid is that which is forced on us for a purpose.



SCANDAL IN THE POULTRY YARD.

"Have you heard the news? Sue, the White Leghorn, has a black chick!"

Bush Work.

Yapville fan (to stranger, during local game)—"Well, how does our new pitcher's delivery strike you?"

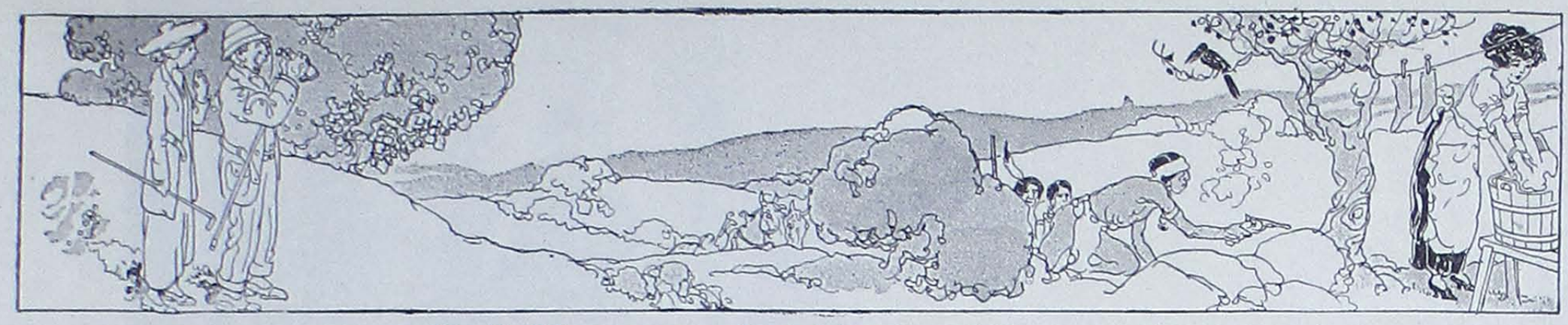
Stranger (a big league scout)—"As R. F. D."

A Difference.

Bangs—"How did old Heavysole treat you when you asked him for his daughter? Acted like a pirate, didn't he?"

Butts—"Pirate! He acted like a freebooter!"

AN IMPRESSIONISTIC VIEW.



The Englishman sees something of America, as he imagined it.

But what must he have thought of this?

And wasn't his idea verified by this?

If not, it must have been by this.

And here really was more of the same kind of life.

But it was only a company working for the "movies," after all.

The Splash of the Sea.

The sweeping foam, tipped by the sun,
  This modern nymph with jewels covers,
And flying Cupids, one by one,
  Are messengers of seaside lovers.

The maid, enraptured, knows her part
  In summer's drama by the ocean.
To such a beauty every heart
  Will for the season pay devotion.

AND THEY WERE DUMMIES AT THAT.

Angry wife—"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Silas! A man of your age and standing in the community!"

Carburetta.

CARBURETTA is a beauty, there is no denying that,
In her lovely motor-goggles and her little hooded hat;
And I feel that I could love her with devotion past compare
When I see her in her ulster made of solid polar-bear.

There's no woman in the country, there's no woman in the town
Quite as chic as Carburetta in her fetching motor-gown;
With her dainty sealskin mittens, fuzzy, soft and full of grace,
And the heavy chiffon veiling that completely hides her face.

She's a picture rare and dainty in those wondrous motor-clo'es,
And whene'er I see her in them I am minded to propose,
For no Helen of the Grecians and no Venus of the Sea,
Could present a fairer picture than thus motor clad doth she.

But alas, whene'er I start in on my wooing, then I pause,
And somehow I cannot do it, and the reason is—because
Though she's really such a beauty in her fetching motor-smock,
Minus goggles, furs and chiffon she's a face to stop a clock!

—*Horace Dodd Gastit.*

Modesty.

The dashing young lady was anxious her aunt, who was rather old-fashioned, should look as presentable as possible in her bathing costume.

"Surely, Aunt Ella," said the girl rather cautiously, "you're not going to wear your spectacles in the water?"

"Indeed, I am," replied her aunt. "Nothing shall induce me to take off another thing."

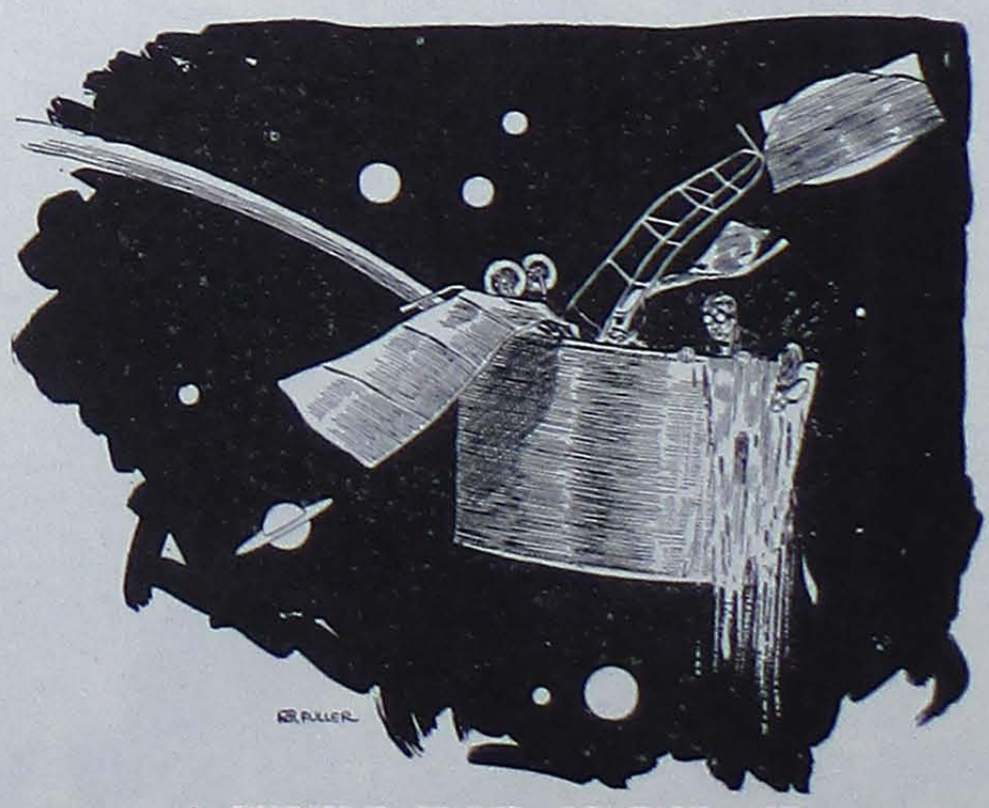
Only Passable.

"Is the soil about this part of the country pretty good?" asked the summer boarder.

"Well, it ain't good enough to raise a mortgage on," replied the farmer as he opened a case of canned corn.

Encouragement.

There never yet was a wallflower that couldn't be transplanted.



A FUTURE PERIL OF THE AIR.

A fall into the "Big Dipper."

TIDE DOWN--TIED UP.

Motor Chaff.

A MOTOR by any other name would smell as usual.

Many a motorist is stuck in a road when he is not stuck "on" it.

When a motor man courts a motor girl it is perfectly proper for him to seal his proposal with a motor buss.

The man who cannot raise the wind to pay for his motor can at least use it to throw the dust in his creditor's eyes.

About all the scenery that interests some motorists of the present day seems to be what might be called the limousinery.

It looks like robbing Peter to pay Paul when a man in order to acquire a motor car mortgages his roof to pay the cellar.

There is a wag up in Maine who cannot afford a garage and keeps his car in a lean-to. He refers to it as his "gasoline-to."

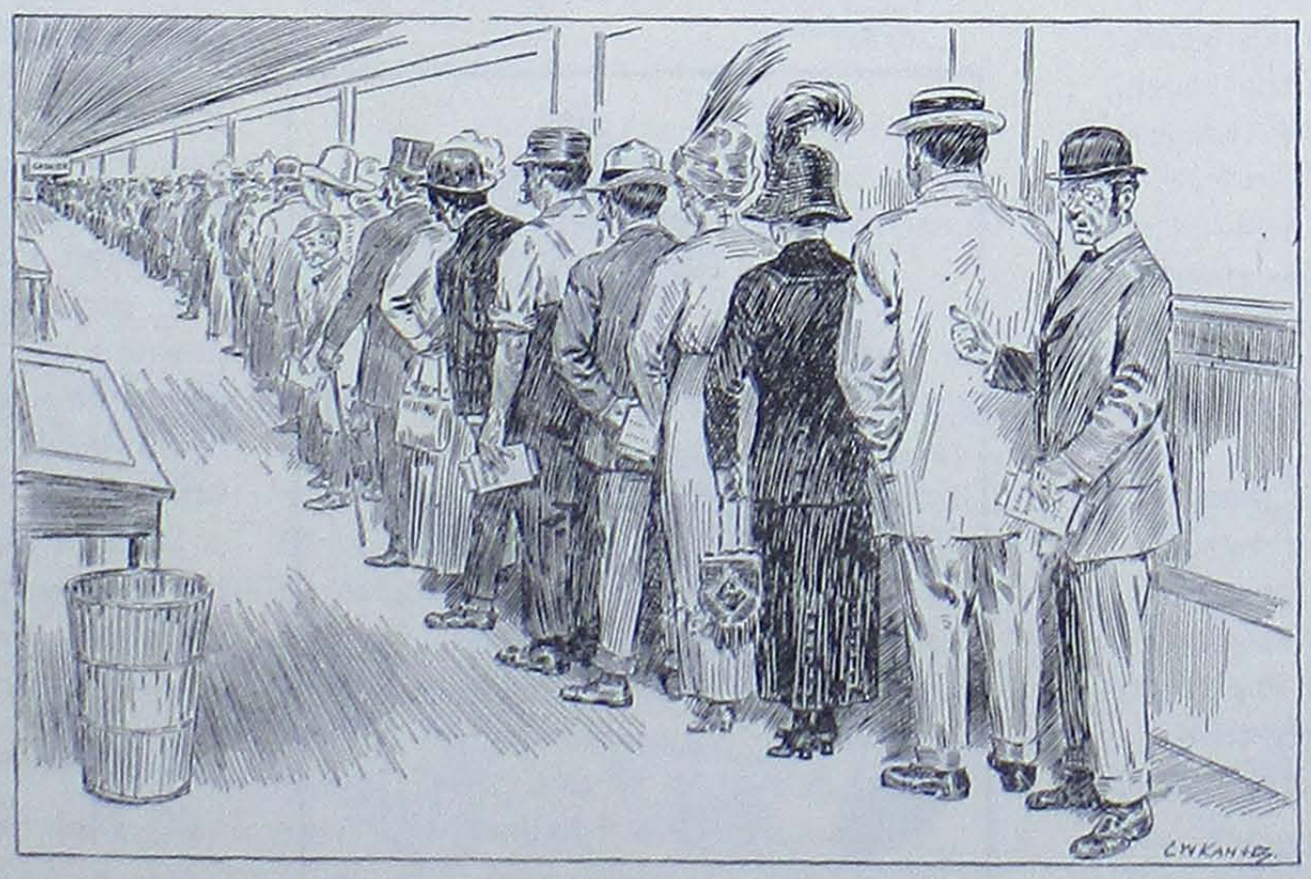
Talk about your Samsons—we saw a small, undersized traffic cop in New York hold up sixty-seven touring cars the other day with his right hand.

Love, as the old proverb tells us, may indeed make the world go round, but it won't help a driving wheel much on a mired road.

The most absent-minded man we ever knew is a college professor who fed his old family horse on two quarts of gasoline the other night and filled up the tank of his runabout with bran-mash. Neither the horse nor the runabout has been able to work since.

Bildad bought a couple of old rubber tires at a rummage sale the other day, and now avers that he is getting his car on the installment plan.

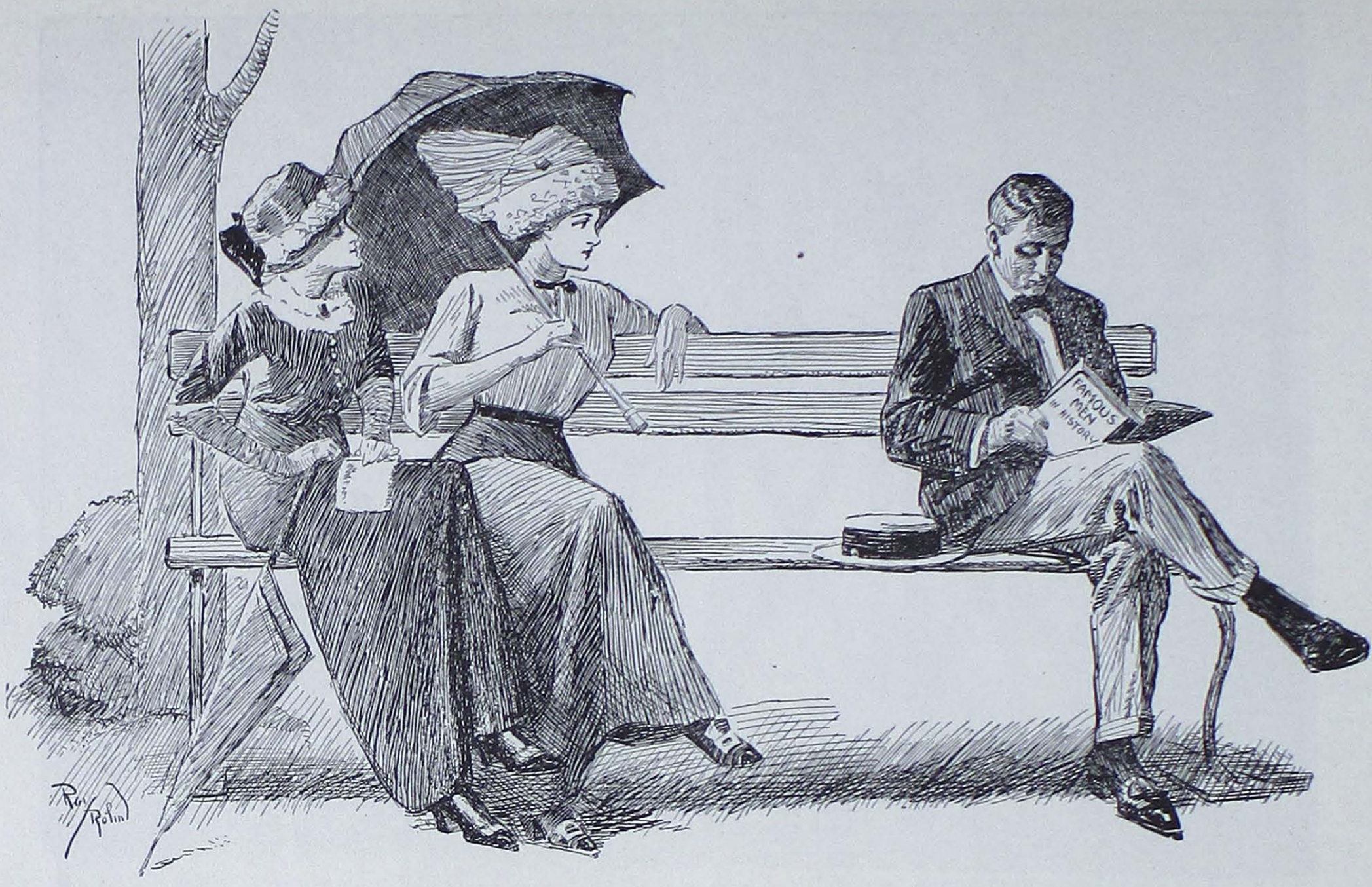
Most people have grown so used to the sound of motor horns that they no longer pay any attention to them, and a Texas genius suggests the substitution of a putty-blower which will shoot persons on the road behind the ear at a distance of sixty yards for them. The plan seems feasible, though it is doubtful if it makes motorists any more popular with the man on the street.



AS IT LOOKS TO THE LAST MAN.

A Burning Question.

Why do we speak of a married man as Mister? He didn't! He got her!



"THIRD PERSON SINGULAR."

A Query.

OH, MUSE, the future is my theme,
That day which every man forsees,
When suffragettes wear trouserette,
And shape a mighty State's decrees.
When women earn the daily wage,
Whilst household ties revert to men;
But this I fain would ascertain—
Will I be wearing trousers then?

Oh, will the sterner sex revert,
And come at length to female airs;
Will they adopt the waist and skirt,
And all that modern woman wears;
And will the maiden court the youth,
(Oh, sweetest words of tongue or pen!)
But apropos, I'd like to know—
Will I be wearing trousers then?

I'm wearing trousers now, Oh, Muse,
Though frocks would better serve my end;
I sweep and dust, because I must,
My wife is boss, you may depend;
So if this suffrage move succeeds,
I will not sigh nor cry, "Amen";
Yet I forsooth, would learn the truth—
Will I be wearing trousers then?

—*Frank G. Welsh.*

They Are Wise.

Even the manufacturers of the newest incubators will not advise us to count our chickens before they're hatched.

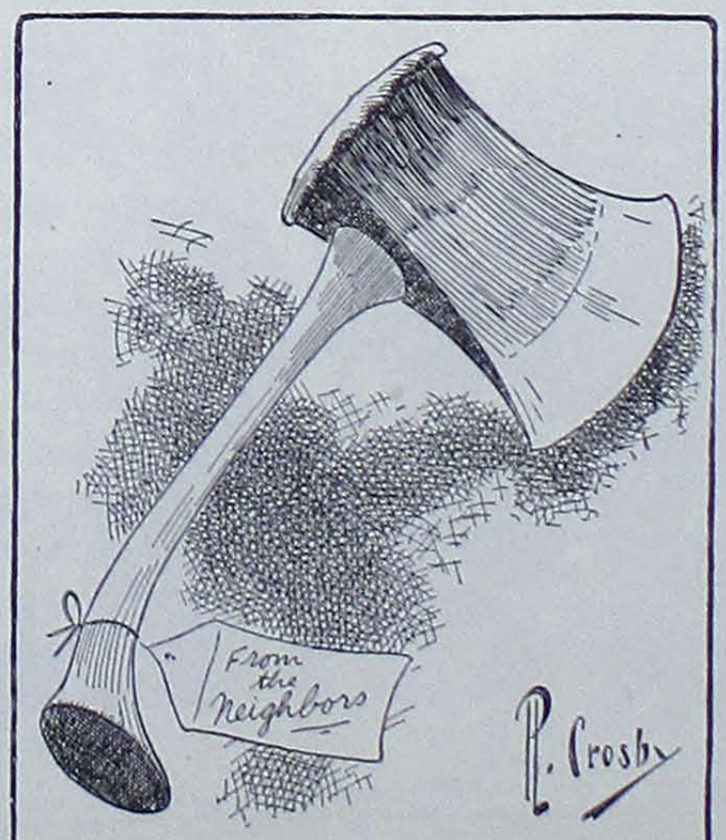
Would Be Awful.

He—"If you will not accept me, then I shall blow out my brains with this pistol."

She—"Oh, don't," she cried, "it must be awful not to have any brains."

Now.

"A word to the wise is sufficient"
Was one of the Romans' old saws,
Now a word to the "Whys?"
Further question defies,
When that word is a woman's "Because."



The Power of Thespia.

Rhoda Calvert's face was livid with passion. Her eyes gleamed like baleful stars before which all men involuntarily quailed.

"Answer me!" she screamed, clutching the deep crimson passion-roses from her corsage and trampling them ruthlessly at her feet; "Will you do it?"

Roland Parke drew nearer to her, but the girl turned her beautiful wilful face toward him with an imperious gesture.

"Do not come a step nearer unless you consent," she cried bitterly. "Unless you will do as I wish I shall never see you again! You shall rue the day that you was born!"

Roland Parke knew but too well that the girl would keep her word. No power could stay the current of her ungovernable self-will. No human being could hold in subjection the fierce untamed temper of the beautiful tyrant.

With a sigh he dug up a dime and they passed into the moving-picture parlor where she wished to see if the scales of mercy and justice were still evenly balanced.

—*Frank A. Heywood.*

The Waiter Answered.

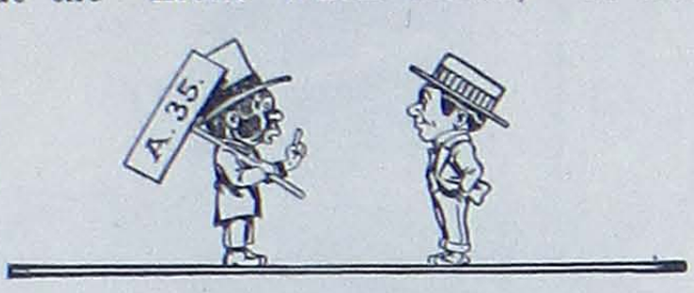
"And is this a purely vegeterian restaurant?" inquired the dyspeptic.

"Yep," answered the waiter. "There's no rheumatism in this joint."

Amusing Stories about Well-known Persons

Lending Color.

WHEN Governor and Mrs. Wilson were spending their first summer at the "Little White House," at Sea



Girt, a reception in their honor was held by friends at the neighboring resort of Spring Lake. The host, a classmate of the Governor's, on finding him at a considerable distance from the receiving line, asked why he had thus wandered from the narrow path his hostess had expected him to keep.

"Well," said Tommy, "my wife said I was to make myself useful by circulating, and, as we are under military discipline at Sea Girt, I am trying to obey orders. But I am reminded of the colored brother who occupied a lonely and lonesome seat as a delegate at a Democratic national convention. When asked what he was doing there, and why he came, he replied,

" 'Deed, sir, I ain't doin' nothin'; 'pears ter me I'se only heah ter len' color ter the convention."

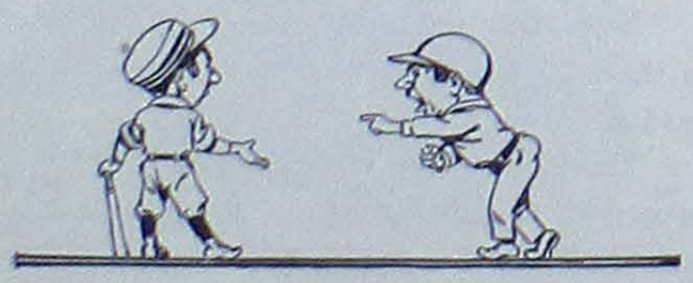
The Thinkless Job.

"Bugs" Raymond, the slab-artist who could have his name on the score-boards of major league teams but for his eccentricity, hasn't as much use for baseball as he used to have.

While playing with the United States League Cincinnati club, in Richmond recently, the umpire made a decision which "Bugs" thought favored the Dixies more than strict baseball justice warranted. He didn't say anything, but he coughed discreetly to explain his position to a watching multitude.

"I'll bench you for another exhibition of that kind," insinuated Umps sternly.

"Bugs" went slowly back to the slab.



He liberally lubricated the ball, then he said sadly,

"Not wishing to make anbyody mad, I desire to say that this trade sure does get my goat. They're making mere machines outta us ball tossers. Why, after a while we'll get canned if we even think!"

The Old Lady's Compliment.

When Senator Aldrich was a young man he used to take up collection at church.

As he was going up the aisle one day an absent-minded old lady leaned out and whispered, "My! young man, how much you look like your father."

Mr. Aldrich smiled and walked on. As he came back he was more amused to

have the same old lady lean out and say:

"By the way, young man, who is your father?"

The Autocrat of the White House.

A German immigrant of considerable intelligence was making application for naturalization papers in Los Angeles recently, and showed an entertaining disposition to discuss matters in general with the court. Among other questions the judge asked him,

"What is the difference between the President and the Kaiser?"

"Vell," replied the German in all seriousness, "some frents of mine tell me dot ven Teddy iss pressident der iss no diff'rence!"

A Lesson to Him.

Thomas Nelson Page is fond of telling this story: During the reconstruction days in Virginia a negro was convicted of murdering his wife and sentenced to be hanged. On the morning of the execution he mounted the scaffold with reasonable calmness. Just before the noose was to be placed around his neck the sheriff asked him if he had anything to say. He studied a moment and said,

No, suh, boss—thankee, suh, 'cept'in' dis is sho' gwine to be a lesson to me."

Underwood's Dark Horse.

Oscar W. Underwood, the genial Congressman whose Alabama constituency thought he ought to be the next Presi-

dent, makes it a rule to visit his alma mater from time to time. He was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1884. Frequently he meets old friends on these jaunts. Recently he ran across an old negro servitor who had been affiliated with the university for ages.

After passing mutual felicitations, the darkey said, with a troubled look in his eyes, "Whut's dis heah 'bout youall bein' a dahk-hoss, Mistah Undahwood?"

"Oh, that's just a lot of bosh the newspaper fellows have hatched up," Oscar rejoined modestly.

"Yassah, but whut do hit mean?" persisted Pumps.

"Well, it's a political term. It means a fellow who is pushed into the breach—sort of a harmony agent, like you used to be, Pumps. You remember when some of the boys came in late they'd be afraid to go in for fear a monitor or don would jump 'em.

"They'd all want somebody else to go in first. Finally they'd slip you a quarter and you'd go in to see how the ground lay. Well, that's what a dark horse is. All the candidates get scared of the situation. So they fish up a dark horse to take a licking if one is coming."

She Married Him.

Mrs. Pankhurst, the suffragette, surprised some of her friends a short while ago when she related this little incident:

"A lady had sued a railroad for $40,000 damages and secured a verdict, and was paid the full amount subject to her order. Her attorney didn't get a penny."

"Why, that seems incredulous," one of the party said. "How did it happen?"

"She found a way to outwit him."

"What did she do?"

"She married the lawyer."

AUNT HANNAH had come to clean the colonel's office. If one can look happy and worried at the same time, Aunt Hannah looked happy and worried.

"Anything happened, Aunt Hannah?" asked the colonel.

"Yassir. My daughtah Mirandy got anodder chile, suh."

"That's good news, I hope?"

"Yassir."

"Well, what's the matter, then, what's worrying you?"

"W'y kunnel, dis is de mattah. We kaint fin' a propah name fo' dat chile!"

"There are plenty of names, Aunt Hannah, though most of them have been used now and then."

"Yassir."

"All you have to do is to select a name that is euphonious and that fits the little one."

"Yassir. I knows dat. I don't keer so much 'bout de imphonious pa'at ob it. W'at I wants, kunnel, is a good name dat ebery niggah in town ain't got."

"Boy or girl?"

"A boy, t'ank the Lawd, kunnel!"

"Good. Name him Abraham Lincoln."

"Bress yo' haht, kunnel, Mirandy's fust born am Abe Lincum."

"Why not call him George Washington?"

"Well, yo' see, kunnel, we got one Gawge Washin'ton."

"Or Andrew Jackson.

"Got one ob dem, too.

"Well, say Thomas Jefferson?"

"Lawdy! My daughtah's fif' chile is Thomas Jefferson, kunnel!"

"Ah! quite a historic progeny. But Julius Cæsar was a great man, Aunt Hannah."

"Beggin' yo' pahdon, kunnel, Julius Cæsar wuz a shif'less coot. He wuz ma fus' husband!"

"Well, Aunt Hannah, why not come down to contemporaneous times?"

"'Wat's dat, kunnel?"

"I mean why not pick out the name of some distinguished person now living? What's the matter with Teddy or Theodore?"

"Yo' means Mistah Roosenfelt, kunnel?"

"Yes."

"W'y, kunnel, 'f we name de chile fo' him, dat chile'll try fo' to run de hull house w'en he gits growed!"

"Or say Taft—call the baby William Taft Johnson."

"Nussah! We dun discuss dat. We don't want no fat man in de fambly."

"Or say Bryan—why wouldn't William Jennings Bryan Johnson do?"

"Huh! I jis heard a man on de street car say dat 'Misto Bryan dun put de con in convention.' We don't want no con man in de fambly."

"Why not, then, go back again to some prominent man of the past. Say Barnum. Phineas T. Barnum Johnson is an imposing cognomen, Aunt Hannah."

"Cose it is. Dat's jis de mattah wid it. I s'pose yo' means dat ol' showman, kunnel?"

"Yes."

"Well, we don't want t' impose on no one, kunnel."

"Well, try again. What's the matter with Ty Cobb?"

"Huh! Dat's too common!"

"Well, Aunt Hannah, I've never known a colored person with the name of John Smith. That's a good name."

"Smif? John Smif? Sho'ly dat's a good name! An' w'at's mo,' ez yo' say, it's unusual. Dat's good enough fo' me!"

—*J. A. Waldron.*

THE ETERNAL QUESTION.

Summer belle—"Jack, am I the only girl you ever really loved?"

Summer beau—"Yes, darling (absent-mindedly)—you all ask that same thing."

The Fool's Mission.

By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY.

"This old world holds many a fool,"
Quoth Mister Wise-and-staid.
"Without the fool's gay, frothy drool,"
The Cynic answer made,
"His care-free capers, aye, his crimes
And witless deviltry,
The world would have some dull gray times—
If all were wise as we."

A Scientific Defense.

"You are charged with selling adulterated milk," said the judge.

"So I understand, your honor," said the milkman. "I plead not guilty."

"But the testimony shows that your milk is twenty-five per cent. water," said the judge.

"Then it must be high-grade milk," returned the milkman. "If your honor will look up the word milk in your dictionary you will find that it consists of from eighty to ninety per cent. water. I'd ought to have sold it for cream."

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

Cousin to a Little Peach.

Teacher (reading aloud)—"And then the knight's heart was filled with joy, for he saw by the wayside a beautiful damsel—— Now you all know what a damsel is, don't you?"

Willy Hodge—"Yes, teacher—a small plum!"—*The Sketch* (London).

The Privileged Nobility.

"Wollen wir denn nicht lieber hinuntergehen? Hier zieht's ja furchtbar!"

"Wo denkst du denn hin. Wo wir doch die einzigen sind, die sich hier oben aufhalten dürfen."

"Don't you want to go below? It's terribly windy up here!"

"Why, what are you thinking about? When we are the only ones allowed up here!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

A Double Eclipse.

"Aber, Pepperl, wie siehst denn Du aus?"
"Ich hab' die Sonnenfinsternis beodachtet!"

"Why Pepperl, how you do look!"

"I have been looking at the eclipse of the sun!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Not a Stranger.

"Where's yon dog coom from"

"Yon? Why, 'e's our Mary Em'ly's 'usband's father's brother's wife's father's poop."

"Oh, aye! A thowt 'e weren't quite a stranger"—*Punch* (London).

A Distinction.

"C'est une cravate pour un monsieur?"
"Oh! non, c'est pour mon mari!"

"Is this a tie for a man?"

"Oh, no! It is for my husband."—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

Childish Indignation.

Mamma (nach dem ersten Schultage ihres Jüngsten)—"Nun, Fritzchen, was habt Ihr heute in der Schule getan?"

Fritzchen—"Nun, diese Neugierigen! Zuerst fragt mich der Lehrer, was wir zu Hause getan haben, und nun kommst Du und fragst, was wir in der Schule getan haben!"

Mamma (after her youngest's first day at school)—"Now, Fritz, what did you do in school to-day?"

Fritz—"Well, such curious people! First the teacher asks me what we did at home, and now you come and ask what we have done in school!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

A Mother's Device.

"Ich kann das Mädel gar nicht verheiraten—nne habe ich ihr noch die Mitgift auf die Strümpfu sticken lassen!"

"I just can't get that girl married! Now I have had her dowry embroidered on her stocking!"—*Ulk* (Berlin).

The Poet's Dream.

Friend (congratulating the poet)—"Now your dream is realized. You have become immortal."

Poet—"Yes; now I can die in peace."—*Pele Mele* (Paris).

CAUTION.

Mother (to son leaving for college)—"Now, John, don't be a-courtin' them city gals with their sinful extravagance. I hear tell of 'em eatin' oyster stew twice a week."

The Preacher's Knowledge.

UNCLE NAT was telling Aunt Dinah about the new preacher at the colored church.

"He's a pow'ful smaht man, most specially in de mattah ob prayer. Why, he axes fer lots ob things dat dis niggah neber knowed de Lawd had!"

The Conscientious Maid.

Mistress—"What! Going to church again?"

Maid—"Faith, an' 'twas a 'good' cook ez advertised for!"

As to Worrry.

Blessed be the worriers, for that hits everybody.

□

"Don't worry" is five-and-ten-cent philosophy.

□

Worry is a sure sign of sanity. Lunatics never worry.

□

Happy tomcat! Nine lives, and never worried by insurance agents!

□

Worry all you want to. It's one thing doesn't cost any more.—*Frederick Moxon.*

Unkind.

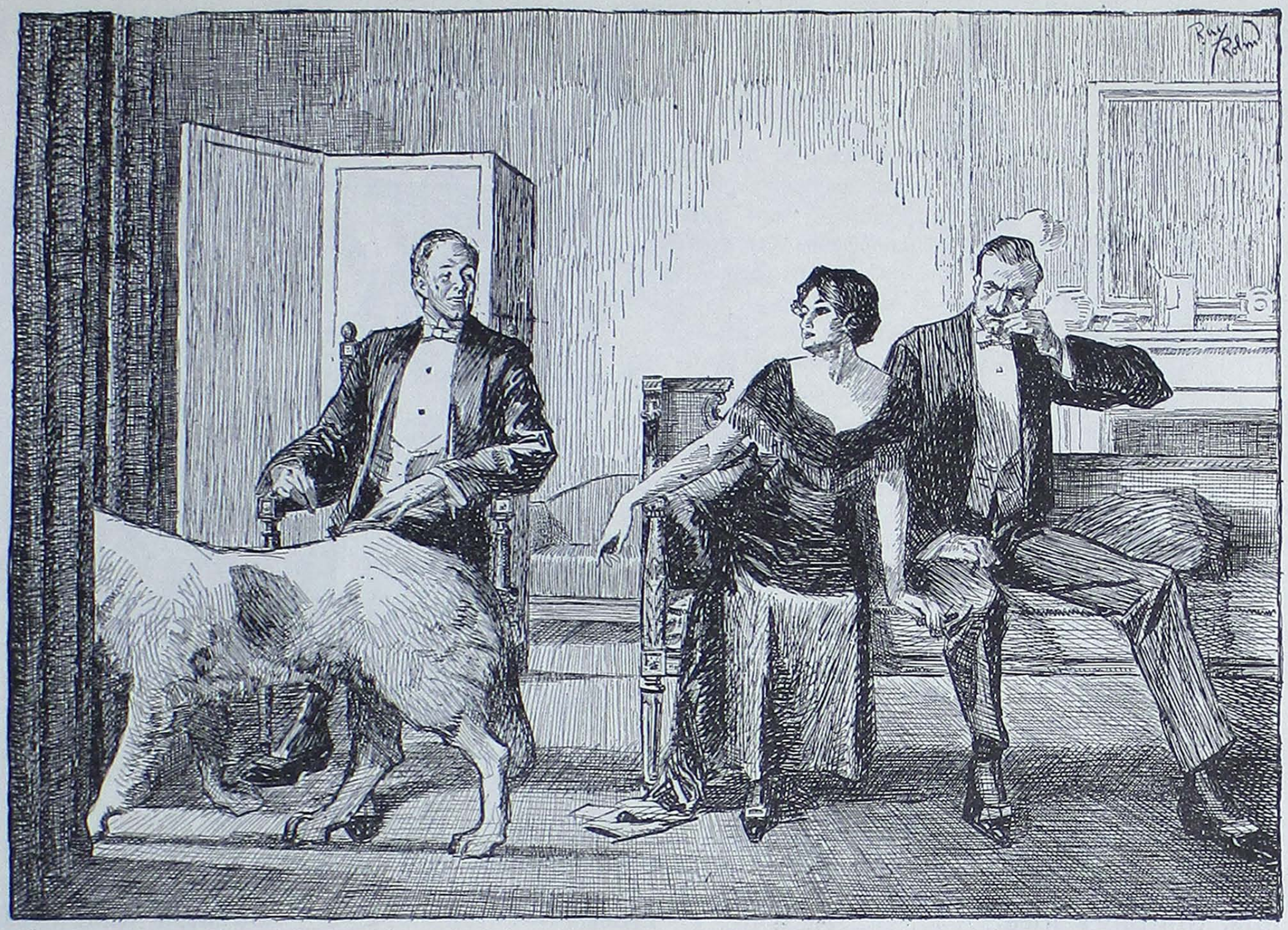
Claudius—"I say, isn't Mrs. Painter a peach!"

Claude—"Yes; a well-preserved one."

Nothing New Under the Sun.

"My dear," said Adam, as he and Eve were discussing the fall fashions in the Garden of Eden, "which system of dressmaking do you favor?"

"Well," replied Eve thoughtfully, "they all have their merits, but the loose-leaf system is good enough for me."



DOG SENSE.

Towser has been taught that two 's company and three 's a crowd.

Cost of the Law.

THE lady litigant had paid out good money to clerks and bailiffs till she was nervous about it.

"Who is that?" she whispered to her lawyer, as a new functionary put in an appearance.

"That? That's the crier," the lawyer replied.

"Goodness! Can't I do my own crying and save the fees?"

National Conventions.

Jimson—"When does the national convention of crape-hangers meet?"

Jamson—"Well, I know of one or two such conventions that have met already."

And There Are Others.

Boggs—"I heard a lecturer say last night that we would all live to see the day when a woman will be Speaker of the House. Do you believe that?"

Henpeck—"I know of one woman that is, already."

Dog Days.

The voice of dog days echoes near—
We've heard it oft before
While bathing, say,
At Rockaway,
"One ham on rye! . . . Draw four!"

PRECAUTION.

Neighbor—"My! what a big muzzle. Does he bite?"
Boy—"Naw; that 's to keep him from gettin' bit."

Heard as They Passed By.

By all girls—"And he said"——

By all matrons—"But I'll say this much"——

By all widows—"I don't encourage him"——

By all youths—"And she said"——

By all benedicts—"Think I'm made of money?"

By all bachelors (confirmed)—"Now this cigar"——

Chappie Overboard.

"Were you quick," Chappie
asked, "to perceive it was me,
When they shouted, 'Man overboard, into the sea'?"
"No," she answered, "I thought
it was one of the crew:
For I couldn't believe they'd
speak that way of you."

Skeptical.

Miss Puffs—"She has fine hair. She can sit on it."

Miss Psyche—"You mean when she takes it off."

THE DAY OF THE DOG.

And yet affection for children is not wholly extinct.

Mrs. Murphy's Idea.

THERE were two suitors after Mary Ann Murphy's hand. One was grocer O'Flaherty, whom her father and mother strongly urged her to marry, and the other was saloonkeeper Finnegan. Mary, herself, favored the latter and married him despite all her father and mother could say and do.

One day after she was settled in her new home she came down to see her parents and exhibited a new gold watch her husband had given her.

"Ah!" said her mother disapprovingly. "If ye took my dewice and your father's dewice, Mary Ann, 'tisn't a gould watch ye'd be havin' in yer pocket, but a good eight-day clock."

The Standpatters.

With cooks elusive, and all that,
The helpers green and few,
It now behooves us to stand Pat,
And often Bridget, too.

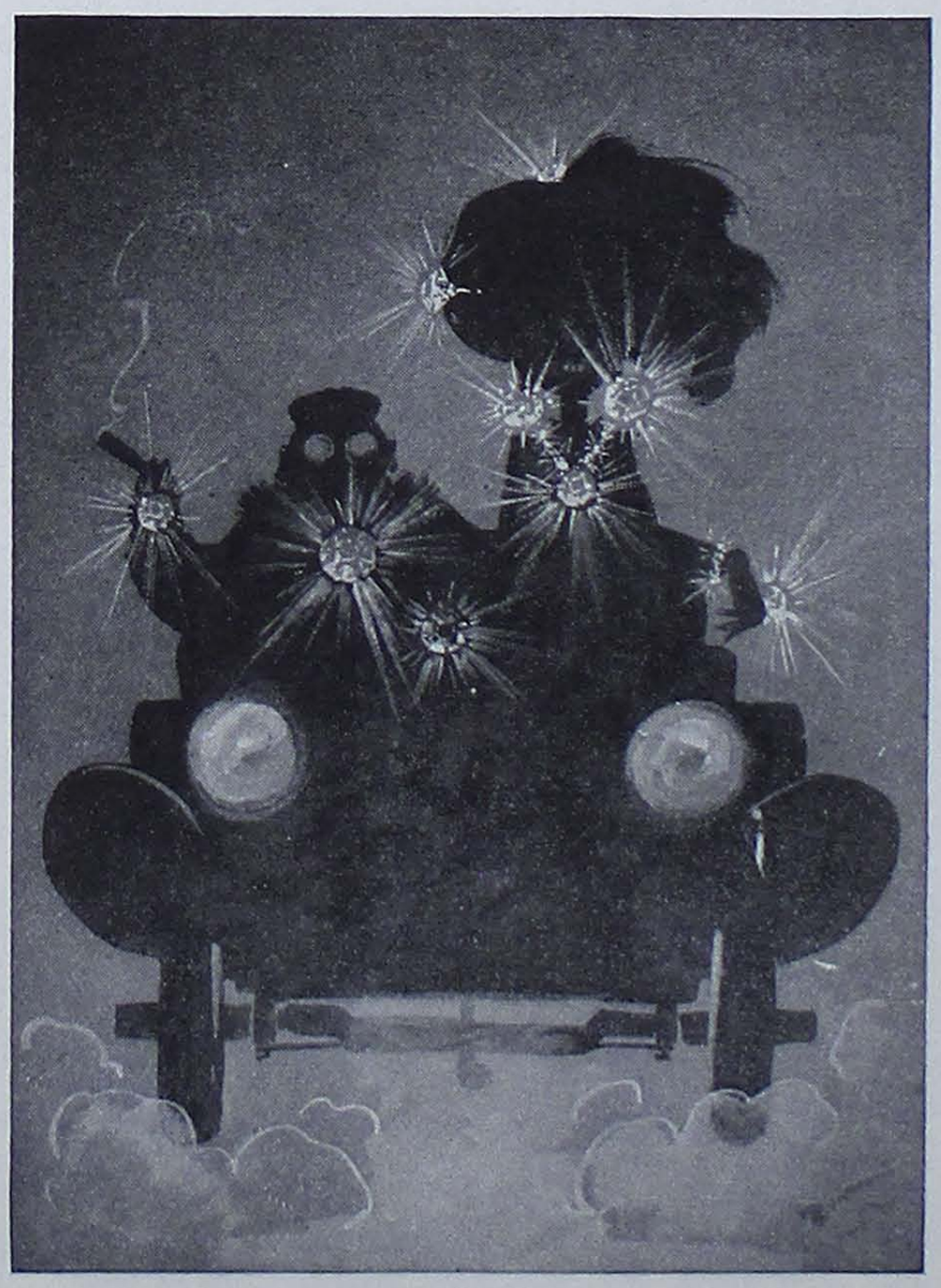
At Wife's Tea.

Wife—"John, which will you have? Iced tea, bouillon, cold coffee, grape-juice or lemonade?"

Husband—"Neither. Haven't you got something to drink?"

True.

The man with a thirst for glory often finds it is a long time between drinks.



REFULGENT.

A Pittsburgh millionaire arrives in New York on a dark, moonless night.

Stranger than Fiction:

When the doctor says, "You need no medicine."

When your wife refuses a new gown.

When a magazine accepts your poem.

When a summer girl declines to flirt.

When a vacation is a real rest.

When you have money after a honeymoon.

When a dentist can't find a cavity.

When your gold mining stock pays a dividend.

When you walk in the dark without barking your shins.

When your auto tire forgets to puncture on a hurry-up trip.

When the horse you play to win comes in first.

When it does not rain on your vacation.

When the girl you really love, loves you.

When you have a good balance of cold cash at the end of the year.

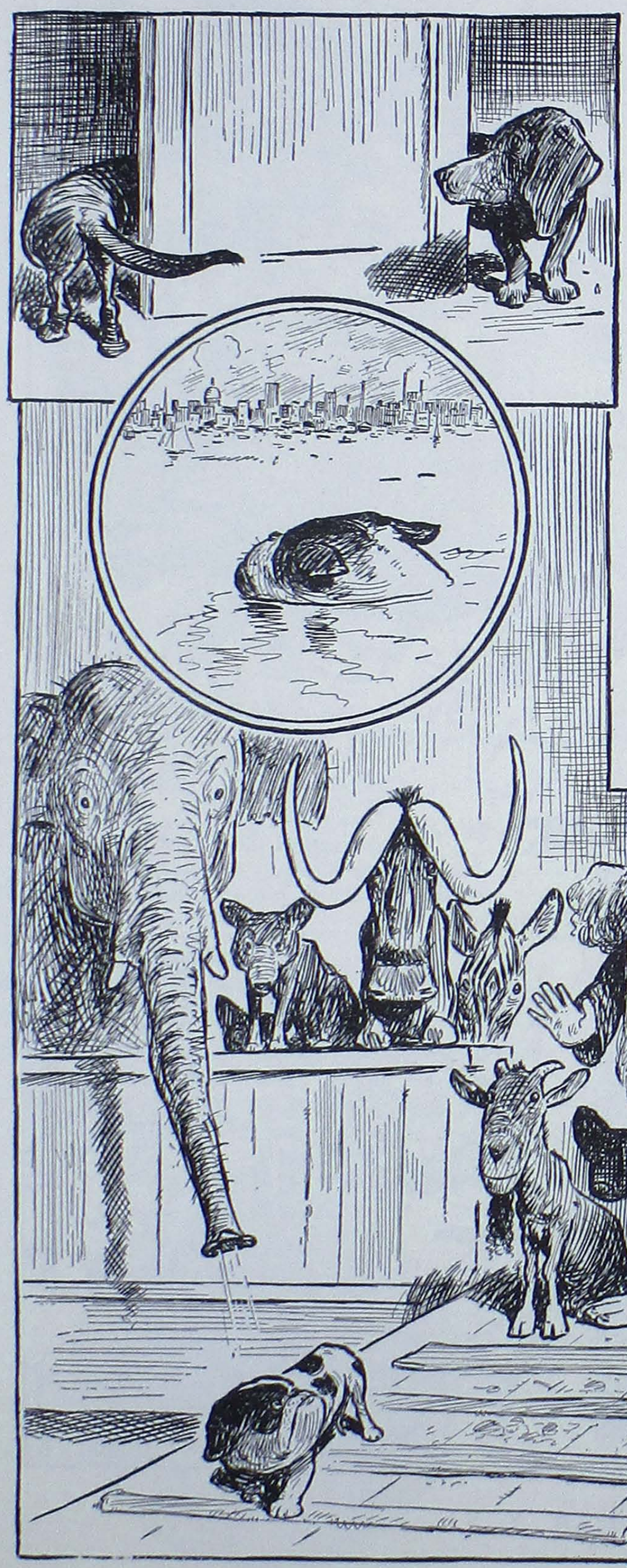
—*Charles P. Shoffner.*

A Mere Maid.

"Come on out," said the sailor bold
Unto the mermaid fair;
"I would," said she,
"But, mercy me,
I haven't a thing to wear!"

UNNATURAL HISTORY LESSONS

The Dog.



THE DOG is a carnivorous quadruped, and comes in many sizes and shapes. His name is derived from the Latin word "Canis," meaning "Dog." We would start with the greyhound, but we are afraid we cannot keep up with him, as he is a very rapid old dog. Instead, let us discuss the dachshund. The dachshund, a German creation, is a crazy-looking specimen of a dog. His mane, translated, means "animated frankfurter." He has the longest span between abutments of anything known to man except the Brooklyn Bridge. Pat him on the head and he will wiggle his tail five minutes later. Dachshunds do not thrive in small flats. That is because going out of one door of a room they often meet themselves coming in another, and the frequent collisions cause softening of the brain. A bulldog is a fat, bow-legged creature with a painful-looking face. The shortness of his limbs is due to the fact that Noah so disliked the looks of his original ancestor that he refused to admit him to the ark, and his long swim to Ararat caused rheumatism, which drew the legs to their present size. His bored and blase expression is attributed to his long residence in Boston. Dogs sometimes take a strong aversion to water, so that the mere mention of it makes them mad. You can tell when a dog is mad by letting him bite you. If the bite causes no trouble you will know that the dog was only acting in a spirit of fun. A mad dog should not associate with children, as it annoys and irritates them.

—*Carleton G. Garretson.*

TO BATHING BEACH
LAST CHANCE
·BULLETIN·
TWO DOGS BITE
DEFENCELESS BONES
WEATHER REPORT
WARMER AND FAIR-
DRUGS·
JOHN GRUELLE.

DOG DAYS.

LAUGHS ACROSS THE SEA.

Platform Amenities.

President Taft (conductor of the White House Express)—"You can't go on this train."

Colonel Roosevelt—"Well, if I can't, you shan't!"—*Punch* (London.)

Nil Desperandum.

The parson (about to improve the golden hour)—"When a man reaches your age, Mr. Dodd, he cannot, in the nature of things, expect to live very much longer, and I"———

The nonagenarian—"I dunno, passon. I be stronger on my legs than I were when I started!" —*London Opinion.*

Where Are the Old Friends?

She—"He's my best friend.
He—"How long have you known him?"
She—"Since yesterday."

—*The Sketch* (London.)

The Sausage Attraction.

Poesie und Prosa.

Little Joe is scared to death.

—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

The American Bar in Paris.

Modern life as depicted at the Salon des Independants: an impression by Marcel Bloch of a typical Parisian "American Bar," showing ces dames and their beautiful frocks; also ces messieurs wearing smart clothes of Parisian cut, as advocated by a few dandies who have started a campaign against English fashions—quite successfully, it would seem. —*The Bystander* (London).

It A' Depends.

Chatty Sassenach—"Looks pretty good soil about here; what crops do you grow?"

Sandy—"It a' depends, sir."

Sassenach—"Depends on what?"

Sandy—"On the sort of seeds they pit in!"—*Tit Bits* (London.)

Fooled.

Dame (die einen einsteigenden Herrn von dem Abteil, in dem sie sich allein befindet, ablenken will)—"Ach, es wird Sie wohl genieren—es sind vier Kinder da!"

Herr—"Das macht nichts—da hinten kommt meine Frau mit unseren sechs Kindern—die werden wohl auch noch Platz haben!"

Lady (desiring to discourage the gentleman from entering the compartment, in which she is alone)—"I beg your pardon! You will be uncomfortable—there are four children here."

Gentleman—"That makes no difference to me! Behind me are coming my wife and our six children—there will be room for them all!" —*Fliegende Blaetter.*

This little girl went away for the summer——

——and this little girl staid home.

The Dog's Soliloquy.

By LIDA KECK WIGGINS.

I SOMETIMES really wish I knew
Just who
Invented that fool boogaboo
Called dog days!

Whate'er his breeding,
station, birth,
Or worth,
He planned for dogs
a hell on earth
With dog days!

To terriers, bulldogs, hounds and curs,
Kind sirs,
This statement equally refers—
At dog days:
Where any harmless hound appears,
Great fears
Arise, and women flee in tears
In dog days.

They lock us up in kennels hot,
Or swat
And drive us from each shady spot
In dog days.
The thought that hydrophobia's curse
Is worse
Brings constant visions of a hearse
In dog days.

And humans, with wild thoughts unchecked,
Suspect
Each canine, howsoe'er correct—
In dog days.

Few men have pity on the clown
Who's down,
And who must face the lowering frown
Of "dog days!"

He is a "suspect" of the law
Whose maw
Opes for him, and his slightest flaw
Brings "dog days."

THE TIME, THE PLACE, AND—WHERE IS SHE?

So, tho' a dog I pity can
The man,
Or dog, beneath suspicion's ban—
In "dog days."

And if humanity should hark
This bark
And should forget traditions dark
Of "dog days,"
If each would winnow out that chaff
By half—
Then dog and men alike would laugh
At dog days!"

Too Sensitive.

"There is absolutely no use to talk to me about woman suffrage."

"Really, old man, I cannot understand why you oppose it so strongly."

"Well, I'll tell you. I was in a clothing store last week looking at some neckties when a woman came in and told one of the clerks she wanted to buy a collar for her dog."

Ah, Yes, Too True!

"I can't understand why you wish to lavish your affection on a dog. Why don't you adopt a child?"

"Oh, I should be afraid to become fond of a child. If it should die one couldn't have it stuffed and put in a corner of the library, you know."

EXPANSIVE.

Perkins (from the gent's furnishing department)—"Hah! I like a spot like this. By heavens! a man has room to think."

The Bathing Dress.

"I BOUGHT a dress to-day," she said,
"A most becoming blue,
All trimmed with rows and rows of braid,
And little buttons, too.
'Twas ready made, but, oh! it fits
My figure something fine!
And think! I only paid for it
A dollar twenty-nine!"

I thought, "This maiden surely .s
The very wife for me;
She understands the proper way
To use economy."
I begged her, then, without delay
My lonely life to bless;
But when the knot was tied, I found
She meant a bathing dress.

—*Minna Irving.*

Always Some Remedy.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson says that poverty is a disease. Well, there is the gold cure!

Should Have Been Prepaid.

Old Father Epicuremus the Philosopher has just sent us a lettergram stating that "some men's idea of earning a living is just answering a dinner bell." We should have welcomed the communication had the old gentleman not sent his message collect.

Domestic Problem.

He asked, "How much did Romeo?
I always do forget!"
She answered, "That depends, you know,
On what fair Juliet."

Why?

Son—"Papa, why do they call them rubberneck wagons?"

Father—"Because everybody stares at the people in them, my boy."

Chicago University has just banished toothpicks, condemning them as vulgar. Westward doth refinement take its way.

Tedious Tasks.

A couple of wayfarers stood for an hour or more in front of a market, watching employes clean fish.

"Ain't that the limit?" exclaimed one. "Can you think of anything worse than a job like that?"

"Sure I can!" the other replied. "That ain't half as bad as scaling the Alps."

Not New.

"You should see my new typewriter," said Mr. Smart to his friend, as they went down in the elevator together; "but it's secondhand."

"Secondhand?"

"Um-hm. A widow."

A Paradox.

Said he, "I give my love to you.
I pray you, do not spurn it!"
Said she, "To prove that I am true,
I shall forthwith return it."

THE LITTLE CHURCH AT THE SEASIDE.

The summer throng that gathers there
The hymns to sing, the lessons read,
With fashion's show and beauty's stare
But little of the day can heed.

And piety, in humble guise,
Sits quite alone with wond'ring face
While those about her scrutinize
A figure that seems out of place.

Two Able Stanzas on the Fly.

A KANSAS school teacher asked the pupils to write a short poem of two verses recently and to read it in class. One of the boys got off the following:

"I
Spy
A
Fly!

"Gee!
He
Sees
Me!"

Hungry for It.

"Isn't Windleigh the most publicity-hungry citizen you ever met?"

"Just about. Why, do you know, his favorite hymn is 'I'm Glad There's a Mention in the Skies.'"

Query.

Respectfully submitted to the authorities: If an effeminate man is a mollycoddle, is a masculine woman a jonnicoddle?

"Fly, and the world flies with you;
Walk, and you walk alone."

The Unit Rule.

Mrs. Henpeck—"What is this unit rule they talk so much about in the political conventions, Hiram?"

Henpeck—"Why, my dear, it's where delegates from one State vote together, as a unit, you know. I can illustrate it by a request. I'd like to go fishing to-morrow. If you vote with me on the proposition"——

Mrs. Henpeck—"But you can't go fishing, Hiram!"

They'll Not Believe It.

A scientist informs us that man's make-up contains at least seventy-five per cent. of water. This will come with a terrible sense of shock to some of our good friends down in Kentucky.

GOT HIS NUMBER.

Chappie-boy—"Good morning, girls. Don't you remember me?"
Summer-girls—"Oh, yes; you are quite fresh in our minds."

An Incident of the Road.

THE WEARY tramp sauntered idly along the highway. It had been a beautifully lazy day, just suited to the uses of a dolce far niente poet like himself, and his distaste for effort increased as he passed along. His only inconvenience was that something within told him that he was hungry. It was probably his stomach, since it had not been overburdened with food for several days—not because there was not plenty of it to be had, but because he had sturdily adhered to his anti-laboring principles. Work he considered disgraceful, and he was not going to fasten a blot of any kind on his escutcheon by accepting any kind of a job if he could help it. It was a favorite theory of his that the world owed him a living, and he maintained that an honest world would voluntarily come and pay its debt and not force him to dun it like a common-garden day laborer with either an axe, a spade or a hoe. It was pretty near dinnertime as he drew near to the farmhouse, and, pausing before the kitchen window, he leaned gracefully against the sill and complimented the lady of the house who stood within upon the delicate aroma of a veal stew that stood simmering upon the kitchen stove.

"Pretty good stew you have there," said he, sniffing its fragrance with all the air of a connoisseur. "Reminds me of the kind my mother used to make."

"Ya-as," returned the lady of the house, who had a nice sense of humor. "It's stew good for them as ain't willin' to work for it."

"All the same," said he, "I'm a man of taste, and I wouldn't mind havin' a taste o' that."

"Ye can have it," said the lady of the house pleasantly, "when ye've earnt it. Can you saw that wood?"

The tramp shivered, but answered promptly

"You'll excuse me, madam," said he, with an uneasy glance at the woodpile, "but I must correct your English. I bin a student of English all my life. What you should have said is, Can you *see* that wood, not *saw*."

"Thank ye, perfessor," said the lady amiably. "It's so long sence I went to skule thet my grammar air a leetle weak, and I accept the correction. Can you *see* that wood?"

"I sure can," replied the weary tramp. "My eyesight is as sharp as my appetite."

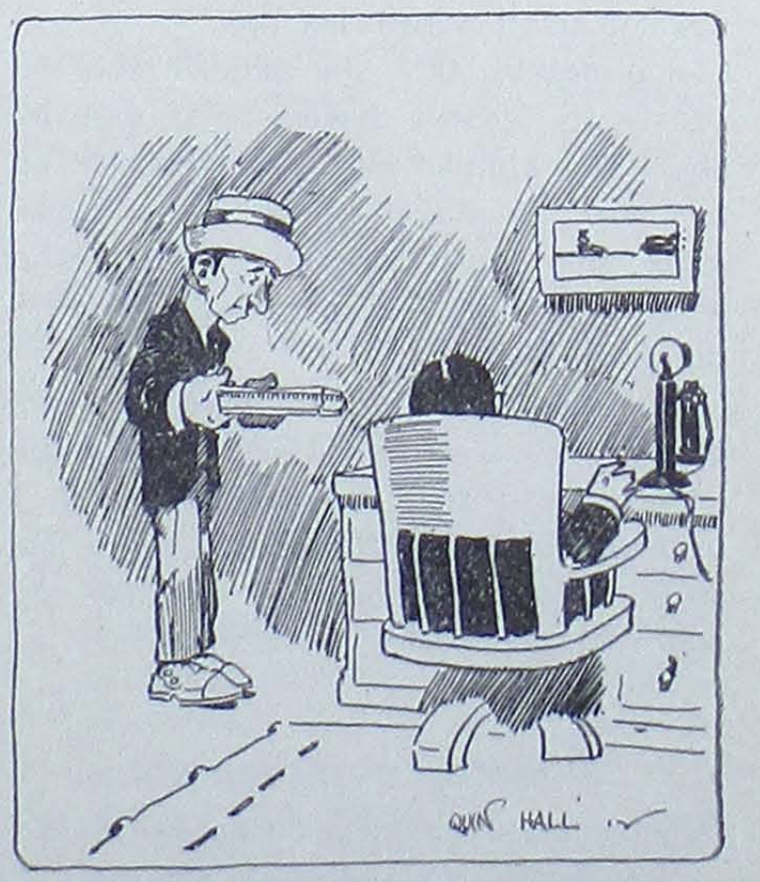
"Wa-al, eat all ye want of it," said the lady genially. "There's a pile of it, and more where it come from."

"But I can't eat wood!" retorted the tramp.

"No, perfessor," replied the lady; "but I thought mebbe ye had an axe with ye, so's ye could help yourself to a *chop* as ye went by.

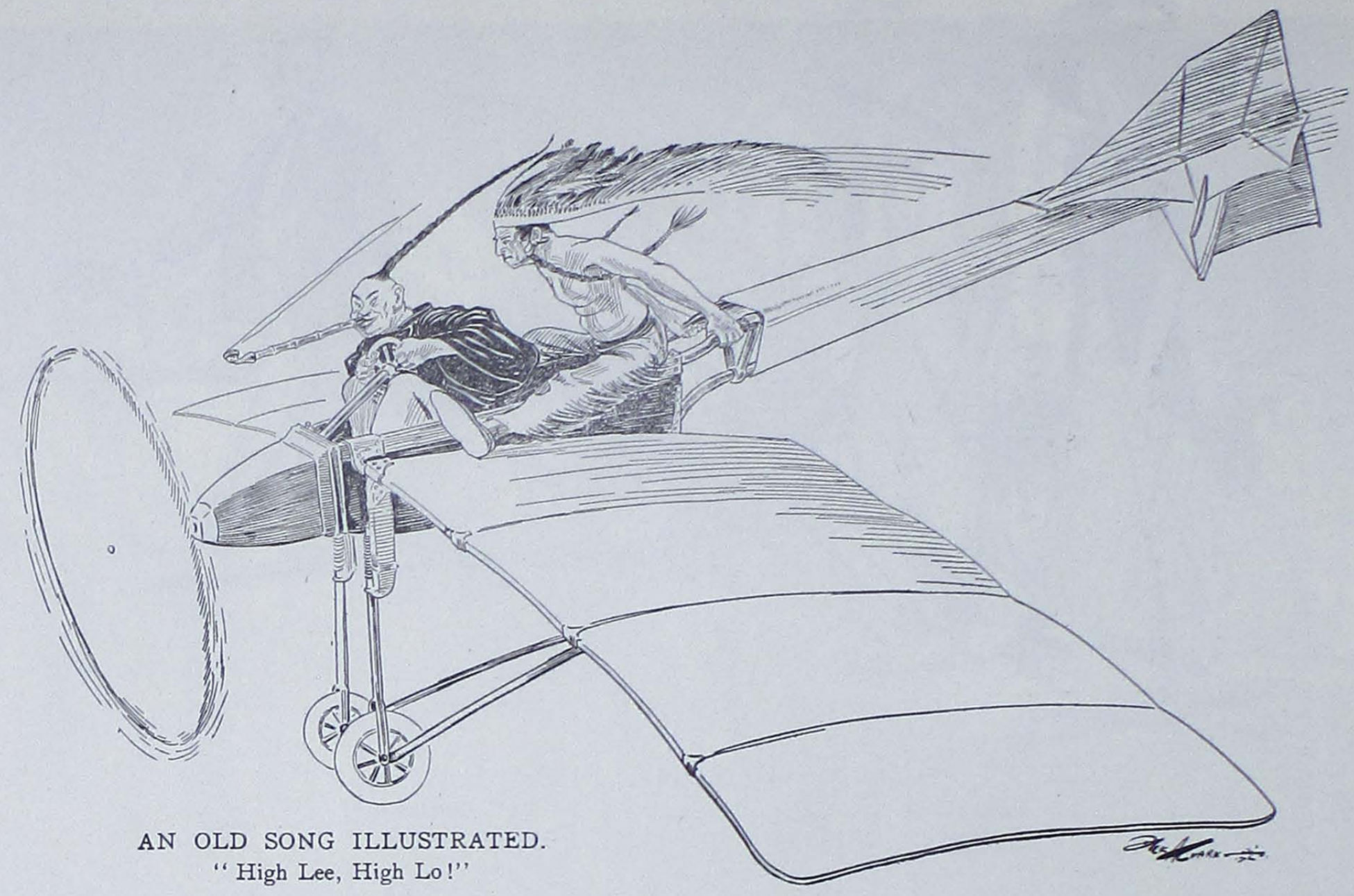
Whereupon the hungering hobo resumed his way, cursing the day that humor was invented.

THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.



MORE POPULAR.

Book agent—"Here 's a book, 'A Million Ways To Make a Thousand.'"
The man—"I bought one before."
Book agent—"No, sir; that one was, 'A Thousand Ways To Make a Million.'"



AN OLD SONG ILLUSTRATED.
"High Lee, High Lo!"

My Affinity.

I DON'T know where she is at all—she may be up on Mars. It may be she has stopped to call at sundry other stars. I don't know if she's dark or fair, a blonde or deep brunette. The color of her eyes and hair I've not discovered yet.

She may be fat, she may be lean, for aught I chance to know. Her temper may be as serene as the undriven snow, or it may be as seething hot as pepper of Cayenne—these little points as yet are not at all within my ken.

She may be tall, she may be short—the truth I can't disclose. It may be she's the simple sort with freckles on her nose, or maybe she's one of those girls who have expensive tastes, who wear some sixty-'leven curls and ninety-dollar waists.

The fact is, I've not met her yet, this fair twin soul of mine; and though sometimes I feel regret, at others I opine, considering the flabby state I'm in financially, it's just as well for my soulmate and better far for me!

—*A. Sufferan Mann.*

Modern Improvement.

When Claude Duval and Captain Kidd
  Scoured heaths and swept the main,
'Twas thought no robbers quite so bold
  Would ever come again;
But Claude and Kidd were amateurs,
  Though clever on the nab,
And never could have pulled the stunts
  Laid to the taxicab. —*J. A. W.*

Intensely Interested.

Suffragette—"I read every line of the presidential convention doings. Women should know how these things are done."

Ordinary woman—"Of course! So did I. Weren't some of the women's costumes just stunning?"

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.

Assertive wife—"John Henry, I need a new gown, hat, shoes, gloves, lace collar, and feather boa."

Husband—"Oh! Why—why, what 's all that for?"

Assertive wife—"Tuesday next I lecture on 'The Simplicity of Dress.'"

The Way of It.

Last month 'twas Kate, the month before
  He voiced the graces of Camilla;
Last week 'twas Jean, to-day he swore
  There was no maiden like Drusilla.

'Tis not that he's a fickle wight,
  That one sweet lass he does not cling to;
But in his muse he takes delight,
  And has to have a maid to sing to!

—*Nathan M. Levy.*

"Exclamatory" Was Right.

Mrs. Mason's colored washerwoman, Martha, was complaining of her husband's health.

"Why, is he sick, Martha?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"He's ve'y po'ly, ma'am, ve'y po'ly," answered the woman. "He's got the exclamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory, Martha," said the patron. "Exclamatory means to cry out."

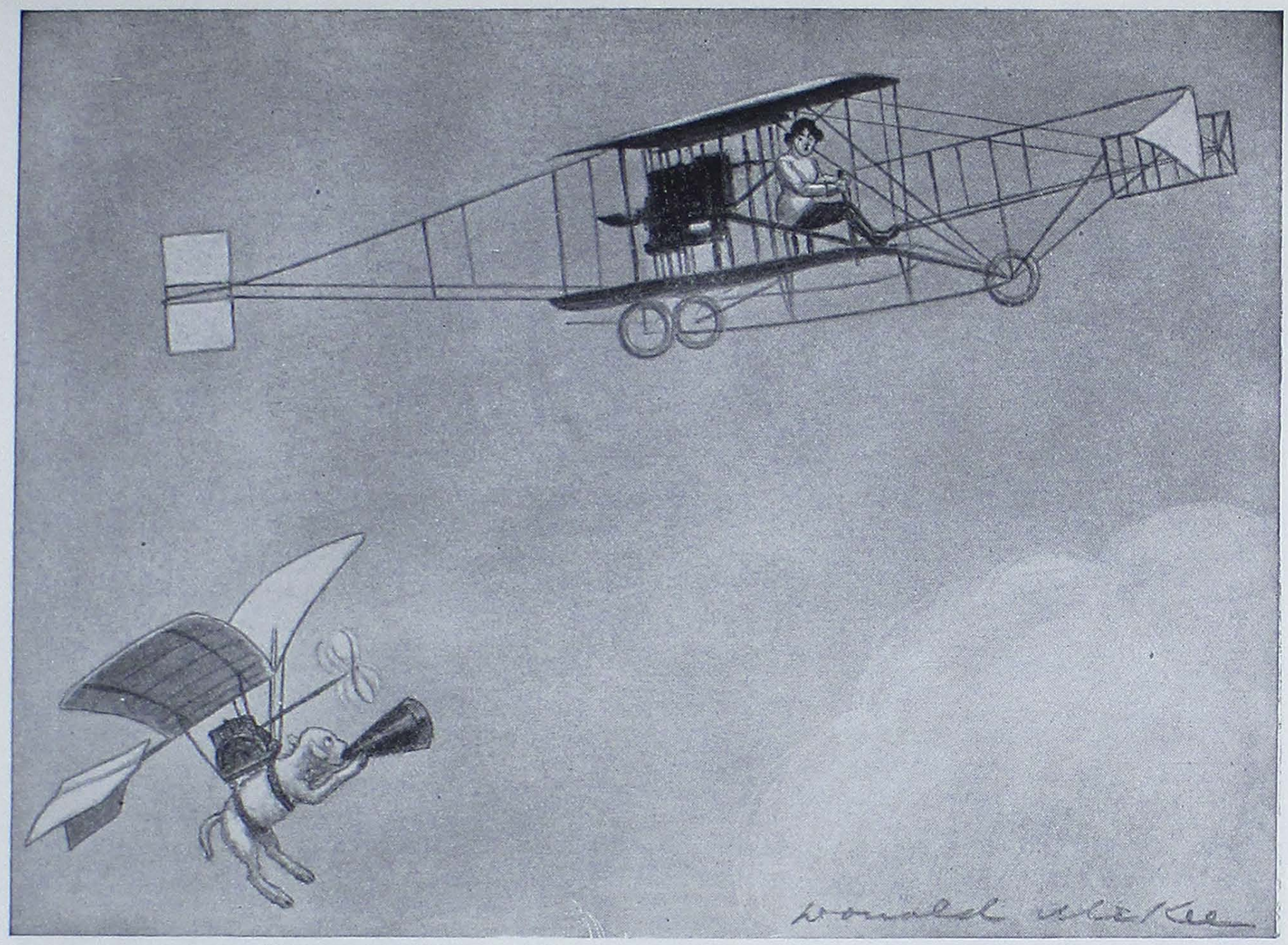
"Yes, ma'am," replied Martha, with conviction; "dat's what it is. He hollers all the time."

The Joy of the Chase.

My wife's the kind of shopper
  Whose virtues I would sing—
Naught ever seems to stop her,
  And she never buys a thing!

"Jones seems to have sworn off for keeps. How did it happen?"

"His wife had a moving picture made of his last jag and let him see it."



"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

Hasan Beg's Advice to His Son, Hafiz.

MY SON, there is a woman called the Grass Widow that I would warn thee against. Presume not from her monicker that she is like unto those country Arabs who furnish the humorists with vile jokes. Mark, oh, Hafiz, and learn wisdom. The expression Grass Widow implies (Allah knoweth) that she has gamboled on the green at least once—and I know not how many other times. She flourisheth at the courts of a desert oasis known as Reno. Give heed, my beloved, unto my sayings. Thy father (a true believer in Allah's bounty) has had many harems and knows a wife or two, albeit some mothers-in-law. If this woman look thy way, close thine eyes. 'Tis better to lose thy sight for a moment than thy inheritance in alimony. If she speaketh to thee (for she is emboldened by much experience), fly, even though, like Joseph, thou leave thy outer covering in her hand. 'Tis fairer to enter thy poor tent naked than to leave the gilded divorce court in like manner.

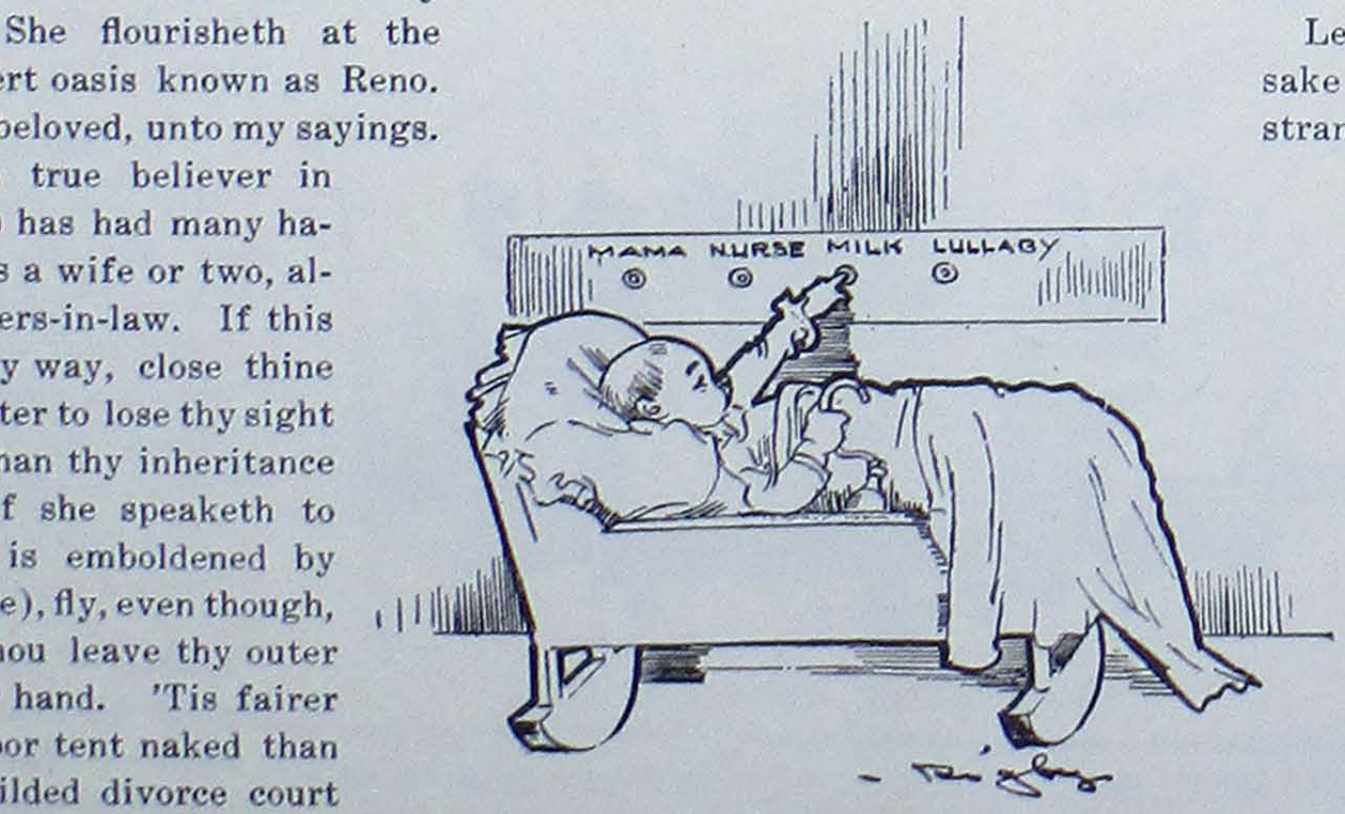
Beware, oh, Hafiz, of the honey guile on her red lips. Emulate the crusty bachelor and heed it not, lest thou find it to thy liking. Her brow is pale, like unto the snow on many hills. The devil—yea, many devils lurk in the windows of her soul. Heed not those midnight shallows. Let them be unto thee as smoked goggles (such as the unbelievers wear) or blind parapets. There is wisdom in such a course. Lakes they are, where many valiant love-farers have perished ere their sails were full set. Her body is like unto a maiden willow wedded to the brook. Turn, oh, Hafiz, to the advertisements of the magazines and learn how these things are acquired. Hearken, my beloved, and I will give thee an earful of wise speech.

Let not thy father's observations forsake thee nor thy sandals wander in strange paths. Should this woman defile thee—even with the touch of her lotus fingers on thy arm—wash it with tears that they may cleanse the pleasant sensation. Hafiz, priceless jewel of thy father, put a city block between the Grass Widow and thyself, for she hath a saying which is abominable and one my soul abhorreth:

"Greater love hath no man than that he giveth his wife (via the divorce court) to his friend."

Believe it not, my beloved, lest thou add to thy father's insomnia

—*Gordon Johnstone*



ANOTHER APPLICATION OF THE ANNUNCIATOR.

THE MOTHER INSTINCT.

Excess Baggage.

THERE came to the beach a rich maiden of Erie,
All stunningly coiffured and dressed up to kill.
Twelve trunks and four boxes accomp'nied the deary.
Each womanly heart felt an envious thrill.

But, leaving her boxes unopened and scorning
Her trunks that were bursting with feminine loot,
This maiden of Erie, noon, evening and morning,
Paraded the beach in a red bathing suit.

—*Walter G Doty.*

An Everyday Tragedy.

Mary dropped her eyes on the floor as Henry burst into the room. Her face lengthened rapidly, and she finally pierced him with a glance. As his laugh rose and fell, she dropped her jaw and her voice broke.

The Attraction.

Ted—"I see they are going to boom New York as a summer resort."

Ned—"I thought most of the visitors came here because it was a hot town."

Ye True Fish Story.

She bought a fifty-dollar hat;
The price had little weight.
He was a million-dollar fish,
And she used the hat for bait.

THOSE TABLE BOUQUETS.

Ephraim (from the country)—"I say, cousin, this livin' in th' city ain't what it 's cracked up to be when you have t' make your flower garden on th' dinner table!"

On Hand.

"Was your wife in the suffrage parade?" asked Morrowby, meeting Jelliffe on the street.

"You bet she was!" said Jelliffe enthusiastically. "Why, she is the flag bearer for her chapter!"

"Mercy!" cried Morrowby. "Do you mean to tell me that little woman carried a flag all that distance?"

"Well—no," said Jelliffe. "My chauffeur and I took turns at it."

Naturally.

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"

"Yes, I'm a cornetist."

"And your sister?"

"She's a pianist."

"Does your mother play?"

"She's a zitherist."

"And your father?"

"He's a pessimist."

Knicker—"Is Jones in politics for his health?"

Bocker—"Not unless mud baths are healthy."

IN CALIFORNIA.

Tourist—"What kind of trees are those?" *Native*—"Trees! Say, boss, that 's winter wheat you 're looking at."

His Tender Heart.

THEY were going along the public highway at a leisurely rate of forty miles per hour, when a decrepit hen and rooster started to do the chicken specialty—cross the road.

The front and hind wheels on the right side struck the poor, old, stiff-jointed rooster amidships, and with one squawk he succumbed.

Immediately the man at the steering wheel started to slow down and to look about for a place to turn.

His solicitous wife turned to her seatmate and said,

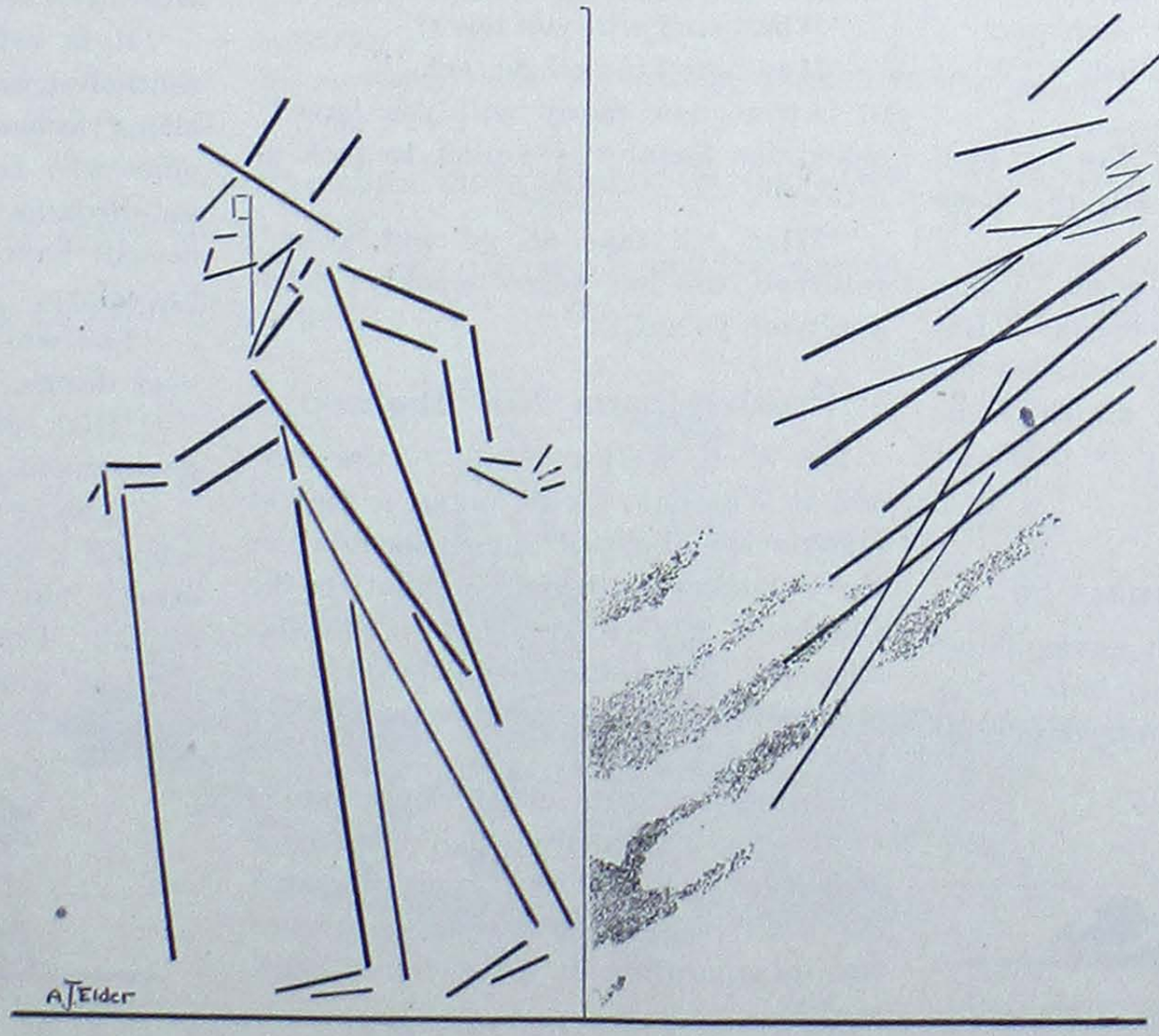
"Isn't that just like his tender heart? He won't be satisfied unless he goes back and settles for that rooster. He just can't bear to feel he has injured any one or anything."

Then louder, to her husband, she said,

"George, remember that appointment. We haven't any time to go back for anything."

Glancing at the clock near his feet and at the speedometer near by, he sighed and said,

"You're right, Jennie; but I just know, if I had turned back, I could have killed that old hen just as easy as I did the rooster!" —*Strickland Gillilan.*



A gentleman of many lines
Went walking out one day,
There came along a gust of wind
And blew him right away.

A NEW ALIGNMENT.

Book Note.

The new edition of "Who's Who" has just come to hand, but, while it is still full of interesting characters, we must admit that it shows no improvement in the matter of plot.

Repartee.

Mrs. Benham—"Do you remember that I gave you no decided answer the first time you proposed?"

Benham—"I remember that you suspended sentence."

Amusing Stories of Well-known Persons

When Harmon Was a Boy.

GOVERNOR JUDSON HARMON, of Ohio, though a fearless speaker on occasion, is equally noted for his pregnant silences. When he was a small boy

in an Ohio village, his chief playmate was another small boy named Bill.

Among legitimate objects of boyish foray, the pair at one time gave their attention to a supply of fruit which Judson's mother had stored in a cherished recess. When Mrs. Harmon finally discovered that the fruit was diminishing, she promptly attributed the loss, with a mother's partiality, to her son's playmate, whose roguish traits were glaringly apparent to her.

Bill, at his next visit, received her vigorous denunciation without affirmation or denial, though not without glances of indignant inquiry at Judson, who stood silently by, with a simulation of surprise and regret.

As soon as the boys had escaped to the yard, Bill, in righteous wrath at the supposed treason of his pal, burst out,

"Look here, Jud! Were you onery enough to lay the blame o' that stealin' onto me?"

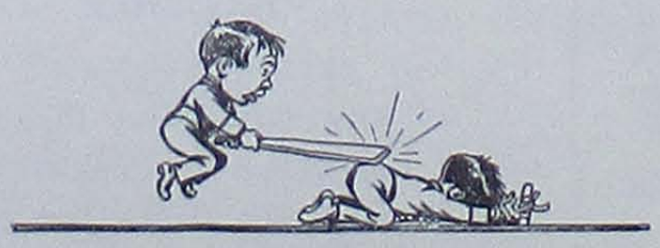
"Course not!" Jud replied. "What do you take me for?"

"Well, it looked mighty like you had, when you stood there all the time a-sayin' nothin'."

"Yes, Bill," admitted Judson, with a cautious glance toward the house. "But as long as there's any fruit left, let 'em suspect *you*. If they're all the time watchin' the outside, I can be usefuller on the inside. See?"

Discipline at Annapolis.

There is a distinguished naval officer of whom the following story is told with reference to the days when he was a lad



at the Annapolis academy. He got a good hazing and stood it pluckily. Later, as an upper-class man, he helped to haze other youngsters, for he always lived up to the Annapolis traditions.

One day, it appears, he was "dressing down" a lad who has since achieved an international fame as an engineer.

"What's your name?" demanded the officer.

"Ferguson, sir."

"Spell it."

"F-e-r-g-u-s-o-n, sir."

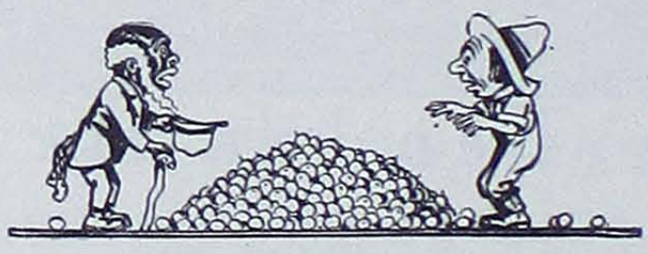
"Spell it again, and remember that you're addressing your superior."

"F, sir; e, sir; r, sir; g, sir; u, sir; s, sir; o, sir; n, sir; Ferguson, sir."

Tillman's Treat.

The winter apples of Benjamin Tillman, the South Carolina Senator, were picked and lying in the orchard in heaps of hundreds of bushels. The Senator was admiring them, the Baldwin bank in particular, when an old negro came tottering into the orchard and up to the Senator.

"Have an apple, uncle?" asked the Senator.



"Ef yo' please, sah," replied the old negro, taking off his hat.

"What kind will you have?"

"Mose any kine ell do, sah."

"About how many will you have?" asked the Senator, stooping to pick up a few.

"Why, I'll take all yo' got, boss," returned the old negro meekly; "but don't rob yo'sef."

Presbyterians Not Slighted.

Dr. W. R. Kelley, editor of the *Herald* at Watonga, Okla., being a man of many accomplishments, is a member of the Oklahoma Editorial Association, the Oklahoma Medical Association, the Oklahoma Pharmaceutical Association and a ranking officer in the Democratic party.

Recently a State charter was issued to the Second Presbyterian Church of Watonga. "How does it come, doctor," asked a friend, "that you are not one of the incorporators in this church charter?"

"Oh, I'm in on that, too," said the doctor. "I sold them the church."

Poor Saint Paul!

When Governor Foss, of Massachusetts, is not busy signing pardons, he has been known to tell a funny story. A short time ago one of his Irish con-

stituents was cleaning out the Governor's cellar.

Pat had his wife bring his luncheon down to him, and she did it with tears in her eyes. Pat, noticing her emotion, inquired the cause.

"Sure, Pat," she said, "it's the Pope I'm thinkin' of. He's a sick man, they say."

Pat, not knowing the Governor's possible interest in the "market," replied, "Faith, it's the saints we should be prayin' for!"

"The saints, ye say!" returned the surprised spouse. "Sure, they're all dead!"

"Of course ye know it all," said Pat, contemptuously, "but I heard his honor tellin' a frind this morning over the tillyphone that Saint Paul was weaker."

Willing To Work.

The Democratic members of the House of Representatives have been besieged ever by a horde of office-seekers, willing to serve their country.

"It is refreshing," said one Representative, in discussing the office question, "to hear of an aspirant for public office who frankly admits his ambition, yet disdains to seek a position in which he will have nothing to do but to draw his salary.

"Two wayside pilgrims were talking over things, when one of them asked,

"'Dick, you ain't a-hankerin' after no government place, are ye?'

"'I don't mind sayin' I'd take one of 'em ef I could git it,' responded the other; 'but I don't want no job that's all fat. I'm willin' to earn my wages.'

"'An' what sort o' job would be about your size?'

"'Well, I'd like to fill fountain pens fur some Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.'"

THE GREATEST MAN IN THE WORLD—HIS DAD.

Pop! Pop!

By MAZIE V. CARUTHERS.

YOUNG Mary Ellen had a bashful beau—
One Joseph Hawkins, commonly called "Joe"—
Who loved her very, very much, but, oh!
Could not quite find the nerve to tell her so!

A score of times she neatly paved the way
(Knowing herself the words he ought to say),
And she was anxious, quite, to name the day;
But Joseph always shied and ran away.

At length rolled round the Great Day of July;
Came Mary Ellen's chance, as night drew nigh.
"Pop!" went the crackers' loud and warning cry.
"Pop!" snapped torpedoes quickly in reply.

"Pop!" shrieked the pistol's small voice of alarm.
"Pop!" answered Echo, all around the farm.
And Mary feared the sound might do her harm,
So nestled close to willing Joseph's arm.

The stars shone brightly in the Milky Way.
"Oh," said the artful maiden, feeling gay,
"I know now what the crackers try to say—
They've just been 'popping' all the live-long day!"

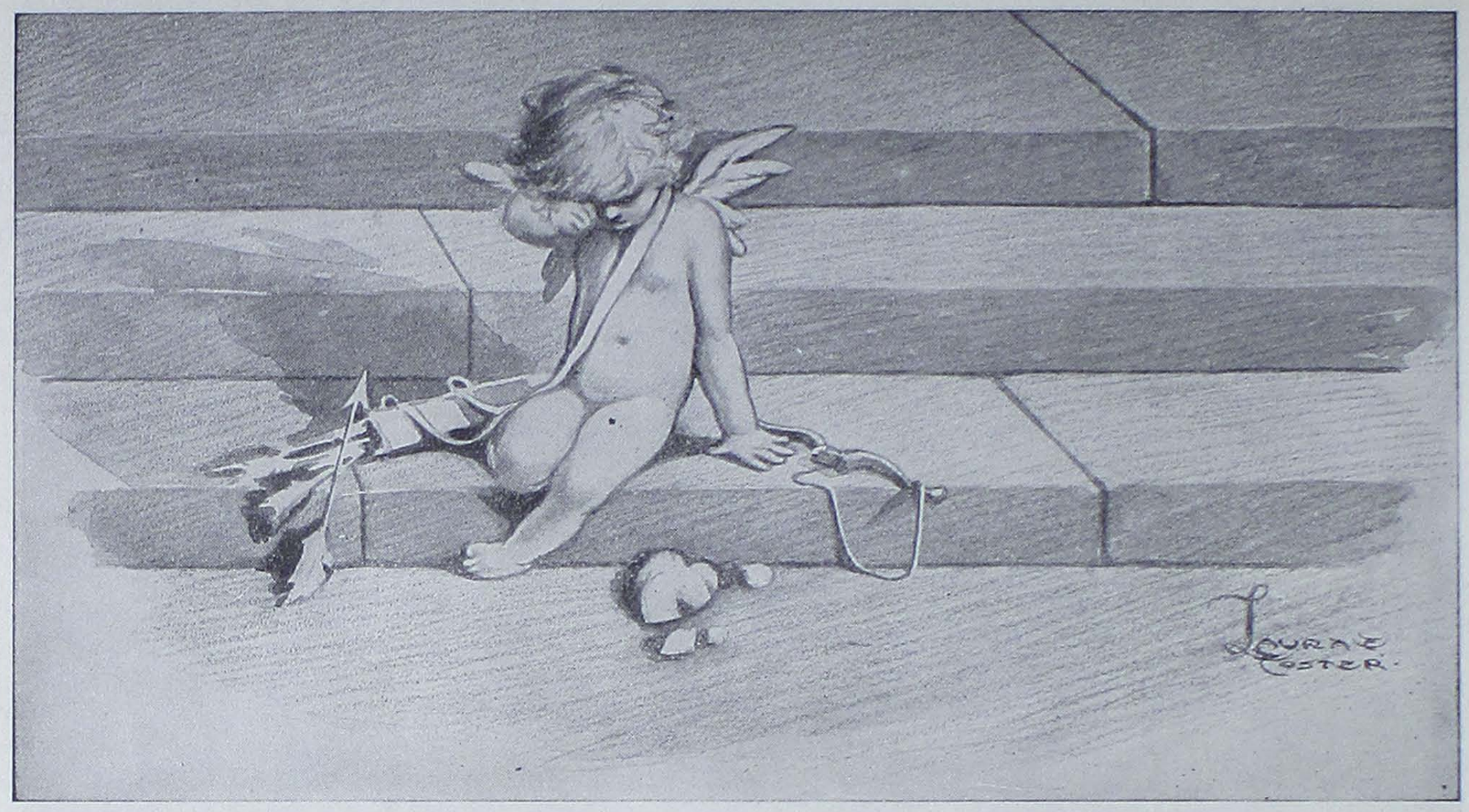
"Popping!" The words conveyed a sweet suggestion—
Set Joseph's wits a problem in digestion.
His heart flopped madly, swelling to congestion.
"Mary," he gasped, "I want to *pop the question!*"

Thus Independence Day went to its rest,
While still the crackers "popped" with tireless zest;
But Mary Ellen's head on Joseph's vest
Denoted that his method suited best!

THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

Peregrine—"She looks like an actress—amateur."

Rhoderick—"Yes. Must belong to the Paint and Powder Club."



RENO.

Withington's Chance.

THE Summer Girl was walking by the sea, and by her side strolled Withington. Over in the west the sun was sinking slowly out of sight, leaving behind a glorified prospect that was beautiful enough to thrill the soul of a rhinoceros; but Withington saw it not. There were greater things afoot than sunsets.

"You must have seen, Farinacea," he was saying warmly, "that I love you ardently, consumingly, with a love as lasting as the eternal hills."

"It would be idle to say that I had not," she replied, writing his name on the sands with the ferule of her red parasol. "One could see that looking at you through the large end of an opera glass."

"Then," Withington resumed, "I will come to the point at once. Will you be mine?"

The girl glanced for a moment at the flashing rays of the solar glory before them, and then resumed her writing on the sand.

"We all learn by experience, Henry," she replied softly, "and before I answer your proposal I wish to tell you that at this very time last year another young man, whose name does not matter, spoke to me exactly as you have spoken; and inasmuch as he was a charming companion and financially able to stand the strain of an engagement, I answered unhesitatingly yes. And then what happened? He nearly spoiled my summer. He turned out to have the temper of an Othello, and when, two weeks later, at a dance here at this very place, I introduced him to Tommy Wintringham and Billy Winters and Reggie Van Gilder and Harry Rattleton and a half dozen other of my fiances, he flew into a jealous rage and made a scene which was in horrid bad form. He had got the absurd idea in his head—gained heaven only knows whence!—that of all my fiances he alone possessed proprietary rights. You'd have thought he had invented me, the way he carried on! We tried to reason with him, but without avail, and the upshot of it all was that we had to expel him. Instead of becoming an agreeable and welcome addition to our life here, he made an unmitigated nuisance of himself."

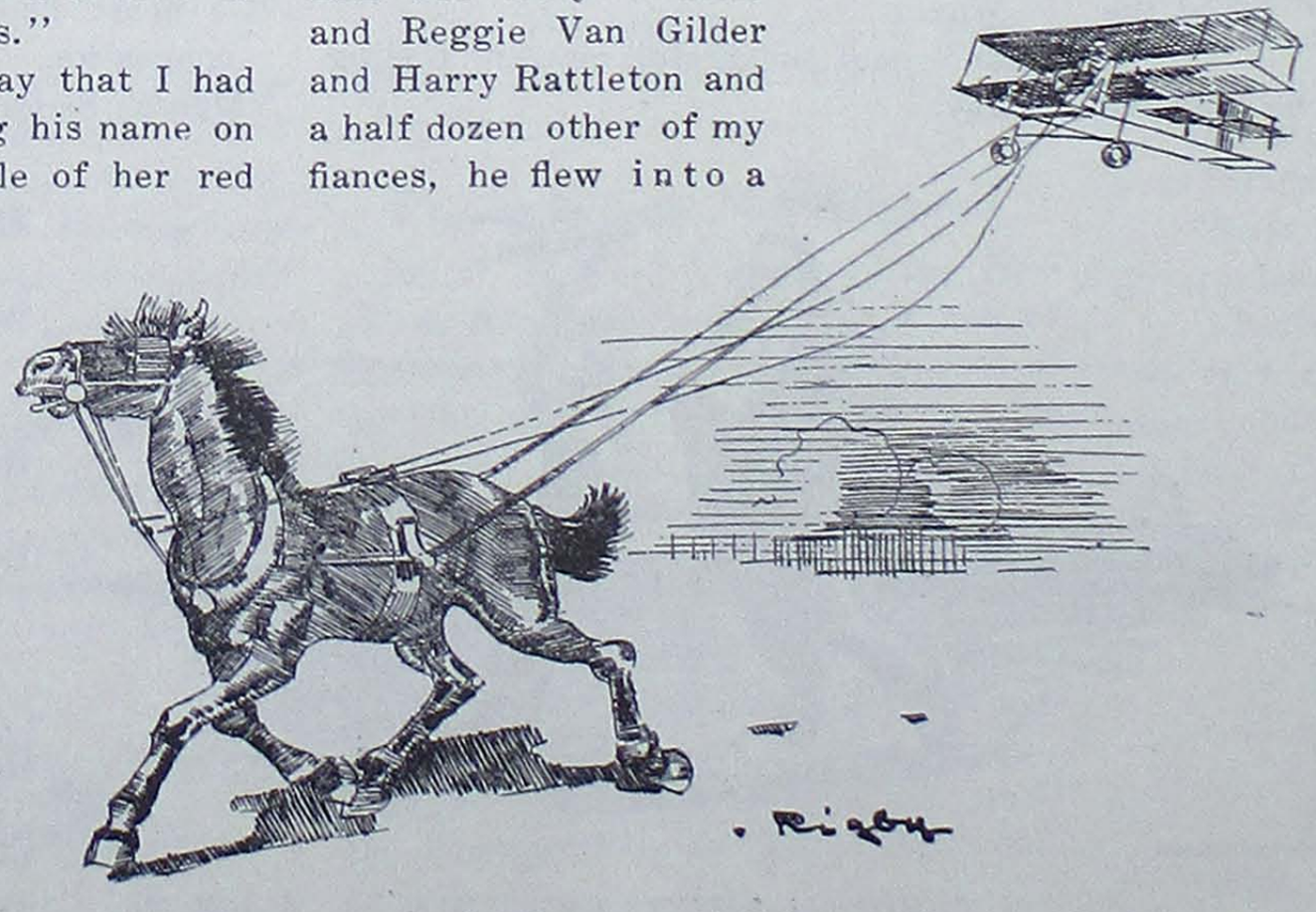
"I see the point," said Withington, drawing himself up proudly, "and I'll take my chances with the rest."

"Spoken like a man!"" ejaculated Farinacea, with fervor.

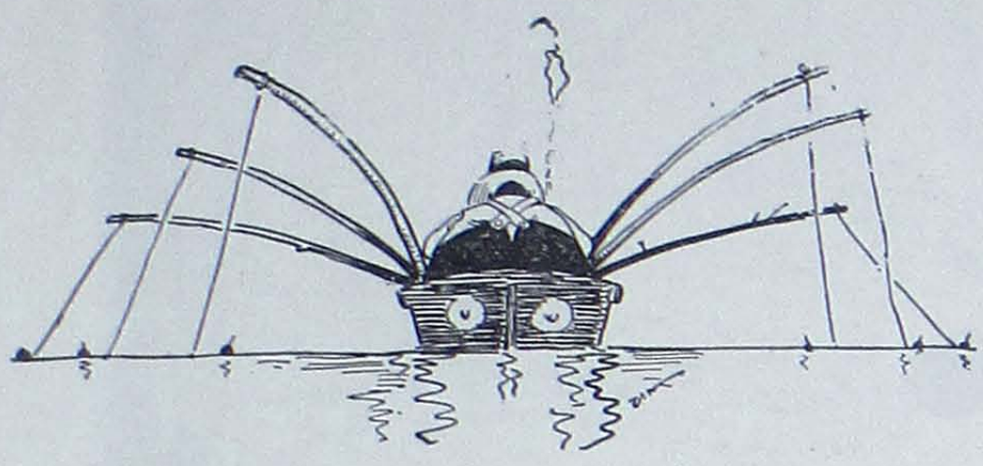
"And your answer is yes?" he cried.

"Not so fast, dear," said she, putting out a restraining hand. "My answer is that I approve, and at the regular weekly meeting of my fiances to-night I will lay your application before the membership committee"——

"The what?" cried Withington.



WHO SAYS THIS IS A HORSELESS AGE?



THE RIVAL OF THE SEA SERPENT.

The mammoth sea spider recently seen off the New Jersey coast.

THE MANAGER'S VIEW.

Mr. Hedgehog—"Huh! he can't amount to much as a singer. Why, he's not even being paid for it!"

Easy.

FRESH from college, Bill and Charley,
Joseph, Henry and the rest
To the world now grant a parley,
Ere they of it things divest.

What they don't know is a trifle,
And it can't be found in books;
That they mean most things to rifle
You may gather from their looks.

They have notions as to money
They will quickly put in force;
They know how the bees get honey,
And the game is plain, of course.

Men in trade they will astonish
With a number of new tricks,
And no doubt they will admonish
Persons now in politics.

Making way in the professions
Is a simple thing to them.
Why insist upon concessions
When you've worked your theorem?

—*J. A. Waldron.*

In Training.

She—"John, dear, I do wish you wouldn't hold the baby upside down. It's very bad form and he might grow up to be an acrobat or something equally dreadful."

He—"Oh, that'll be all right. I just want him to be able to make good in the subway."

Wait.

Oldfellow—"I just had a letter from my boy Charley. He tells me he's burning lots of midnight oil. Knowing Charley as I do, I can scarcely believe it."

Youngfellow—"You will, though, when you get the gasoline bill."

Proof Positive.

Crawford—"Do you think he's henpecked?"

Crabshaw—"He never mentioned it, but I've noticed that the portraits over his mantelpiece are those of his wife's folks."

High-priced Matches.

They tell us that charges for matches are low,
But what is their reason for thinking them so?
A million or two is about the amount
That is paid, we suppose, for a match with a count.

OH, YOU REVOLVING DOOR!

Attendant (as lady comes around the eighth time)—"This ain't no merry-go-round, lady!"

Lady—"I know; but I can't remember whether I was going in or coming out."

Suffrajests.

EXPLAINED.

"I HEAR Miss Strongmind has chucked poor Thompson," said Dabney.

"Sad, but true," said Wilkins.

"Why, I always thought Thompy was a brick!" said Dabney.

"He is," said Wilkins. "That's why she threw him, I guess."

IN LONDON.

"Well, Cholmondeley," said the suffragette's father, "I know what you have come for. Marion has told me. But do you think you can support her in the style to which she is accustomed?"

"Well, I've been trying to figure that out, Mr. Plantagenet," said Cholmondeley, "and, reckoning on six months in jail every year, I fancy I can."

BY WIRE.

"It must complicate matters terribly for Hawkins now that his wife has been sent to jail for three months," said Bland. "I wonder who will sing the baby to sleep."

"Oh, he's fixed that all right," said Blithe. "He's had the nursery connected by 'phone with her cell."

UNAFRAID.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Wiggins, on the night of election day, "did you vote this morning?"

"I did, indeed!" replied Mrs. Wiggins. "I not only voted, but I wrote out my reasons for voting as I did on the back of the ballot and signed my name. You men may feel the need of a secret ballot, but I'm not afraid to have anybody know how I voted or why."

A HOBO'S ASPIRATIONS.

A hobo's life is melancholy, as every one must recognize;
For dimes and nickels I must jolly tightwads and others I despise.
This dame called Fortune never touch'd me—she must have passed me unawares—
Her daughter—Miss—though oft has clutched me, and even now my joy impairs.
Some day I 'll get a wad of money—a billion I could use, I know—
And all these pikers will look funny when I begin to let it go.
I 'll buy the biggest ocean steamer to go a-crabbing in by day;
And you can bet I 'll be a screamer on Wall Street and the Great White Way!
I 'll have a yacht for every ocean, and castles, villas, and hotels;
And motor cars I 'll keep in motion, to run down cops and frighten swells.
I 'll have my own stage for the drama, and ballets, choruses and such;
And music? Bandfuls, though I am a guy who really don't want much.
I 'll buy a thousand farms together, and twenty million chickens raise,
And every tramp, in any weather, may eat his fill and go his ways.
Just now I 'm slightly pessimistic, though I may seem a rhapsodist,
But if I get a billion dollars I 'll be a true philanthropist.

—*J. A. Waldron.*

Mike Amazed.

JERRY was treating Mike to a trolley ride. The conductor, a good-looking young Irishman, came through, collecting the fares. Mike watched his progress with great interest. Presently he turned to Jerry with tears in his eyes.

"Jerry," he said huskily, "I've a lump in me t'roat!"

"What for?" demanded Jerry.

"'Tis the gladness of me that's too big to swally!" said Mike. "Every American has the big, generous heart! D'ye mind the poor young felly wid the blue cap? 'Tis beggin' his livin' he is. I saw him hould out his hand to twinty-siven people, and ivery blessed wan of thim gave him a nickel!"

Not Inquisitive.

"Ever take the trouble to inspect the parts of your car, Williguss?" asked Bjones.

"Not since the first time," said Williguss.

"First time?" said Bjones. "Why, what do you mean?"

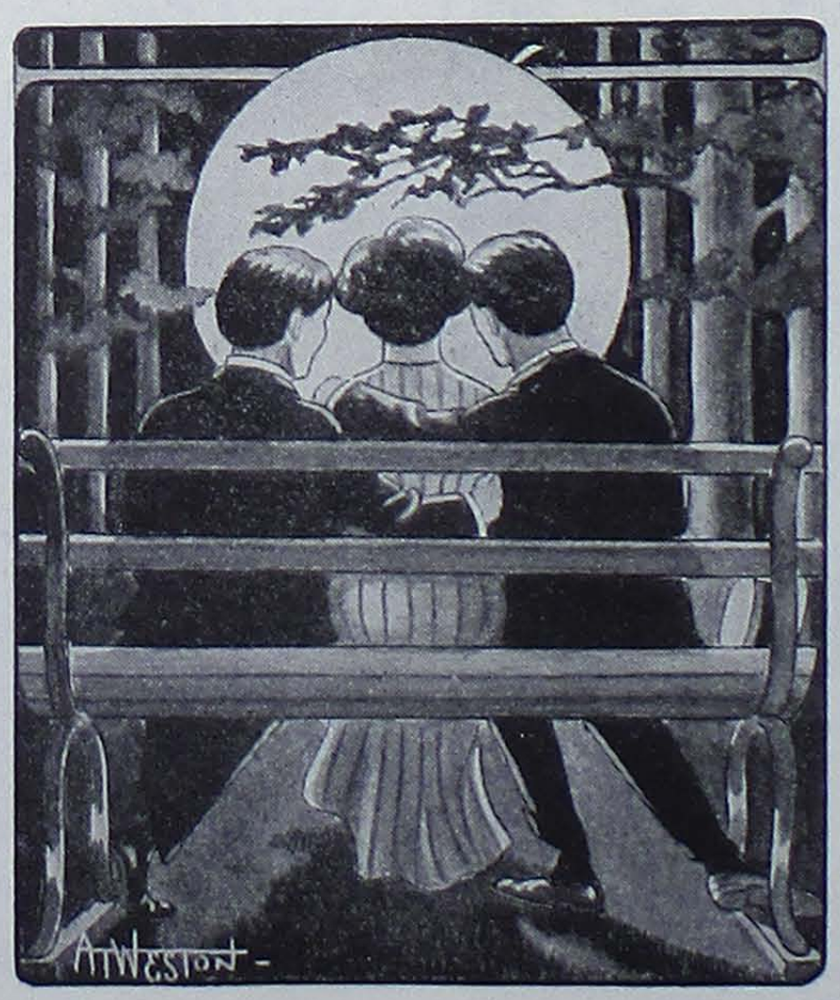
"Oh, the first car I had," said Williguss, "I dropped a lighted cigarette in the gasoline tank, and I saw all the parts I wanted in two seconds. Never had any curiosity since."

Usual Kind.

Willis—"What kind of a hotel does he run?"

Gillis—"As usual. In summer you get a little room with no windows, and in winter a big room with no stove."

Some people who are imagined to be rolling in wealth have a pretty small roll.



A DIVIDED SKIRT.

Wanted;

A smack for the mouth of the river.
A collar for a neck of land.
A brooch for the breast of a hill.
A knapsack for the shoulder of a mountain.
A passion for the heart of a flower.
Boots for the feet of destiny.
A coin for the palm of victory.
A taste for the tongue of flame.
A jewel for the ear of the people.
Clothing for the legs of the furniture.
A drink for the throat of the chimney.
A little padding for the bones of contention.
A wig for the baldness of a statement.
A tonic for the blood of the nation.
Phlebotomy for the arteries of trade.
A wrinkle remover for the frown on the face of destiny.
Perfume for the breath of the night wind.

—*Kitty O'Dare.*

A Strait.

Texas teacher of infant geography class—"John Mace may tell us what a strait is."

John Mace—"It's jus' th' plain stuff, 'thout nothin in it."

AT HER NEWPORT VILLA.

Mrs. Richly (worth millions)—"But, my dear Count, if I could only be certain of your love!"
Count de Bumbum (not worth a sou)—"Ah, madame! how can you doubt? Have I not my ardent feeling express? And would I not lose much if I do not love you?"

PROFIT AND LOSS

Modern Philosophy.

WINE, women and stung.

Many a woman's figure represents more dollars than sense.

A frivolous woman draws the line nowhere but at her waist.

Here's to husbands! May they always have the last word—but one!

Just as soon as a man has acquired the wealth that constitutes a model husband, he has lost the desire to be one.

If a man wants to know all about another man, he consults a commercial agency. A woman goes to a fortune-teller.

—*Bertha Joseph.*

Why?

He's off with the old love
And on with the new—
The old had one million,
The new one has two.

The First Honeymoon.

"Do you think it will always be summer in the Garden of Eden?" asked Eve.

"No," replied Adam, pointing to the ripening apples. "I think we shall have an early fall."

Everything is Going Up.

"I understand bathing suits are higher this year," remarked the summer girl.

"Yes," replied the callow salesman, blushing slightly. "I believe they have gone up several inches."

TO HIM WHO HATH.
The boy—"An' me so full o' carrots!"

The Voice of Experience.

"I can't understand why married couples ever have a disagreement," she said. "I don't see why those matters can't be so adjusted that there will be no friction. Now, my husband and I understand each other thoroughly."

"Indeed?" he replied. "How long have you been married?"

"Nearly three days."

Lawyers.

The lawyers, busy little bees,
Who blow and prick litigious bubbles—
They love a fight, because their fees
Grow big with other people's troubles.

Her Error.

Mrs. Stranger—"Can you tell me who that stout, blond man is over there? He is the worst soft soaper I ever met!"

Dowager—"Yes. He is my husband."

Both the summer girl and the fly do considerable buzzing around their victims before landing them.